



Napoleon at the age of 50, as an exile in St. Helena
Brooding over his various love affairs !

GLORIOUS LOVE AFFAIRS OF HISTORY

Containing the Love Affairs of some famous Poets, Writers,
Soldiers, Statesmen, Kings and Queens of the World

BY

Various Eminent Writers
, of the East and the West



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Dedicated

to

Mr. R. L. Gauba

M. A. (Cantab), Barrister-at-Law

*whose achievements as an
Author, Lawyer & Lover
are admirable indeed !*

Preface

GLORIOUS LOVE AFFAIRS OF HISTORY is a symposium on Love, by various eminent writers of the East and the West. These authors peeped into the private lives of various Poets and Writers, Soldiers and Statesmen, Kings and Queens, and have thrown a flood of light on their love affairs in a refined, chaste and dignified style, making this volume so amusing, entertaining and delightful.

Love is a powerful sentiment which has been governing the hearts of all human beings in all ages and in all countries and it will continue to do so till eternity. None can escape the arrows of Cupid. Every man and woman, at some stage of his or her life, feels the impulse of Love. It has been the cause of rise and fall of many outstanding men and women in History. Kings and Queens have gained and lost thrones due to its powerful influence. Love has inspired some of the best gems of Prose and Poetry in the literature of every nation.

It is good to love but it is better to be loved. Mutual love brings happiness, otherwise there is agony and it may lead to disaster. Sublime love elevates the mind and glorifies the lover and the beloved. Platonic Love is Platonic nonsense. •

It is hoped that a study of this work of historical importance and literary elegance will be found useful and inspiring. Perhaps the reader may be reminded of his own love affairs and thus spend a few moments of sweet remembrance. He can recall to his mind the various stages through which he passed in his ventures in the domain of love. No wonder he may have realized that there is more of delusion and disappointment than peace and pleasure in a love affair, specially when it is devoid of sincerity and sobriety. But each individual has his own experience in such affairs. One thing, however, is certain that everybody is apt to indulge in this pastime, sometime in his life, knowing fully well that the path of love never runs smooth.

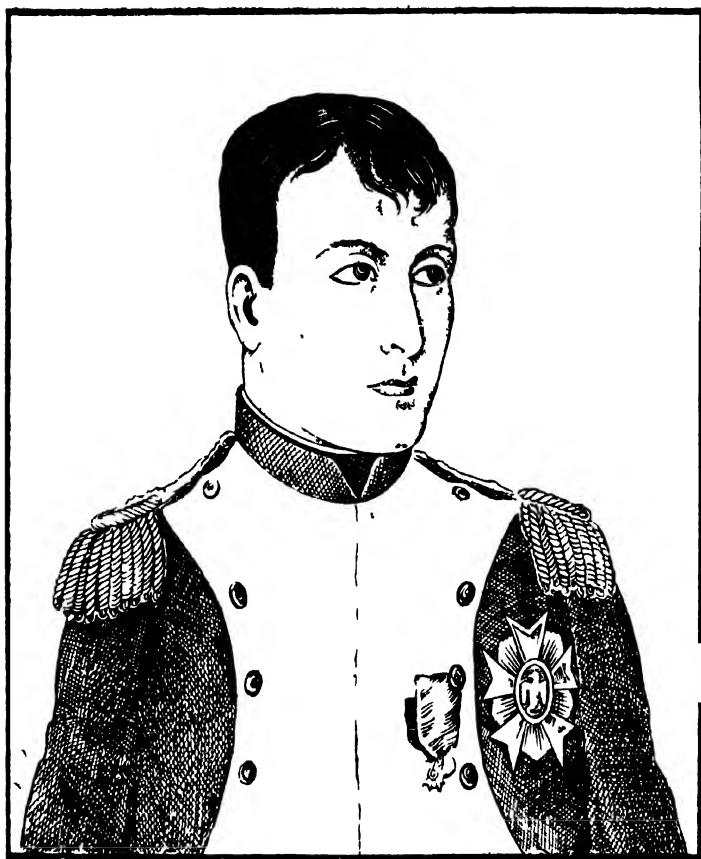
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Napoleon on Love

- Love is the occupation of the idle man, the amusement of a busy one, and the shipwreck of a sovereign.
- What is love ? The realization of his weakness that sooner or later pervades the solitary man, a sense both of his weakness and of his immortality the soul finds support, is doubled, is fortified, the blessed tears of sympathy flow—there is love.
- I have always enjoyed the analytic process, and if I fell seriously in love I would analyze my feelings step by step.
- I, too, was in love once, and learned enough of it to despise definitions, which only confuse the issue. I deny its justification ; nay more, I regard it as injurious to society and destructive to the happiness of the individual. Men should bless heaven if they were quit of it.
- A man of fifty has done with love. I have an iron heart. I never really loved ; perhaps Josephine, a little ; but then I was only seven-and-twenty.
- Josephine is always afraid I may fall seriously in love ; she doesn't realize that love was not made for me. For what is love ? A passion that leaves the universe on one side, to place the loved one on the other. And, surely, such an exclusion is not in my character.



Napoleon as a Youthful Lover
On the threshold of his brilliant career !

Napoleon and Josephine

IN 1795 Napoleon Bonaparte became the Commandant of Paris. One of his first measures was to disarm the Parisians. All came to deposit their arms with the young Commandant. Among them was a boy of fourteen, Eugene de Beauharnais, who came to deliver the only weapon in the house, the sword of his dead father. There were tears in the eyes of the boy as he handed over the sword. Napoleon was moved and he asked the boy the reason of his tears. The boy had woven a web of romance around the sword, and had hoped to keep it to gird it some day like his father. Disarmament meant the dashing of his hopes and aspirations. Napoleon was touched by the boy's simplicity, and let him retain the sword.

Next day, the boy's mother, Josephine came to thank the young General for his favour. Twenty-six years old, pale-faced, long-haired General of provincial manners and negligent attire met a thirty-two years old lady of fashion, who knew how to play with the hearts of men. The young soldier was more used to the rough life of camps than the sweet society of women. This meeting brought him a novel sensation—a strange stirring of the heart. The elegant refinement, grace and aristocratic bearing of Josephine made a great impression on Napoleon.

Josephine's husband had been guillotined a year before. She herself had been imprisoned and later on liberated under miraculous circumstances. Back from the prison she found herself past thirty with two children, little money, and many debts. After the French Revolution—the period of Death and Terror—an age of reaction towards Love and Life had set in. Women turned to Love as a new Religion. Josephine adopted the new religion and sought 'to blandish down the grimness of Republican austerity and recivilize mankind', by embarking on a career of love-making. She became the mistress of many men, and it was said of her that she would drink gold in the skull of her lover.

Napoleon called at the house of Josephine. These visits

were repeated. Within a fortnight Napoleon asked Josephine to be his wife. She agreed. She, however, declared to those who were in her confidence that no impulse of the heart was at the bottom of the affair as "little puss in boats"—as she called Napoleon was assuredly the last man she could have dreamt of loving. It was her ambition that made her agree to Napoleon's offer. The young man had prospects, and she wanted to share them.

But Napoleon loved her, passionately, vehemently—with the fire and vigour of youth. Her pencilled eye-brows, her soft dreamy eyes, her matchless grace and elegance, her cunning toilet accentuating the charm of her person worked him to a frenzy of love. "My waking thoughts are all of thee," he wrote to Josephine one morning. The next day he led her to the altar. She was 32, he 26, but in the marriage register both were stated to be 29 years old. Love must meet half way.

The honeymoon lasted for two days only after which he had to assume the command of the forces in Italy. Even then to win her pleasure he snatched time to visit her children—a boy and a girl—at school. "Madame, I swear to you that I will be a second father to your children, and you shall never repent of the choice you have made," he told his wife.

His journey to Nice was performed in eleven stages and at each stage he wrote a letter to Josephine. The letters throbbed with love and passion; his whole soul was in these letters to the woman he loved. Letter on letter to Josephine:

"Every moment separates me further from you, my beloved, and every moment I have less energy to exist so far from you."

"If I am ready to execrate this life, I put my hand upon my heart, thy portrait beats there; I look at it, and love is for me absolute happiness, and everything is smiling excepting the time when I see myself absent from my friend."

He won victories after victories. But these were nothing to him as compared with his love for his sweetheart. This is what he wrote: "I prize honour since you prize it. I prize victory since it pleases you. Without that I should leave everything in order to fling myself at your feet. My thoughts, my prowess, my spirit are all yours and the day on which you cease to live will be my death-day. Nature and earth are only beautiful because you live therein."

She did not write enough, and even when she wrote, her letters were cold and dull. They breathed no fire of love. He wanted her to come to him in Italy. She had no desire to change the sweet life of Paris for the excitements of camp existence. She made excuses after excuses. He went on insisting. "Quick, I warn you, if you delay, you will find me ill ; the fatigues and your absence are too much at once." And again. "Thou wilt come. Thou wilt be here by my side, on my heart, in my arms ! Take wings, come, come !"

But Josephine was in no hurry to come. The patience of Napoleon was exhausted. He threatened that if she did not come, he would resign his command, abandon everything, and come back himself. At last with a very bad grace, weeping and sobbing she started for the land of the gondola. And even then in her train followed one of her lovers. This man—Monsieur Charles—was particularly fitted by Nature to make himself agreeable to a lady like Josephine, who did not care much for morality. He was robust, vivacious, and humorous, and Josephine loved him and his company.

Napoleon and Josephine met at Milan. He gave himself up to a perfect frenzy of caresses and exclamations of love. Two days of happiness only could he snatch. The complications of war became threatening and he had to hurry to the battle front. Amidst the thundering of cannons he wrote a long love letter to his beloved wife every day. "Ah : I beg of you, let me see some of your defects ; be less beautiful, less gracious, less tender, less kind....." And again : ".....Come and rejoin me, at least, so that before dying we are able to say to each other, 'we were happy for so many days.' "

She did not acknowledge these effusions of Love. Napoleon bombarded her with letters, and these letters quivered with the agony of unrequited love. "I write very often, and you seldom. You are haughty and unkind. It is treacherous to deceive a poor husband, such a devoted lover." "Thou art horrid, very awkward, very stupid, a very Cinderella. Thou dost not write me at all, thou dost not love thy husband ; thou knowest the pleasure that thy letters afford him, and thou dost not write him six lines of even haphazard scribble." What matter of such importance is it that takes up your time from writing to your very good lover ? What affection stifles and pushes on one

side the love, the tender and constant love, which you have promised him? Who can be this marvellous, this new lover, who absorbs all your instants, tyrannizes your entire days, and prevents you from being solicitous about your husband? Josephine, beware, one fine night the doors will break open and I will be there."

He returned from the battle-field to pay her a visit at Milan, but she had gone to Genoa with M^{onsieur} Charles. "I get to Milan; I fling myself into your room; I have left all in order to see you, to clasp you in my arms. You are not there. You gad about the town amid janketings. You run further from me when I am at hand. You care no longer for your Napoleon. A passing fancy made you love him; your inconstancy now renders him indifferent to you." A courier was sent to Genoa with this letter. He returned with no reply. Nor did Josephine come herself.

Napoleon was disappointed. All that he could write was: "My desires, my thoughts, every moment of my life, I sacrifice to you, and in this I but obey the dictates of my unfortunate heart over which your charms have cast so complete a spell. If I am wrong in expecting to captivate you, I think I deserve regard and esteem." Monsieur Charles was dismissed, and Josephine was told not to see him in future.

Back in France, Napoleon was honoured and received in State. Josephine was intoxicated with the glamour of pomp and power. To her Napoleon was a bridge by which she was stepping from obscurity to a sphere of great distinction. Napoleon then sailed on his Egyptian campaign. Josephine remained in Paris. She moved freely among her old lovers, Monsieur Charles made his re-appearance. The tale of her infidelities reached Napoleon. In a frenzy of grief he wrote to his brother Joseph: "I commend my affairs to you. Domestic matters give me cause for great trouble, for the veil has been entirely lifted from my eyes. My glory, I will give all that I possess of it, if only what I have heard were not correct, so dearly do I love that woman."

But what was told to him was correct. Josephine came to know that she had been betrayed. For the first time she became anxious and worried. The foundation on which she had raised the temple of Pleasure and Ambition was giving way.

Napoleon was returning to France, and Josephine hastened to meet him at the port to immune him from the virus of her evil wishers. But she went by the wrong road and before she had returned, his family had told him everything.

He shut himself in his room. Josephine knocked at the door. She beseeched, wept and cried, but still there was no answer to her entreaties. "Open my dear Love, Oh my dear Love. I will tell you all. You cannot believe any but me," cried Josephine. The door remained fast. He paced up and down the room. There was a battle between love and honour. Then the children appealed. Napoleon gave way. "Fetch your mother," he commanded, and she was brought dishevelled, and wretched, faint with tears and abstinence from food. She fell at his feet. She was so weak that he was forced to support her. Then there was reconciliation. But there was no longer the fire of a volcano in his love for her, which characterized the love of early days. That volcano had spent itself. Josephine realized the full depths of the abyss, that she herself had created. Henceforward it was she who played the lover, and not Napoleon. He monopolized all her affections hereafter, but she was no longer the only woman whom he loved.

Napoleon advanced from one glory to another, until he was crowned the Emperor of France. Josephine was crowned as the Empress. For a moment she was intoxicated with the glamour of the Crown, but she realized soon that this marked the end and not the beginning of her empire over the heart of the Emperor. The Emperor wanted a heir, and a heir Josephine had failed to produce. For some time Napoleon was quiet, but then he declared: "I have no heir, and in a matter of this sort, my Destiny is bound to master my affections." "It will kill me. It will kill me," she cried, and fell swooning on the floor. "If such a thing came to pass Josephine, it would be your duty to help me to such a sacrifice. I should count upon your friendship to preserve me from the odium of this forced separation," whispered Napoleon in her ears. Her tears flowed unceasingly. Napoleon could not withstand this outburst of passionate grief. He caught her in his arms and sobbing and sighing cried: "My poor Josephine! I can never leave you." That evening they played like children on the sea beach. He chased her over the sand and pushed her into the water

But the question could not be shelved.. The considerations of State required that Napoleon should marry some lady who should produce a child. And then Napoleon told Josephine: "Do not try to persuade me. I still love you, but in politics it is a case of head, not heart. I will give you five millions a year, and a principality with Rome as its capital."

"So all is over then," sobbed Josephine.

"I have to secure the happiness of my people. Believe me I am suffering more than you perhaps, for it is my hand that is hurting you," replied Napoleon.

Eugene wished that his mother should retire to Italy. Napoleon protested against the idea of retirement and insisted that Josephine's sacrifice must bring her honour, not banishment. She would still be Empress, he declared, and must ever be his best loved friend.

The lovers prepared themselves for the sacrifice. The divorce was given. Before all the Court, Napoleon said: "She has graced fifteen years of my life, and the memory of this will remain for ever stamped on my heart. She was crowned by my hand. I desire that she shall keep the rank and title of Crowned Empress but above all that she shall have me always as her best and dearest friend." To this Josephine replied: "The dissolution of my marriage will make no change in the sentiments of my heart. The Emperor will always have in me his best friend. I know how much this act, which is made necessary by his policy, has wounded his heart, but we shall win glory, the two of us, for the sacrifice which we have made for our country."

That was her last night at the palace. Napoleon retired to his bedroom. At midnight, Josephine walked into his room as if in a dream. Throwing her arms around Napoleon she gave vent to bitter laments. Napoleon could not restrain his tears. The lovers wept bitterly till the dawn. In the morning Josephine left the palace for good.

Napoleon and Marie Walewska

THERE are four women who may be said to have deeply influenced the life of Napoleon. These four are the only ones who need to be taken into account by the student of his imperial career. The great emperor was susceptible to feminine charms at all times ; but just as it used to be said of him that "his smile never rose above his eyes," so it might as truly be said that in most instances, the throbbing of his heart did not affect his actions.

Women to him were the creatures of the moment, although he might seem to care for them and to show his affection in extravagant ways, as in his affair with Mlle. Georges, the beautiful but rather tiresome actress. As for Mme. De Stæl, she bored him to distraction by her assumption of wisdom. That was not the kind of woman that Napoleon cared for. He preferred that a woman should be womanly, and not a sort of owl to sit and talk with him about the theory of government.

When it came to married women, they interested him only because of the children they might bear to grow up as recruits for his insatiate armies. At the public balls, given at the Tuileries, he would walk about the gorgeous drawing-rooms, and when a lady was presented to him, he would snap out sharply :

"How many children have you ?"

If she were able to answer that she had several, the emperor would look pleased and would pay her some compliments ; but if she said that she had none, he would turn upon her sharply and say :

"Then go home and have some !"

Of the four women who influenced his life, first must come Josephine, because she secured him his earliest chance of advancement. She met him through Barras, with whom she was said to be rather intimate. The young soldier was fascinated by her—the more because she was older than he and possessed all the practised arts of the creole and the woman of the world.

When she married him, she brought him, as her dowry, the command of the army of Italy, where in a few months he made the tri-colour, borne by ragged troops, triumphant over the splendidly-equipped hosts of Austria.

She was his first love, and his knowledge of her perfidy gave him the greatest shock and horror of his whole life ; yet she might have held him to the end, if she had borne an heir to the imperial throne. It was her failure to do so, that led Napoleon to divorce Josephine and marry the thick-lipped Marie Louise of Austria. There were times later when he showed signs of regret and said :

“I have had no luck since I gave up Josephine !”

Marie Louise was of importance for a time—the short time when she entertained her husband and delighted him by giving birth to the little King of Rome. Yet in the end, she was but an episode, fleeing from her husband in his misfortune, becoming the mistress of Count Neipperg and letting her son—*l’Aiglon*—die in a land that was far from France.

Napoleon’s sister, Pauline Bonaparte, was the third woman who comes to mind when we contemplate the great Corsican’s career. She, too, is an episode. During the period of his ascendancy, she plagued him with her wanton ways, her sauciness and trickery. It was amusing to throw him into one of his violent rages ; but Pauline was true at heart, and when her great brother was sent to Elba, she followed him devotedly and gave him all her store of jewels, including the famous Borghese diamonds, perhaps the most superb of all gems known to the Western world. She would gladly have followed him, also, to St. Helena, had she been permitted. Remaining behind, she did everything possible in conspiring to secure his freedom.

But, after all, Pauline and Marie Louise count for comparatively little. Josephine’s fate was interwoven with Napoleon’s ; and, with his Corsican superstition, he often said so. The fourth woman, of whom I am writing here, may be said to have almost equalled Josephine in her influence on the emperor, as well as in the pathos of her life-story.

On New-Year’s Day of 1807, Napoleon, who was then almost Emperor of Europe, passed through the little town of Bronia, in Poland. Riding with his cavalry to Warsaw, the ancient capital of the Polish Kingdom, he seemed a very demi-god of battle.

True, he had had to abandon his long-cherished design of invading and overrunning England, and Nelson had shattered his fleets and practically driven his flag from the sea ; but the naval disaster of Trafalgar had speedily been followed by the triumph of Austerlitz, the greatest and most brilliant of all Napoleon's victories, which left Austria and Russia humbled to the very ground before him.

Then Prussia had dared to defy the overbearing conqueror and had put into the field against him her armies, trained by Frederick the Great ; but these he had shattered almost at a stroke, winning in one day the decisive battles of Jena and Auerstadt. He had stabled his horses in the royal palace of the Hohenzollerns and had pursued the remnant of the Prussian forces to the Russian border.

As he marched into the Polish provinces, the people swarmed by thousands to meet him and hail him as their country's saviour. They believed down to the very last that Bonaparte would make the Poles once more a free and independent nation and rescue them from the tyranny of Russia.

Napoleon played upon this feeling in every manner known to his artful mind. He used it to alarm the Czar. He used it to intimidate the Emperor of Austria ; but more especially did he use it among the Poles themselves, to win for his armies thousands upon thousands of gallant soldiers, who believed that in fighting for Napoleon, they were fighting for the final Independence of their native land.

Therefore, with the intensity of patriotism, which is a passion among the Poles, every man and every woman gazed at Napoleon with something like adoration ; for, was not he the mighty warrior who had in his gift what all desired ? Soldiers of every rank swarmed to his standards. Princes and nobles flocked about him. Those who stayed at home repeated wonderful stories of his victories and prayed for him and fed the flame, which spread through all the country. It was felt that no sacrifice was too great to win his favour ; that to him, as to a deity, everything that he desired should be yielded up, since he was to restore the liberty of Poland.

And hence, when the carriage of the emperor dashed into Bronia, surrounded by Polish lancers and French cuirassiers, the enormous crowd surged forward and blocked the way, so that

their hero could not pass because of their cheers and cries and supplications.

In the midst of it all, there came a voice of peculiar sweetness from the thickest portion of the crowd.

"Please let me pass!" said the voice. "Let me see him, if only for a moment!"

The populace rolled backward, and through the lane, which they made, a beautiful girl with dark blue eyes that flamed and streaming hair that had become loosened about her radiant face, was confronting the emperor. Carried away by her enthusiasm, she cried:

"Thrice welcome to Poland! we can do or say nothing to express our joy in the country, which you will surely deliver from its tyrant."

The emperor bowed and, with a smile, handed a great bouquet of roses to the girl. for her beauty and her enthusiasm had made a deep impression on him.

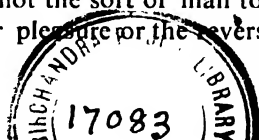
"Take it," said he, "as a proof of my admiration. I trust that I may have the pleasure of meeting you at Warsaw and of hearing your thanks from those beautiful lips."

In a moment more, the trumpets rang out shrilly, the horsemen closed up beside the imperial carriage, and it rolled away amid the tumultuous shouting of the populace.

The girl, who had so attracted Napoleon's attention, was Marie Walewska, descended from an ancient though impoverished family in Poland. When she was only fifteen, she was courted by one of the wealthiest men in Poland, the Count Walewska. He was three or four times her age, yet her dark blue eyes, her massive golden hair, and the exquisite grace of her figure led him to plead that she might become his wife. She had accepted him, but the marriage was that of a mere child, and her interest still centred upon her country and took the form of patriotism rather than that of wifehood and maternity.

It was for this reason that the young Countess had visited Bronia. She was now eighteen years of age and still had the sort of romantic feeling, which led her to think that she would keep in some secret hiding-place the bouquet, which the greatest man alive had given her.

But Napoleon was not the sort of man to forget anything that had given him either pleasure or the reverse. He who, at



the height of his cares, could recall instantly how many cannon were in each seaport of France and could make out an accurate list of all his military stores; he who could call by name every soldier in his guard, with a full remembrance of the battles each man had fought in and the honours that he had won—he was not likely to forget so lovely a face as the one, which had gleamed with peculiar radiance through the crowd at Bronia.

On reaching Warsaw, he asked one or two well-informed persons about this beautiful stranger. Only a few hours had passed before Prince Poniatowski, accompanied by other nobles, called upon her at her home.

“I am directed, madam,” said he, “by order of the Emperor of France, to bid you to be present at a ball that is to be given in his honour to-morrow evening.”

Mme. Walewska was startled, and her face grew hot with blushes. Did the Emperor remember her escapade at Bronia? If so, how had he discovered her? Why should he seek her out and do her such an honour?

“That, madam, is his imperial majesty’s affair,” Poniatowski told her. “I merely obey his instructions and ask your presence at the ball. Perhaps Heaven has marked you out to be the means of saving our unhappy country.”

In this way, by playing on her patriotism, Poniatowski almost persuaded her, and yet something held her back. She trembled, though she was greatly fascinated; and finally she refused to go.

Scarcely had the envoy left her, however, when a great company of nobles entered in groups and begged her to humour the emperor. Finally her own husband joined in their entreaties and actually commanded her to go; so at last she was compelled to yield.

It was by no means the frank and radiant girl, who was now preparing again to meet the emperor. She knew not why, and yet her heart was full of trepidation and nervous fright, the cause of which she could not guess, yet which made her task a severe ordeal. She dressed herself in white satin, with no adornment save a wreath of foliage in her hair.

As she entered the ballroom, she was welcomed by hundreds, whom she had never seen before, but who were of the highest nobility of Poland. Murmurs of admiration followed

her, and finally Poniatowski came to her and complimented her, besides bringing her a message that the emperor desired her to dance with him.

"I am very sorry," she said, with a quiver of lips, "but I really cannot dance. Be kind enough to ask the emperor to excuse me."

But at that very moment she felt some strange magnetic influence ; and without looking up she could feel that Napoleon himself was standing by her, as she sat with blanched face and downcast eyes, not daring to look up at him.

"White upon white is a mistake, madam," said the emperor, in his gentlest tones. Then, stooping low, he whispered, "I had expected a far different reception."

She neither smiled nor met his eyes. He stood there for a moment and then passed on, leaving her to return to her home with a heavy heart. The young Countess felt that she had acted wrongly, and yet there was an instinct—an instinct that she could not conquer.

In the gray of the morning, while she was still tossing feverishly, her maid knocked at the door and brought her a hastily scribbled note. It ran as follows :

"I saw none but you, I admired none but you ; I desire only you. Answer at once, and calm the impatient ardour of—"
N.

These passionate words burned from her eyes the veil that had hidden the truth from her. What before had been mere blind instinct became an actual verity. Why had she at first rushed forth into the very streets to hail the possible deliverer of her country, and then why had she shrunk from him when he sought to honour her ? It was all clear enough now. This bedside missive meant that he had intended her dishonour and that he had looked upon her simply as a possible mistress.

At once she crushed the note angrily in her hand.

"There is no answer at all," said she, bursting into bitter tears at the very thought that he should dare to treat her in this way.

But on the following morning when she awoke, her maid was standing beside her with a second letter from Napoleon. She refused to open it and placed it in a packet with the first

letter, and ordered that both of them should be returned to the emperor.

She shrank from speaking to her husband of what had happened, and there was no one else in whom she dared confide. All through that day there came hundreds of visitors either of princely rank or men who had won fame by their gallantry and courage. They all begged to see her, but to them all she sent one answer—that she was ill and could see no one.

After a time, her husband burst into her room, and insisted that she should see them.

“Why,” exclaimed he, “you are insulting the greatest men and the noblest women of Poland ! More than that, there are some of the most distinguished Frenchmen sitting at your doorstep, as it were. There is Duroc, grand marshal of France, and in refusing to see him you are insulting the great emperor on whom depends everything that our country longs for. Napoleon has invited you to a State dinner and you have given him no answer whatever. I order you to rise at once and receive these ladies and gentlemen, who have done you so much honour !”

She could not refuse. Presently, she appeared in her drawing-room, where she was at once surrounded by an immense throng of her own countrymen and countrywomen, who made no pretence of misunderstanding the situation. To them, what was one woman’s honour when compared with the freedom and independence of their nation ? She was overwhelmed by arguments and entreaties. She was even accused of being disloyal to the cause of Poland if she refused her consent.

One of the strangest documents of that period was a letter sent to her and signed by the noblest men in Poland. It contained a powerful appeal to her patriotism. One remarkable passage even quotes the Bible to point out her line of duty. A portion of this letter ran as follows :

“Did Esther, think you, give herself to Ahasuerus out of the fulness of her love for him ? So great was the terror with which he inspired her that she fainted at the sight of him. We may, therefore, conclude that affection had but little to do with her resolve. She sacrificed her own inclinations to the salvation of her country, and that salvation it was her glory to achieve.

May we be enabled to say the same of you, to your glory and our own happiness !”

After this letter, came others from Napoleon himself, full of the most humble pleading. It was not wholly distasteful thus to have the conqueror of the world seek her out and offer her his adoration any more than it was distasteful to think that ‘the revival of her own nation depended on her single will. M. Frederic Masson, whose minute studies regarding everything relating to Napoleon have won him a seat in the French Academy, writes of Marie Walewska at this time :

“Every force was now brought into play against her. Her country, her friends, her religion, the Old and the New Testaments, all urged her to yield ; they all combined for the ruin of a simple and inexperienced girl of eighteen who had no parents, whose husband even thrust her into temptation, and whose friends thought that her downfall would be her glory.”

Amid all these powerful influences, she consented to attend the dinner. To her gratification, Napoleon treated her with distant courtesy and, in fact, with a certain coldness.

“I heard that Mme. Walewska was indisposed. I trust that she has recovered,” was all the greeting that he gave her when they met.

Everyone else, with whom she spoke, overwhelmed her with flattery and with continued urging ; but the emperor himself for a time acted as if she had displeased him. This was consummate art ; for as soon as she was relieved of her fears, she began to regret that she had thrown her power away.

During the dinner she let her eyes wander to those of the emperor almost in supplication. He, the subtlest of men, knew that he had won. His marvellous eyes met hers and drew her attention to him as by an electric current ; and when the ladies left the great dining-room, Napoleon sought her out and whispered in her ear a few words of ardent love.

It was too little to alarm her seriously now. It was enough to make her feel that magnetism which Napoleon knew so well how to evoke and exercise. Again everyone crowded about her with congratulations. Some said :

“He never even saw any of *us*. His eyes were all for *you*. They flashed fire as he looked at you.”

“You have conquered his heart,” others said, “and you

can do what you like with him. This salvation of Poland is in your hands."

The company broke up at an early hour, but Mme. Walewska was asked to remain. When she was alone General Duroc—one of the emperor's favourite officers and most trusted lieutenants—entered and placed a letter from Napoleon in her lap. He tried to tell her as tactfully as possible how much harm she was doing by refusing the imperial request. She was deeply affected, and presently, when Duroc left her, she opened the letter which he had given her and read it. It was worded thus :

"There are times when all splendours become oppressive, as I feel but too deeply at the present moment. How can I satisfy the desires of a heart that yearns to cast itself at your feet, when its impulses are checked at every point by considerations of the highest moment? Oh, if you would, you alone might overcome the obstacles that keep us apart. My friend Duroc will make all easy for you. Oh, come, come! Your every wish shall be gratified! Your country will be dearer to me when you take pity on my poor heart." N.

Every chance of escape seemed to be closed. She had Napoleon's own word that he would free Poland in return for her self-sacrifice. Moreover, her powers of resistance had been so weakened that, like many women, she temporized. She decided that she would meet the emperor alone. She would tell him that she did not love him, and yet would plead with him to save her beloved country.

As she sat there every tick of the clock stirred her to a new excitement. At last there came a knock upon the door, a cloak was thrown about her from behind, a heavy veil was drooped about her golden hair, and she was led, by whom she knew not, to the street, where a finely appointed carriage was waiting for her.

No sooner had she entered it than she was driven rapidly through the darkness to the beautifully carved entrance of a palace. Half led, half carried, she was taken up the steps to a door which was eagerly opened by someone within. There were warmth and light and colour and the scent of flowers as she was placed in a comfortable arm-chair. Her wrappings were taken from her, the door was closed behind her; and then, as she looked up, she found herself in the presence of Napoleon, who was kneeling at her feet and uttering soothing words.

Wisely, the emperor used no violence. He merely argued with her ; and he told her over and over his love for her ; and finally he declared that for her sake, he would make Poland once again a strong and splendid kingdom.

Several hours passed. In the early morning, before daylight, there came a knock at the door.

"Already ?" said Napoleon. "Well, my plaintive dove, go home and rest. You must not fear the eagle. In time you will come to love him, and in all things you shall command him."

Then he led her to the door, but said that he would not open it unless she promised to see him the next day—a promise which she gave the more readily because he had treated her with such respect.

On the following morning, her faithful maid came to her bedside with a cluster of beautiful violets, a letter, and several daintily made morocco cases. When these were opened there leaped out strings and necklaces of exquisite diamonds, blazing in the morning sunlight. Mme. Walewska seized the jewels and flung them across the room with an order that they should be taken back at once to the imperial giver ; but the letter, which was in the same romantic strain as the others, she retained.

On that same evening there was another dinner, given to the emperor by the nobles, and Marie Walewska attended it, but, of course, without the diamonds, which she had returned. Nor did she wear the flowers which had accompanied the diamonds.

When Napoleon met her he frowned upon her and made her tremble with the cold glances that shot from his eyes of steel. He scarcely spoke to her throughout the meal, but those who sat beside her were earnest in their pleading.

Again she waited until the guests had gone away, and with a lighter heart, since she felt that she had nothing to fear. But when she met Napoleon in his private cabinet, alone, his mood was very different from that which he had shown before. Instead of gentleness and consideration, he was the Napoleon of camps, and not of courts. He greeted her brusquely.

"I scarcely expected to see you again," said he. "Why did you refuse my diamonds and my flowers ? Why did you avoid my eyes at dinner ? Your coldness is an insult which I shall not brook." Then he raised his voice to that rasping,

almost blood-curdling tone which even his hardiest soldiers dreaded : "I will have you know that I mean to conquer you. You *shall*—yes, I repeat it, you *shall* love me ! I have restored the name of your country. It owes its very existence to me."

Then he resorted to a trick which he had played years before in dealing with the Austrians at Campo Formio.

"See this watch which I am holding in my hand. Just as I dash it to fragments before you, so will I shatter Poland if you drive me to desperation by rejecting my heart and refusing me your own."

As he spoke, he hurled the watch against the opposite wall with terrific force, dashing it to pieces. In terror, Mme. Walewska fainted. When she resumed consciousness, there was Napoleon wiping away her tears with the tenderness of a woman and with words of self-reproach.

The long siege was over. Napoleon had conquered, and this girl of eighteen gave herself up to his caresses and endearments, thinking that, after all, her love of country was more than her own honour.

Her husband, as a matter of form, put her away from him, though at heart he approved what she had done, while the Polish people regarded her as nothing less than a national heroine. To them she was no minister to the vices of an emperor, but rather one who would make him love Poland for her sake and restore its greatness.

So far as concerned his love for her, it was, indeed, almost idolatry. He honoured her in every way and spent all the time at his disposal in her company. But his promise to restore Poland he never kept, and gradually she found that he had never meant to keep it.

"I love your country", he would say, "and I am willing to aid in the attempt to uphold its rights, but my first duty is to France. I cannot shed French blood in a foreign cause."

By this time, however, Marie Walewska had learned to love Napoleon for his own sake. She could not resist his ardour, which matched the ardour of the Poles themselves. Moreover, it flattered her to see the greatest soldier in the world suppliant for her smiles.

For some years, she was Napoleon's close companion, spending long hours with him and finally accompanying him

to Paris. She was the mother of Napoleon's only son who lived to manhood. This son, who bore the name of Alexandre Florian de Walewski, was born in Poland in 1810, and later was created a count and duke of the second French Empire. It may be said parenthetically that he was a man of great ability. Living down to 1868, he was made much of by Napoleon III, who placed him in high offices of State, which he filled with distinction. In contrast with the Duc de Morny, who was Napoleon's illegitimate half-brother, Alexandre de Walewski stood out in brilliant contrast. He would have nothing to do with stock-jobbing and unseemly speculation.

"I may be poor," he said—though he was not poor—"but at least I remember the glory of my father and what is due to his great name."

As for Mme. Walewska, she was loyal to the emperor, and lacked the greed of many women whom he had made his favourites. Even at Elba, when he was in exile and disgrace, she visited him that she might endeavour to console him. She was his counsellor and friend, as well as his earnestly loved mate. When she died in Paris in 1817, while the dethroned emperor was a prisoner at St. Helena, the word "Napoleon" was the last upon her lips.

Napoleon and the Empress Marie Louise

THERE is one famous woman whom history condemns, while at the same time it partly hides the facts which might mitigate the harshness of the judgement that is passed upon her. This woman is Marie Louise, Empress of France, consort of the great Napoleon, and Archduchess of imperial Austria. When the most brilliant figure in all history, after his overthrow in 1814, was a tawdry exile on the petty island of Elba, the Empress was already about to become a mother ; and the father of her unborn child was not Napoleon, but another man. This is almost all that is usually remembered of her—that she was unfaithful to Napoleon, that she abandoned him in the hour of his defeat, and that she gave herself with readiness to one inferior in rank, yet with whom she lived for years, and to whom she bore what a French writer styled “a brood of bastards.”

Naturally enough, the Austrian and German historians do not have much to say of Marie Louise, because in her own disgrace she also brought disgrace upon the proudest reigning family in Europe. Naturally, also, French writers, even those who are hostile to Napoleon, do not care to dwell upon the story ; since France itself was humiliated when its greatest genius and most splendid soldier was deceived by his Austrian wife. Therefore, there are still many who know little beyond the bare fact that the Empress Marie Louise threw away her pride as a Princess, her reputation as a wife, and her honour as a woman. Her figure seems to crouch in a sort of murky by-way, and those who pass over the high road of history ignore it with averted eyes.

In reality, the story of Napoleon and Marie Louise and of the Count von Neipperg is one which, when you search it to the very core, leads you straight to a sex problem of a very curious nature. Nowhere else does it occur in the relations of the great personages of history ; but in literature Balzac, that

master of psychology, has touched upon the theme in the early chapters of his famous novel called 'A Woman of Thirty'.

As to the Napoleonic story, let us first recall the facts of the case, giving them in such order that their full significance may be understood.

In 1809 Napoleon, then at the plenitude of his power, shook himself free from the clinging clasp of Joséphine and procured the annulment of his marriage to her. He really owed her nothing. Before he knew her she had been the mistress of another. In the first years of their life together she had been notoriously unfaithful to him. He had held to her from habit which was in part a superstition ; but the remembrance of the wrong which she had done him made her faded charms at times almost repulsive. And then Josephine had never borne him any children ; and without a son to perpetuate his dynasty, the gigantic achievements which he had wrought seemed futile in his eyes, and likely to crumble into nothingness when he should die.

No sooner had the marriage been annulled than his titanic ambition leaped, as it always did, to a tremendous pinnacle. He would wed. He would have children. But he would wed no petty princess. This man who in his early youth had felt honoured by a marriage with the almost *declassée* widow of a creole planter now stretched out his hand that he might take to himself a woman not merely royal but imperial.

At first, he sought the sister of the Czar of Russia ; but Alexandre entertained a profound distrust of the French emperor, and managed to evade the tentative demand. There was, however, a reigning family far more ancient than the Romanoffs—a family which had held the imperial dignity for nearly six centuries—the oldest and the noblest blood in Europe. This was the Austrian house of Hapsburg. Its head, the Emperor Francis, had thirteen children, of whom the eldest, the Archduchess Marie Louise, was then in her nineteenth year.

Napoleon had resented the rebuff which the Czar had given him. He turned, therefore, the more eagerly to the other project. Yet there were many reasons why an Austrian marriage might be dangerous, or, at any rate, ill-omened. Only sixteen years before, an Austrian Archduchess, Marie Antionette, married to the ruler of France, had met her death upon the

scaffold, hated and cursed by the French people, who had always blamed "the Austrian" for the evil days which had ended in the flames of revolution. Again, the father of the girl to whom Napoleon's fancy turned had been the bitter enemy of the new regime in France. His troops had been beaten by the French in five wars and had been crushed at Austerlitz and at Wagram. Bonaparte had twice entered Vienna at the head of a conquering army, and thrice he had slept in the imperial palace at Schonbrunn, while Francis was fleeing through the dark, a beaten fugitive pursued by the swift squadrons of French cavalry.

The feeling of Francis of Austria was not merely that of the vanquished towards the victor. It was a deep hatred almost religious in its fervour. He was the head and front of the old-time feudalism of birth and blood ; Napoleon was the incarnation of the modern spirit which demolished thrones and set in iron heel upon crowned heads, giving the sacred titles of king and prince to soldiers who, even in palaces, still showed the swaggering brutality of the camp and the stable whence they sprang. Yet, just because an alliance with the Austrian house seemed in so many ways impossible, the thought of it inflamed the ardour of Napoleon all the more.

"Impossible ?" he had once said, contemptuously. "The word 'impossible' is not French."

The Austrian alliance, unnatural though it seemed, was certainly quite possible. In the year 1809, Napoleon had finished his fifth war with Austria by the terrific battle of Wagram, which brought the empire of the Hapsburgs to the very dust. The conqueror's rude hand had stripped from Francis province after province. He had even let fall hints that the Hapsburgs might be dethroned and that Austria might disappear from the map of Europe, to be divided between himself and the Russian Czar, who was still his ally. It was at this psychological moment that the Czar wounded Napoleon's pride by refusing to give the hand of his sister Anne.

The subtle diplomats of Vienna immediately saw their chance. Prince Metternich, with the caution of one who enters the cage of a man-eating tiger, suggested that the Austrian Archduchess would be a fitting bride for the French conqueror. The notion soothed the wounded vanity of Napoleon. From

that moment events moved swiftly ; and before long, it was understood that there was to be a new empress in France, and that she was to be none other than the daughter of the man who had been Napoleon's most persistent foe upon the Continent. The girl was to be given—sacrificed, if you like—to appease an imperial adventurer. After such a marriage, Austria would be safe from spoliation. The reigning dynasty would remain firmly seated upon its historic throne.

But how about the girl herself ? She had always heard Napoleon spoken of as a sort of ogre—a man of low ancestry, a brutal and faithless enemy of her people. She knew that this bold, rough-spoken soldier, less than a year before had added insult to the injury which he had inflicted on her father. In public proclamation he had called the Emperor Francis a coward and a liar. Up to the latter part of the year Napoleon was to her imagination a bloodstained, sordid, and yet all-powerful monster, outside the pale of human liking and respect. What must have been her thoughts when her father first told her with averted face that she was to become the bride of such a being ?

Marie Louise had been brought up, as all German girls of rank were then brought up, in quiet simplicity and utter innocence. In person she was a tall blonde, with a wealth of light brown hair tumbling about a face which might be called attractive because it was so youthful and so gentle, but in which only poets and courtiers could see beauty. Her complexion was rosy, with that peculiar tinge which means that in the course of time it will become red and mottled. Her blue eyes were clear and childish. Her figure was good, though already too full for a girl who was younger than her years.

She had a large and generous mouth with full lips, the lower one being the true. "Hapsburg lip," slightly pendulous—a feature which has remained for generation after generation as a sure sign of Hapsburg blood. One could see it in the former emperor of Austria, in the late Queen Regent of Spain, and in the ex King of Spain, Alfonso. All the artists who made miniatures or paintings of Marie Louise softened down this racial mark so that no likeness of her shows it as it really was. But take her all in all, she was a simple, childlike, German *madchen* who knew nothing of the outside world except what she had heard from her discreet and watchful governess, and what had been

told her of Napoleon by her uncles, the archdukes whom he had beaten down in battle.

When she learned that she was to be given to the French emperor, her girlish soul experienced a shudder ; but her father told her how vital was this union to her country and to him. With a sort of piteous dread, she questioned the archdukes who had called Napoleon an ogre.

"Oh, that was when Napoleon was an enemy," they replied. "Now he is our friend."

Marie Louise listened to all this, and, like the obedient German girl she was, yielded her own will.

Events moved with a rush, for Napoleon was not the man to dally. Josephine had retired to her residence at Malmaison, and Paris was already astir with preparations for the new empress who was to assure the continuation of the Napoleonic glory by giving children to her husband. Napoleon had said to his ambassador with his usual bluntness :

"This is the first and most important thing—she must have children."

To the girl whom he was to marry, he sent the following letter—an odd letter, combining the formality of a negotiator with the veiled ardour of a lover :

"MY COUSIN :

The brilliant qualities which adorn your person have inspired in me a desire to serve you and to pay you homage. In making my request to the emperor, your father, and praying him to entrust to me the happiness of your imperial highness, may I hope that you will understand the sentiments which lead me to this act ? May I flatter myself that it will not be decided solely by the duty of parental obedience ? However slightly the feelings of your imperial highness may incline to me, I wish to cultivate them with so great care, and to endeavour so constantly to please you in everything, that I flatter myself that some day I shall prove attractive to you. This is the end at which I desire to arrive, and for which I pray your highness to be favourable to me."

Immediately everything was done to dazzle the imagination of the girl. She had dressed always in the simplicity of the school-room. Her only ornaments had been a few coloured stones which she sometimes wore as a necklace or a bracelet.

Now the resources of all France were drawn upon. Precious laces foamed about her. Cascades of diamonds flashed before her eyes. The costliest and most exquisite creations of the Parisian shops were spread around her to make up a trousseau fit for the princess who was soon to become the bride of the man who had mastered continental Europe.

The archives of Vienna were ransacked for musty documents which would show exactly what had been done for other Austrian princesses who had married rulers of France. Everything was duplicated down to the last detail. Ladies-in-waiting thronged about the young archduchess ; and presently there came to her Queen Caroline of Naples, Napoleon's sister, of whom Napoleon himself once said : "She is the only man among my sisters, as Joseph is the only woman among my brothers." Caroline, by virtue of her rank as queen, could have free access to her husband's future bride. Also, there came presently Napoleon's famous marshal, Berthier, Prince of Neuchatel, the chief of the Old Guard, who had just been created Prince of Wagram—a title, which, very naturally, he did not use in Austria. He was to act as proxy for Napoleon in the preliminary marriage service at Vienna.

All was excitement. Vienna had never been so gay. Money was lavished under the direction of Caroline and Berthier. There were illuminations and balls. The young girl found herself the centre of the world's interest ; and the excitement made her dizzy. She could not but be flattered, and yet there were many hours when her heart misgave her. More than once she was found in tears. Her father, an affectionate though narrow soul, spent an entire day with her consoling and reassuring her. One thought she always kept in mind—what she had said to Metternich at the very first :

"I want only what my duty bids me want."

At last, came the official marriage, by proxy, in the presence of a splendid gathering. The various documents were signed, the dowry was arranged for. Gifts were scattered right and left. At the opera there were gala performances. Then Marie Louise bade her father a sad farewell. Almost suffocated by sobs and with her eyes streaming with tears, she was led between two hedges of bayonets to her carriage, while cannon thundered and all the church-bells of Vienna rang a joyful peal.

She set out for France accompanied by a long train of carriages filled with noblemen and noblewomen, with ladies-in-waiting and scores of attendant menials. The young bride—the wife of a man whom she had never seen—was almost dead with excitement and fatigue. At a station in the outskirts of Vienna she scribbled a few lines to her father, which are commentary upon her state of mind :

“I think of you always, and I always shall. God has given me power to endure this final shock, and in Him alone I have put all my trust. He will help me and give me courage, and I shall find support in doing my duty towards you, since it is all for you that I have sacrificed myself.”

There is something piteous in this little note of a frightened girl going to encounter she knew not what, and clinging almost frantically to the one thought—that whatever might befall her, she was doing as her father wished.

One need not recount the long and tedious journey of many days over wretched roads, in carriages that jolted and lurched and swayed. She was surrounded by unfamiliar faces and was compelled to meet at every town, the chief men of the place, all of whom paid her honour, but stared at her with irrepressible curiosity. Day after day she went on and on. Each morning a courier on a foaming horse presented her with a great cluster of fresh flowers and a few lines scrawled by the unknown husband who was to meet her at her journey's end.

There lay the point upon which her wandering thoughts were focused—the journey's end ! The man whose strange, mysterious power had forced her from her school-room, had driven her through a nightmare of strange happenings, and who was waiting for her somewhere to take her to himself, to master her as he had mastered generals and armies.

What was marriage ? What did it mean ? What experience still lay before her ? These were the questions which she must have asked herself throughout that long, exhausting journey. When she thought of the past she was home-sick. When she thought of the immediate future she was fearful with a shuddering fear.

At last she reached the frontier of France, and her carriage passed into a sort of triple structure, the first pavilion of which was Austrian, while the middle pavilion was neutral, and the

farther one was French. Here she was received by those who were afterward to surround her—the representatives of the Napoleonic court. They were not all plebeians and children of the Revolution, ex-stable boys, ex-laundresses. By this time, Napoleon had gathered around himself some of the noblest families of France, who had rallied to the empire. The assemblage was a brilliant one. There were Montmorencys and Beaumonts and Audenardes in abundance. But to Marie Louise, as to her Austrian attendants, they were all alike. They were French, they were strangers, and she shrank from them.

Yet here her Austrians must leave her. All who had accompanied her thus far were now turned back. Napoleon had been insistent on this point. Even her governess, who had been with her since her childhood, was not allowed to cross the French frontier. So fixed was Napoleon's purpose to have nothing Austrian about her, that even her pet dog, to which she clung as a girl would cling, was taken from her. Thereafter, she was surrounded only by French faces, by French guards, and was greeted only by salvos of French artillery.

In the meantime, what was Napoleon doing at Paris ? Since the annulment of his marriage with Josephine he had gone into a sort of retirement. Matters of State, war, internal reforms, no longer interested him ; but that restless brain could not sink into repose. Inflamed with the ardour of a new passion, that passion was all the greater because he had never yet set eyes upon its objects. Marriage with an imperial princess flattered his ambition. The youth and innocence of the bride stirred his whole being with a thrill of novelty. The painted charms of Josephine, the mercenary favours of actresses, the calculated ecstasies of the women of the court who gave themselves to him from vanity, had long since palled upon him. Therefore, the impatience with which he awaited the coming of Marie Louise became every day more tense.

For a time, he amused himself with planning down to the very last details the demonstrations that were to be given in her honour. He organized them as minutely as he had ever organized a conquering army. He showed himself as wonderful in these petty things as he had in those great strategic combinations which had baffled the ablest generals of Europe. But after all had been arranged—even to the illuminations, the cheering, the

salutes, and the etiquette of the court—he fell into a fever of impatience which gave him sleepless nights and frantic days. He placed up and down the Tuileries, almost beside himself. He hurried off courier after courier with orders that the postilions should lash their horses to bring the hour of meeting nearer still. He scribbled love-letters. He gazed continually on the diamond studded portrait of the woman who was hurrying towards him.

At last, as the time approached he entered a swift travelling-carriage and hastened to Compiègne, about fifty miles from Paris, where it had been arranged that he should meet his consort and whence he was to escort her to the capital, so that they might be married in the great gallery of the Louvre. At Compiègne, the chancellerie had been set apart for Napoleon's convenience, while the chateau had been assigned to Marie Louise and her attendants. When Napoleon's carriage dashed into the place, drawn by horses that had travelled at a gallop, the emperor could not restrain himself. It was raining torrents and night was coming on, yet, none the less, he shouted for fresh horses and pushed on the Soissons, where the new empress was to stop and dine. When he reached there and she had not arrived, new relays of horses were demanded, and he hurried off once more into the dark.

At the little village of Courcelles, he met the courier who was riding in advance of the empress's cortege.

"She will be here in a few moments!", cried Napoleon, and he leaped from his carriage into the highway.

The rain descended harder than ever, and he took refuge in the arched doorway of the village church, his boots already bemired, his greatcoat reeking with the downpour. As he crouched before the church, he heard the sound of carriages; and before long there came toiling through the mud the one in which was seated the girl for whom he had so long been waiting. It was stopped at an order given by an officer. Within it, half-fainting with fatigue and fear, Marie Louise sat in the dark, alone.

Here, if ever, was the chance for Napoleon to win his bride. Could he have restrained himself, could he have shown the delicate consideration which was demanded of him, could he have remembered at least that he was an emperor and that the girl—timid and shuddering—was a princess, her future story

might have been far different. But long ago he had ceased to think of anything except his own desires. "

He approached the carriage. An obsequious chamberlain drew aside the leathern covering and opened the door, exclaiming as he did so, "The emperor !" And then there leaped in the rain-soaked, mud-bespattered being whose excesses had always been as unbridled as his genius. The door was closed, the leathern curtain again drawn, and the horses set out at a gallop for Soissons. Within, the shrinking bride was at the mercy of pure animal passion, feeling upon her hot face a torrent of rough kisses, and yielding herself in terror to the caresses of wanton hands.

At Soissons, Napoleon allowed no halt, but the carriage plunged on, still in the rain, to Compiègne. There all the arrangements made with so much care were thrust aside. Though the actual marriage had not yet taken place, Napoleon claimed all the rights which afterward were given in the ceremonial at Paris. He took the girl to the chancellerie, and not to the chateau. In an ante-room dinner was served with haste to the imperial pair and Queen Caroline. Then the latter was dismissed with little ceremony, the lights were extinguished, and this daughter of a line of emperors was left to the tender mercies of one who always had about him something of the common soldier—the man who lives for loot and lust..... At eleven, the next morning, she was unable to rise and was served in bed by the ladies of her household.

These facts, repellent as they are, must be remembered when we call to mind what happened in the next five years. The horror of that night could not be obliterated by splendid ceremonies, by studious attentions, or by all the pomp and gaiety of the court. Napoleon was then forty-one—practically the same age as his new wife's father, the Austrian emperor ; Marie Louise was barely nineteen and younger than her years. Her master must have seemed to be brutal ogre whom her uncles had described.

Installed in the Tuileries, she taught herself compliance. On their marriage night Napoleon had asked her briefly : "What did your parents tell you ?" And she had answered, meekly : "To be your altogether and to obey you in everything." But, though she gave compliance, and though her

freshness seemed enchanting to Napoleon, there was something concealed within her thoughts to which he could not penetrate. He gaily said to a member of the court:

“Marry a German, my dear fellow. They are the best women in the world—gentle, good, artless, and as fresh as roses.”

• Yet, at the same time, Napoleon felt a deep anxiety lest in her very heart of hearts this German girl might either fear or hate him secretly. Somewhat later, Prince Metternich came from the Austrian court to Paris.

“I give you leave,” said Napoleon, “to have a private interview with the empress. •Let her tell you what she likes, and I shall ask no questions. Even should I do so, I now forbid your answering me.”

Metternich was closeted with the empress for a long while. •When he returned to the ante-room he found Napoleon fidgeting about, his eyes a pair of interrogation-points.

“I am sure,” he said, “that empress told you that I was kind to her ?”

Metternich bowed and made no answer.

“Well,” said Napoleon, somewhat impatiently, “at least I am sure that she is happy. Tell me, did she not say so ?”

The Austrian diplomat remained unsmiling, “your majesty •himself has forbidden me to answer,” he returned with another bow.

We may fairly draw the inference that Marie Louise, though she adapted herself to her surroundings, was never really happy. Napoleon became infatuated with her. He surrounded her with every possible mark of honour. He abandoned public business to walk or drive with her. But the memory of his own brutality must have vaguely haunted him throughout it all. He was jealous of her as he had never been jealous of the fickle Josephine. Constant has recorded that the greatest precautions were taken to prevent any person whatsoever, and especially any man, from approaching the empress save in the presence of witnesses.

Napoleon himself underwent a complete change of habits and demeanour. Where he had been rough and coarse he became attentive and refined. His shabby uniforms were all discarded, and he spent hours in trying on new costumes. He even attempted to learn to waltz, but this he gave up in despair.

Whereas before he ate hastily and at irregular intervals, he now sat at dinner with unusual patience, and the court took on a character which it had never had. Never before had he sacrificed either his public duty or his private pleasure for any woman. Even in the first ardour of his marriage with Josephine, when he used to pour out his heart to her in letters from Italian battlefields, he did so only after he had made the disposition of his troops and had planned his moments for the following day. Now, however, he was not merely devoted, but uxorious ; and in 1811, after the birth of the little King of Rome, he ceased to be the earlier Napoleon altogether. He had founded a dynasty. He was the head of a reigning house. He forgot the principles of the Revolution, and he ruled, as he thought, like other monarchs, by the grace of God.

As for Marie Louise, she played her part extremely well. Somewhat haughty and unapproachable to others, she nevertheless studied Napoleon's every wish. She seemed even to be loving ; but one can scarcely doubt that her obedience sprang ultimately from fear and that her devotion was the devotion of a dog which has been beaten into subjection.

Her vanity was flattered in many ways, and most of all by her appointment as regent of the empire during Napoleon's absence in the disastrous Russian campaign which began in 1812. It was in June of that year that the French emperor held court at Dresden, where he played as was said, to "a parterre of kings." This was the climax of his magnificence, for there were gathered all the sovereigns and princes who were his allies and who furnished the levies that swelled his Grand Army to six hundred thousand men. Here Marie Louise, like her husband, felt to the full the intoxication of supreme power. By a sinister coincidence it was here that she first met the other man, then unnoticed and little heeded, who was to cast upon her a fascination which in the end proved irresistible.

This man was Adam Albrecht, Count von Neipperg. There is something mysterious about his early years, and something baleful about his silent warfare with Napoleon. As a very young soldier he had been an Austrian officer in 1793. His command served in Belgium ; and there, in a skirmish, he was overpowered by the French in superior numbers, but resisted desperately. In the melee, a saber slashed him across the right

side of his face, and he was made prisoner. The wound deprived him of his right eye, so that for the rest of his life he was compelled to wear a black bandage to conceal the mutilation.

From that moment, he conceived an undying hatred of the French, serving against them in the Tyrol and in Italy. He always claimed that had the Archduke Charles followed his advice, the Austrians would have forced Napoleon's army to capitulate at Marengo, thus bringing early eclipse to the rising star of Bonaparte. However this may be, Napoleon's success enraged Neipperg and made his hatred almost the hatred of a fiend.

Hitherto he had detested the French as a nation. Afterward he concentrated his malignity upon the person of Napoleon. In every way, he tried to cross the path of that great soldier, and, though Neipperg was comparatively an unknown man, his indomitable purpose and his continued intrigues at last attracted the notice of the emperor; for in 1808 Napoleon wrote this significant sentence:

"The Count von Neipperg is openly known to have been the enemy of the French."

Little did the great conqueror dream how deadly was the blow which this Austrian count was destined finally to deal him!

Neipperg, though his title was not a high one, belonged to the old nobility of Austria. He had proved his bravery in war and as a duelist, and he was a diplomat as well as a soldier. Despite his mutilation, he was a handsome and accomplished courtier, a man of wide experience, and one who bore himself in a manner which suggested the spirit of romance. According to Masson, he was an Austrian Don Juan, and had won the hearts of many women. At thirty he had formed a connection with an Italian woman named Teresa Pola, whom he had carried away from her husband. She had borne him five children; and in 1813, he had married her in order that these children might be made legitimate.

In his own sphere the activity of Neipperg was almost as remarkable as Napoleon's in a greater one. Apart from his exploits on the field of battle he had been attached to the Austrian Embassy in Paris, and, strangely enough, had been decorated by Napoleon himself with the golden eagle of the Legion of Honour. Four months later we find him minister of Austria

at the court of Sweden, where he helped to lay the train of intrigue which was to detach Bernadotta from Napoleon's cause. In 1812, as has just been said, he was with Marie Louise for a short time at Dresden, hovering about her, already forming schemes. Two years after this he overthrew Murat at Naples; and then hurried on post-haste to urge Prince Eugene to abandon Bonaparte.

When the great struggle of 1814 neared its close, and Napoleon, fighting with his back to the wall, was about to succumb to the united armies of Europe, it was evident that the Austrian emperor would soon be able to separate his daughter from her husband. In fact, when Napoleon was sent to Elba, Marie Louise returned to Vienna. The cynical Austrian diplomats resolved that she should never again meet her imperial husband. She was made Duchess of Parma in Italy, and set out for her new possessions; and the man with the black band across his sightless eye was chosen to be her escort and companion.

When Neipperg received this commission he was with Teresa Pola at Milan. A strange smile flitted across his face; and presently he remarked with cynical frankness:

"Before six months I shall be her lover, and, later on her husband."

He took up his post as chief escort of Marie Louise, and they journeyed slowly to Munich and Baden and Geneva, loitering on the way. Amid the great events which were shaking Europe, this couple attracted slight attention. Napoleon, in Elba, longed for his wife and for his little son, the King of Rome. He sent countless messages and many couriers; but every message was intercepted, and no courier reached his destination. Meanwhile Marie Louise was lingering agreeably in Switzerland. She was happy to have escaped from the whirlpool of politics and war. Amid the romantic scenery through which she passed, Neipperg was always by her side, attentive, devoted, trying in everything to please her. With him she passed delightful evenings. He sang to her in his rich barytone songs of love. He seemed romantic with a touch of mystery, a gallant soldier whose soul was also touched by sentiment.

One would have said that Marie Louise, the daughter of an imperial line, would have been proof against the fascinations

of a person so far inferior to herself in rank, and who, beside the great emperor, was less than nothing. Even granting that she had never really loved Napoleon, she might still have preferred to maintain her dignity, to share his fate, and to go down in history as the empress of the greatest man whom modern times have known.

But Marie Louise was, after all, a woman, and she followed the guidance of her heart. To her Napoleon was still the man who had met her amid the rain-storm at Courcelles, and had from the first moment when he touched her, violated all the instincts of a virgin. Later he had in his way tried to make amends; but the horror of that first night had never wholly left her memory. Napoleon had unrolled before her the drama of sensuality, but her heart had not been given to him. She had been his empress. In a sense it might be more true to say that she had been his mistress. But she had never been duly wooed and won and made his wife—an experience which is the right of every woman. And so this Neipperg, with his deferential manners, his soothing voice, his magnetic touch, his ardour, and his devotion, appeased that craving which the master of a hundred legions could not satisfy.

In less than the six months of which Neipperg had spoken, the psychological moment had arrived. In the dim twilight she listened to his words of love; and then, drawn by that irresistible power which masters pride and woman's will, she sank into her lover's arms, yielding to his caresses, and knowing that she would be parted from him no more except by death.

From that moment he was bound to her by the closest ties and lived with her at the petty court of Parma. His prediction came true to the very letter. Teresa Pola died, and then Napoleon died, and after this Marie Louise and Neipperg were united in a morganatic marriage. Three children were born to them before his death in 1829.

It is interesting to note how much of an impression was made upon her by the final exile of her imperial husband to St. Helena. When the news was brought her she observed, casually:

"Thanks. By the way, I should like to ride this morning to Markenstein. Do you think the weather is good enough to risk it?"

Napoleon, on his side, passed through agonies of doubt

and longing when no letters came to him from Marie Louise. She was constantly in his thoughts during his exile at St. Helena. When his faithful friend and constant companion at St. Helena, the Count Las Casas, was ordered by Sir Hudson Lowe to depart from St. Helena, Napoleon wrote to him :

“Should you see, some day, my wife and son, embrace them. For two years I have, neither directly nor indirectly, heard from them. There has been on this island for six months a German botanist, who has seen them in the garden of Schoenbrunn, a few months before his departure. The barbarians (meaning the English authorities at St. Helena) have carefully prevented him from coming to give me any news respecting them.

At last the truth was told him, and he received it with that high magnanimity, or it may be fatalism, which at times he was capable of showing. Never in all his days of exile did he say one word against her. Possibly in searching his own soul he found excuses such as we may find. In his will he spoke of her with great affection, and shortly before his death he said to his physician, Antommarchi :

“After my death, I desire that you will take my heart, put it in the spirits of wine, and that you carry it to Parma to my dear Marie Louise. You will please tell her that I tenderly loved her—that I never ceased to love her. You will relate to her all that you have seen, and every particular respecting my situation and death.”

The story of Marie Louise is pathetic, almost tragic. There is the taint of grossness about it ; and yet, after all, there is a lesson in it—the lesson that true love cannot be forced or summoned at command, that it is destroyed before its birth by outrage, and that it goes out only when evoked by sympathy, by tenderness, and by devotion.

Pauline Bonaparte

IT WAS said of Napoleon long ago that he could govern emperors and kings, but that not even he could rule his relatives. He himself once declared :

“My family have done me far more harm than I have been able to do them good.”

It would be an interesting historical study to determine just how far the great soldier's family aided in his downfall by their selfishness, their jealousy, their meanness, and their ingratitude.

There is something piquant in thinking of Napoleon as a domestic sort of person. Indeed, it is rather difficult to do so. When we speak his name, we think of the stern warrior hurling his armies up bloody slopes and on to bloody victory. He is the man whose steely eyes made his haughtiest marshals tremble, or else, the wise, far-seeing statesman and law-giver ; but decidedly he is not a household model. We read of his sharp speech to women, of his outrageous manners at the dinner-table, and of the thousand and one details which Mme. de Remusat has chronicled—and perhaps in part invented, for there has always existed the suspicion that her animus was that of a woman who had herself sought the imperial favour and had failed to win it.

But, in fact, all these stories relate to the Napoleon of courts and palaces, and not to the Napoleon of home. In his private life, this great man was not merely affectionate and indulgent, but he even showed a certain weakness where his relatives were concerned, so that he let them prey upon him almost without end.

He had a great deal of the Italian largeness and lavishness of character with his family. When a petty officer, he nearly starved himself in order to give his younger brother, Louis, a military education. He was devotedly fond of children, and they were fond of him, as many anecdotes attest. His passionate

love for Josephine before he learned of her infidelity is almost painful to read of; and even afterward, when he had been disillusioned, and when she was paying Fouche a thousand francs a day to spy upon Napoleon's every action, he still treated her with friendliness and allowed her extravagance to embarrass him.

He made his eldest brother, Joseph: King of Spain, and Spain proved almost as deadly to him as did Russia. He made his youngest brother, Jerome, King of Westphalia, and Jerome turned the palace into a pigsty and brought discredit on the very name of Bonaparte. His brother Louis, for whom he had starved himself, he placed upon the throne of Holland, and Louis promptly devoted himself to his own interests, conniving at many things which were inimical to France. He was planning high advancement for his brother Lucien, and Lucien suddenly married a disreputable actress and fled with her to England, where he was received with pleasure by the most persistent of all Napoleon's enemies.

So much for his brothers—incompetent, ungrateful, or openly his foes. But his three sisters were no less remarkable in the relations which they bore to him. They have been styled "the three crowned courtesans," and they have been condemned together as being utterly void of principle and monsters of ingratitude.

Much of this censure was well deserved by all of them—by Caroline and Elise and Pauline. But when we look at the facts impartially we shall find something which makes Pauline stand out alone as infinitely superior to her sisters. Of all the Bonapartes, she was the only one who showed fidelity and gratitude to the great emperor, her brother. Even Mme. Mere, Napoleon's mother, who beyond all question transmitted to him his great mental and physical power, did nothing for him. At the height of his splendour she hoarded sous and francs and grumblingly remarked :

"All this is for a time. It isn't going to last !"

Pauline, however, was in one respect different from all her kindred. Napoleon made Elise a princess in her own right and gave her the Grand Duchy of Tuscany. He married Caroline to Marshal Murat, and they became respectively King and Queen of Naples. For Pauline he did very little—less, in

fact, than for any other member of his family—and yet she alone stood by him to the end.

This feather-headed, languishing, beautiful, distracting morsel of frivolity, who had the manners of a kitten and the morals of a cat, nevertheless was not wholly unworthy to be Napoleon's sister. One has to tell many hard things of her ; and yet one almost pardons her because of her underlying devotion to the man who made the name of Bonaparte illustrious for ever. Caroline, Queen of Naples, urged her husband to turn against his former chief. Elise, sour and greedy threw in her fortunes with the Murats. Pauline, as we shall see, had the one redeeming trait of gratitude.

To those who knew her, she was from girlhood an incarnation of what used to be called "femininity." We have to-day another and a higher definition of womanhood, but to her contemporaries, and to many modern writers, she has seemed to be first of all woman—"woman to the tips of her rosy fingernails," says Levy. Those who saw her were distracted by her loveliness. They say that no one can form any idea of her beauty from her pictures. "A veritable masterpiece of creation," she had been called. Frederic Masson declares :

"She was so much more the typical woman that with her the defects common to women reached their highest development, while her beauty attained a perfection which may justly be called unique."

No one speaks of Pauline Bonaparte's character or of her intellect, but wholly of her loveliness and charm, and, it must be added, of her utter lack of anything like a moral sense.

Even as a child of thirteen, when the Bonapartes left Corsica and took up their abode in Marseilles, she attracted universal attention by her wonderful eyes, her grace, and also by the utter lack of decorum which she showed. The Bonaparte girls at this time lived almost on charity. The future emperor was then a captain of artillery and could give them but little out of his scanty pay.

Pauline—or, as they called her in those days, Paulette—wore unbecoming hats and shabby gowns, and shoes that were full of holes. None the less, she was sought out by several men of note, among them Freron, a commissioner of the Convention. He visited Pauline so often as to cause unfavourable

comment ; but he was in love with her, and she fell in love with him to the extent of her capacity. She used to write him love-letters in Italian, which were certainly not lacking in ardour. Here is the end of one of them :

“I love you always and most passionately. I love you for ever my beautiful idol, my heart, my appealing lover. I love you, love you, love you, the most loved of lovers, and I swear never to love any one else !”

This was interesting in view of the fact that soon afterward she fell in love with Junot, who became a famous marshal. But her love affairs never gave her any serious trouble ; and the three sisters, who now began to feel the influence of Napoleon’s rise to power, enjoyed themselves as they had never done before. At Antibes they had a beautiful villa, and later a mansion at Milan.

By this time, Napoleon had routed the Austrians in Italy, and all France was ringing with his name. What was Pauline like in her maidenhood ? Arnault says:

“She was an extra-ordinary combination of perfect physical beauty and the strangest moral laxity. She was as pretty as you please, but utterly unreasonable. She had no more manners than a school-girl—talking incoherently, giggling at everything and nothing, and mimicking the most serious persons of rank.”

General de Ricard, who knew her then, tells in his monograph of the private theatricals in which Pauline took part, and of the sport which they had behind the scenes. He says :

“The Bonaparte girls used literally to dress us. They pulled our ears and slapped us, but they always kissed and made up later. We used to stay in the girls’ room all the time they were dressing.”

Napoleon was anxious to see his sisters in some way settled. He proposed to General Marmont to marry Pauline. The girl was then only seventeen, and one might have had some faith in her character. But Marmont was shrewd and knew her far too well. The words in which he declined the honour are interesting:

“I know that she is charming and exquisitely beautiful ; yet I have dreams of domestic happiness, of fidelity, and of virtue. Such dreams are seldom realized, I know. Still, in the hope of winning them—”

And then he paused, coughed, and completed what he had

to say in a sort of mumble, but his meaning was wholly clear. He would not accept the offer of Pauline in marriage, even though she was the sister of his mighty chief.

Then Napoleon turned to General Leclerc, with whom Pauline had for some time, flirted, as she had flirted with almost all the officers of Napoleon's staff. Leclerc was only twenty-six. He was rich and of good manners, but rather serious and in poor health. This was not precisely the sort of husband for Pauline, ~~we~~ we look at it in the conventional way; but it served Napoleon's purpose and did not in the least interfere with his sister's intrigues.

Poor Leclerc, who really loved Pauline, grew thin, and graver still in manner. He was sent to Spain and Portugal, and finally was made commander-in-chief of the French expedition to Haiti, where the famous black rebel, Toussaint l' Ouverture, was heading an uprising of the negroes.

Napoleon ordered Pauline to accompany her husband. Pauline flatly refused, although she made this an occasion for ordering "mountains of pretty clothes and pyramids of hats." But still she refused to go on board the flag-ship. Leclerc expostulated and pleaded, but the lovely witch laughed in his face and still persisted that she would never go.

Word was brought to Napoleon. He made short work of her resistance.

"Bring a litter," he said, with one of his steely glances. "Order six grenadiers to thrust her into it, and see that she goes on board forthwith."

And so, screeching like an angry cat, she was carried on board, and set sail with her husband and one of her former lovers. She found Haiti and Santo Domingo more agreeable than she had supposed. She was there a sort of queen who could do as she pleased and have her orders implicitly obeyed. Her dissipation was something frightful. Her folly and her vanity were beyond belief.

But at the end of two years, both she and her husband fell ill. He was stricken down by the yellow fever, which was decimating the French army. Pauline was suffering from the results of her life in a tropical climate. Leclerc died, the expedition was abandoned, and Pauline brought the general's body back to France. When he was buried, she, still recovering from her fever,

had him interred in a costly coffin and paid him the tribute of cutting off her beautiful hair and burying it with him.

"What a touching tribute to her dead husband !" said some one to Napoleon.

The emperor smiled cynically as he remarked :

"H'm ! Of course, she knows that her hair is bound to fall out after her fever, and that it will come in longer and thicker for being cropped."

Napoleon, in fact, though he loved Pauline better than his other sisters—or perhaps because he loved her better—was very strict with her. He obliged her to wear mourning, and to observe some of the proprieties ; but it was hard to keep her within bounds.

Presently, it became noised about that Prince Camillo Borghese was exceedingly intimate with her. The prince was an excellent specimen of the fashionable Italian. He was immensely rich. His palace at Rome was crammed with pictures, statues, and every sort of artistic treasure. He was the owner, moreover, of the famous Borghese jewels, the finest collection of diamonds in the world.

Napoleon rather sternly insisted upon her marrying Borghese. Fortunately, the prince was very willing to be connected with Napoleon ; while Pauline was delighted at the idea of having diamonds that would eclipse all the gems which Josephine possessed ; for, like all of the Bonapartes, she detested her brother's wife. So she would be married and show her diamonds to Josephine. It was a bit of feminine malice which she could not resist.

The marriage took place very quietly at Joseph Bonaparte's house, because of the absence of Napoleon ; but the newly made princess was invited to visit Josephine at the palace of Saint-Cloud. Here was to be the triumph of her life. She spent many days in planning a toilet that should be absolutely crushing to Josephine. Whatever she wore must be a background for the famous diamonds. Finally, she decided on green velvet.

When the day came, Pauline stood before a mirror and gazed at herself with diamonds glistening in her hair, shimmering around her neck, and fastened so thickly on her green velvet gown as to remind one of a moving jewel-casket. She actually shed tears for joy. Then she entered her carriage and drove out to Saint-Cloud.

But the creole Josephine, though no longer young, was a woman of great subtlety as well as charm. Stories had been told to her of the green velvet, and, therefore, she had her drawing-room re-decorated in the most uncompromising blue. It killed the green velvet completely. As for the diamonds, she met that manoeuvre by wearing not a single gem of any kind. Her dress was an Indian muslin with a broad gem of gold.

Her exquisite simplicity, coupled with her dignity of bearing, made the Princess Pauline, with her shower of diamonds, and her green velvet displayed against the blue, seem absolutely vulgar. Josephine was most generous in her admiration of the Borghese gems, and she kissed Pauline on parting. The victory was hers.

There is another story of a defeat which Pauline met from another lady, one Mme. de Coutades. This was at a magnificent ball given to the most fashionable world of Paris. Pauline decided upon going, and intended, in her own phrase, to blot out every woman there. She kept the secret of her toilet absolutely, and she entered the ball-room at the psychological moment, when all the guests had just assembled.

She appeared ; and at sight of her the music stopped, silence fell upon the assemblage, and a sort of quiver went through everyone. Her costume was of the finest muslin bordered with golden palm-leaves. Four bands, spotted like a leopard's skin, were wound about her head, while these in turn were supported by little clusters of golden grapes. She had copied the head-dress of a Bacchante in the Louvre. All over her person were cameos, and just beneath her breasts, she wore a golden band held in place by an engraved gem. Her beautiful wrists, arms, and hands were bare. She had, in fact, blotted out her rivals.

Nevertheless, Mme. de Coutades took her revenge. She went up to Pauline, who was lying on a divan to set off her loveliness, and began gazing at the princess through a double eyeglass. Pauline felt flattered for a moment, and then became uneasy. The lady who was looking at her said to a companion, in a tone of compassion :

"What a pity ! she really would be lovely if it weren't for that !"

"For what ?" returned her escort.

"Why, are you blind ? It's so remarkable that you *surely* must see it."

Pauline was beginning to lose her self-composure. She flushed and looked wildly about, wondering what was meant. Then she heard Mme. Coutades say :

"Why, her ears. If I had such ears as those I would cut them off !"

Pauline gave one great gasp and fainted dead away. As a matter of fact, her ears were not so bad. They were simply very flat and colourless, forming a contrast with the rosy tints of her face. But from that moment no one could see anything but these ears ; and, thereafter, the princess wore her hair low enough to cover them.

This may be seen in the statue of her by Canova. It was considered a very daring thing for her to pose for him in the nude, for only a bit of drapery is thrown over her lower limbs. Yet it is true that this statue is absolutely classical in its conception and execution, and its interest is heightened by the fact that its model was what she afterward styled herself, with true Napoleonic pride—"a sister of Bonaparte."

Pauline detested Josephine and was pleased when Napoleon divorced her ; but she also disliked the Austrian archduchess, Marie Louise, who was Josephine's successor. On one occasion, at a great court function, she got behind the empress and ran out her tongue at her, in full view of all the nobles and distinguished persons present. Napoleon's eagle eye flashed upon Pauline and blazed like fire upon ice. She actually took to her heels, rushed out of the ball, and never visited the court again.

It would require much time to tell of her other eccentricities of her intrigues, which were innumerable, of her quarrel with her husband, and of the minor breaches of decorum with which she startled Paris. One of these was her choice of a huge negro to bathe her every morning. When some one ventured to protest, she answered, naively :

"What ? Do you call that thing a *man* ?"

And she compromised by compelling her black servitor to go out and marry some one at once, so that he might continue his ministrations with propriety !

To her, Napoleon showed himself far more severe than with either Caroline or Elise. He gave her a marriage dowry

of half a million francs when she became the Princess Borghese, but after that he was continually checking her extravagances. Yet in 1814, when the downfall came and Napoleon was sent into exile at Elba, Pauline was the only one of all his relatives to visit him and spend her time with him. His wife fell away and went back to her Austrian relatives. Of all the Bonapartes only Pauline and Mme. Mere remained faithful to the emperor.

Even then Napoleon refused to pay a bill of hers for sixty-two francs, while he allowed her only two hundred and forty francs for the maintenance of her horses. But she, with a generosity of which one would have thought her quite incapable, gave to her brother a great part of her fortune. When he escaped from Elba and began the campaign of 1815 she presented him with all the Borghese diamonds. In fact, he had them with him in his carriage at Waterloo, where they were captured by the English. Contrast this with the meanness and ingratitude of her sisters and her brothers, and one may well believe that she was sincerely proud of what it meant to be *lasoeur de Bonaparte*.

When he was sent to St. Helena, she was ill in bed and could not accompany him. Nevertheless, she tried to sell all her trinkets, of which she was so proud, in order that she might give him help. When he died she received the news with bitter tears "on hearing all the particulars of that long agony."

As for herself, she did not long survive. At the age of forty-four her last moments came. Knowing that she was to die, she sent for Prince Borghese and sought a reconciliation. But, after all, she died as she had lived—"the queen of trinkets (*la reine des colifichets*). She asked the servant to bring a mirror. She gazed into it with her dying eyes; and then, as she sank back, it was with a smile of deep content.

"I am not afraid to die," she said. "I am still beautiful!"

Antony and Cleopatra

OF ALL love stories that are known to human history, the love story of Antony and Cleopatra has been for nineteen centuries the most remarkable. It has tasked the resources of the plastic and graphic arts. It has been made the theme of poets and of prose narrators. It has appeared and re-appeared in a thousand forms, and it appeals as much to the imagination to-day as it did when Antony deserted his almost victorious troops and hastened in a swift galley from Actium in pursuit of Cleopatra.

The wonder of the story is explained by its extra-ordinary nature. Many men in private life have lost fortune and fame for the love of woman. Kings have incurred the odium of their people, and have cared nothing for it in comparison with the joys of sense that come from the lingering caresses and clinging kisses. Cold-blooded statesmen, such as Parnell, have lost the leadership of their party and have gone down in history with a clouded name because of the fascination exercised upon them by some woman, often far from beautiful, and yet possessing the mysterious power which makes the triumphs of statesmanship seem slight in comparison with the swiftly-flying hours of pleasures.

But in the case of Antony and Cleopatra alone, do we find a man flinging away not merely the triumphs of civic honours or the headship of a State, but much more than these—the mastery of what was practically the world—in answer to the promptings of a woman's will. Hence the story of the Roman triumvir and the Egyptian queen is not like any other story that has yet been told. The sacrifice involved in it was so overwhelming, so instantaneous, and so complete as to set this narrative, above all others. Shakespeare's genius has touched it with the glory of a great imagination. Dryden, using it in the finest of his plays, expressed its nature in the title "All for Love."

The distinguished Italian historian, Signor Ferrero, the author of many books, has tried hard to eliminate nearly all the romantic elements from the tale, and to have us see in it not the triumph of love, but the blindness of ambition. Under his handling it becomes almost a sordid drama of man's pursuit of power and of woman's selfishness. Let us review the story as it remains, even after we have taken full account of Ferrero's criticism. Has the world for nineteen hundred years been blinded by a show of sentiment? Has it so absolutely been misled by those who lived and wrote in the days which followed closely on the events that make up this extra-ordinary narrative?

In answering these questions we must consider, in the first place, the scene, and, in the second place, the psychology of the two central characters who for so long a time have been regarded as the very embodiment of unchecked passion.

As to the scene, it must be remembered that the Egypt of those days was not Egyptian as we understand the word, but rather Greek. Cleopatra herself was of Greek descent. The kingdom of Egypt had been created by a general of Alexander the Great after that splendid warrior's death. Its capital, the most brilliant city of the Greco-Roman world, had been founded by Alexander himself, who gave to it his name. With his own hands he traced out the limits of the city and issued the most peremptory orders that it should be made the metropolis of the entire world. The orders of a king cannot give enduring greatness to a city; but Alexander's keen eye and marvellous brain saw at once that the site of Alexandria was such that a great commercial community planted there would live and flourish throughout succeeding ages. He was right; for within a century this new capital of Egypt leaped to the forefront among the exchanges of the world's commerce, while everything that art could do, was lavished on its embellishment.

Alexandria lay upon a projecting tongue of land so situated that the whole trade of the Mediterranean centred there. Down the Nile, there floated to its gates the barbaric wealth of Africa. To it came the treasures of the East, brought from afar by caravans—silks from China, spices and pearls from India, and enormous masses of gold and silver from lands scarcely known. In its harbour were the vessels of every

country, from Asia in the East to Spain and Gaul and even Britain in the West.

When Cleopatra, a young girl of seventeen, succeeded to the throne of Egypt, the population of Alexandria amounted to a million souls. The customs duties collected at the port would, in terms of modern money, amount each year to more than thirty million dollars, even though the imposts were not heavy. The people, who may be described as Greek at the top and Oriental at the bottom, were boisterous and pleasure-loving, devoted to splendid spectacles, with horse-racing, gambling, and dissipation ; yet at the same time, they were an artistic people, loving music passionately, and by no means idle, since one part of the city was devoted to large and prosperous manufactories of linen, paper, glass and muslin.

To the outward eye, Alexandria was extremely beautiful. Through its entire length ran two great boulevards, shaded and diversified by mighty trees and parterres of multi-coloured flowers, amid which fountains plashed and costly marbles gleamed. One-fifth of the whole city was known as the Royal Residence. In it were the palaces of the reigning family, the great museum, and the famous library which the Arabs later burned. There were parks and gardens brilliant with tropical foliage and adorned with the masterpieces of Grecian sculpture, while sphinxes and obelisks gave a suggestion of Oriental strangeness. As one looked seaward, his eye beheld over the blue water the snow-white rocks of the sheltering island, Pharos, on which was reared a light-house four hundred feet in height and justly numbered among the seven wonders of the world. Altogether, Alexandria was a city of wealth, of beauty, of stirring life, of excitement, and of pleasure. Ferrero has aptly likened it to Paris—not so much the Paris of to-day as the Paris of forty years ago, when the Second Empire flourished in all its splendour as the home of joy and strange delights.

Over the country of which Alexandria was the capital Cleopatra came to reign at seventeen. Following the odd custom which the Greek dynasty of the Ptolemies had inherited from their Egyptian predecessors, she was betrothed to her own brother. He, however, was a mere child of less than twelve, and was under the control of the evil counsellors, who, in his name, gained control of the capital and drove

Cleopatra into exile. Until then she had been a mere girl; but now the spirit of a woman who was wronged blazed up in her and called out all her latent powers. Hastening to Syria, she gathered about herself an army and led it against her foes.

- But, meanwhile, Julius Cæsar, the greatest man of ancient times, had arrived at Alexandria backed by an army of his veterans. Against him no resistance would avail. Then came a brief moment during which the Egyptian king and the Egyptian queen each strove to win the favour of the Roman emperor. The king and his advisers had many arts, and so had Cleopatra. One thing, however, she possessed which struck the balance in her favour, and this was a woman's fascination.

According to the story, Cæsar was unwilling to receive her. There came into his presence, as he sat in the palace, a group of slaves bearing a long roll of matting, bound carefully and seeming to contain some precious work of art. The slaves made signs that they were bearing a gift to Cæsar. The master of Egypt bade them unwrap the gift that he might see it. They did so, and out of the wrapping came Cleopatra—a radiant vision, appealing, irresistible. Next morning, it became known everywhere that Cleopatra had remained in Cæsar's quarters, through the night and that her enemies were now his enemies. In desperation they rushed upon his legions, casting aside all pretence of amity. There ensued a fierce contest, but the revolt was quenched in blood.

This was a crucial moment in Cleopatra's life. She had sacrificed all that a woman has to give; but she had not done so from any love of pleasure or from wantonness. She was queen of Egypt, and she had redeemed her kingdom and kept it by her sacrifice. One should not condemn her too severely. In a sense, her act was one of heroism like that of Judith in the tent of Holofernes. But beyond all question it changed her character. It taught her the secret of her own great power. Henceforth, she was no longer a mere girl, nor a woman of the ordinary type. Her contact with so great a mind as Cæsar's quickened her intellect. Her knowledge that, by the charms of sense, she had mastered even him transformed her into a strange and wonderful creature. She learned to study the weaknesses of men, to play on their emotions, to appeal to every subtle taste and fancy. In

her were blended mental power and that illusive, indefinable gift which is called charm.

For Cleopatra was never beautiful. Signor Ferrero seems to think this fact to be discovery of his own, but it was set down by Plutarch in a very striking passage written less than a century after Cleopatra and Antony died. We may quote here what the Greek historian said of her :

"Her actual beauty was far from being so remarkable that none could be compared with her, nor was it such that it would strike your fancy when you saw her first. Yet the influence of her presence, if you lingered near her, was irresistible. Her attractive personality, joined with the charm of her conversation and the individual touch that she gave to everything she said or did, were utterly bewitching. It was delightful merely to hear the music of her voice, with which, like an instrument of many strings, she could pass from one language to another."

Cæsar had left Cleopatra firmly seated on the throne of Egypt. For six years she reigned with great intelligence, keeping order in her dominions, and patronizing with discrimination both arts and letters. But ere long the convulsions of the Roman State once more caused her extreme anxiety. Cæsar had been assassinated, and there ensued a period of civil war. Out of it emerged two striking figures which were absolutely contrasted in their character. One was Octavian, the adopted son of Cæsar, a man ~~who~~, though still quite young and possessed of great ability, was cunning, cold-blooded, and deceitful. The other was Antony, a soldier by training, and with all a soldier's bluntness, courage, and lawlessness.

The Roman world was divided for the time between these two men, Antony receiving the government of the East, Octavian that of the West. In the year which had preceded this division, Cleopatra had wavered between the two opposite factions at Rome. In so doing she had excited the suspicion of Antony, and he now demanded of her an explanation.

One must have some conception of Antony himself in order to understand the events that followed. He was essentially a soldier, of excellent family, being related to Cæsar himself. As a very young man he was exceedingly handsome, and bad companions led him into the pursuit of vicious pleasure. He had scarcely come of age when he found that he owed the enormous

sum of two hundred and fifty talents, equivalent to half a million dollars in the money of to-day. But he was much more than a mere man of pleasure, given over to drinking and to dissipation. Men might tell of his escapades, as when he drove about the streets of Rome in a common cab, dangling his legs out of the window while he shouted forth drunken songs of revelry. This was not the whole of Antony. Joining the Roman army in Syria, he showed himself to be a soldier of great personal bravery, a clever strategist, and also humane and merciful in the hour of victory.

Unlike most Romans, Antony wore a full beard. His forehead was large, and his nose was of the distinctive Roman type. His look was so bold and masculine that people likened him to Hercules. His democratic manners endeared him to the army. He wore a plain tunic covered with a large, coarse mantle, and carried a huge sword at his side, despising ostentation. Even his faults and follies added to his popularity. He would sit down at the common soldiers' mess and drink with them, telling them stories and clapping them on the back. He spent money like water, quickly recognizing any daring deed which his legionaries performed. In this respect he was like Napoleon; and, like Napoleon, he had a vein of florid eloquence which was criticized by literary men, but which went straight to the heart of the private soldier. In a word, he was a powerful, virile, passionate, able man, rough, as were nearly all his countrymen, but strong and true.

It was to this general that Cleopatra was to answer, and with a firm reliance on the charms which had subdued Antony's great commander, Cæsar, she set out in person for Cilicia, in Asia Minor, sailing up the river Cydnus to the place where Antony was encamped with his army. Making all allowance for the exaggeration of historians, there can be no doubt that she appeared to him like some dreamy vision. Her barge was gilded, and was wafted on its way by swelling sails of Tyrian purple. The oars which smote the water were of shining silver. As she drew near the Roman general's camp, the languorous music of flutes and harps breathed forth a strain of invitation.

Cleopatra herself lay upon a divan set upon the deck of the barge beneath a canopy of woven gold. She was dressed to resemble Venus, while girls about her personated nymphs and

Graces. Delicate perfumes diffused themselves from the vessel ; and at last, as she drew near the shore, all the people for miles about were gathered there, leaving Antony to sit alone in the tribunal where he was dispensing justice.

Word was brought to him that Venus had come to feast with Bacchus. Antony, though still suspicious of Cleopatra, sent her an invitation to dine with him in State. With graceful tact she sent him a counter-invitation, and he came. The magnificence of his reception dazzled the man who had so long known only a soldier's fare, or at most the crude entertainments which he had enjoyed in Rome. A marvellous display of lights was made. Thousands upon thousands of candles shone brilliantly, arranged in squares and circles ; while the banquet itself was one that symbolized the studied luxury of the East.

At this time, Cleopatra was twenty-seven years of age—a period of life which modern physiologists have called the crisis in a woman's growth. She had never really loved before, since she had given herself to Cæsar, not because she cared for him, but to save her kingdom. She now came into the presence of one whose manly beauty and strong passions were matched by her own subtlety and appealing charm.

When Antony addressed her he felt himself a rustic in her presence. Almost resentful, he betook himself to the coarse language of the camp. Cleopatra, with marvellous adaptability, took her tone from his, and thus in a moment put him at his ease. Ferrero, who takes a most unfavourable view of her character and personality, nevertheless, explains the secret of her fascination :

“Herself utterly cold and callous, insensitive by nature to the flame of true devotion, Cleopatra was one of those women gifted with an unerring instinct for all the various roads to men's affections. She could be the shrinking, modest girl, too shy to reveal her half-unconscious emotions of jealousy and depression and self-abandonment, or a woman carried away by the sweep of a fiery and uncontrollable passion. She could tickle the esthetic sensibilities of her victims by rich and gorgeous festivals, by the fantastic adornment of her own person and her palace, or by brilliant discussions on literature and art, she could conjure up all their grossest instincts with the vilest

obscurities of conversation, with the free and easy jocularity of a woman of the camps."

These last words are far too strong, and they represent only Ferrero's personal opinion ; yet there is no doubt that she met every mood of Antony's so that he became enthralled with her at once. No such woman as this had ever cast her eyes on him before. He had a wife at home—a most disreputable wife—so that he cared little for domestic ties. Later, out of policy, he made another marriage with the sister of his rival, Octavian, but this wife he never cared for. His heart and soul were given up to Cleopatra, the woman who could be a comrade in the camp and a fount of tenderness in their hours of dalliance, and who possessed the keen intellect of a man joined to the arts and fascinations of a woman.

On her side she found in Antony an ardent lover, a man of vigorous masculinity, and, moreover, a soldier whose armies might well sustain her on the throne of Egypt. That there was calculation mingled with her love, no one can doubt. That some calculation also entered into Antony's affection is likewise certain. Yet this does not affect the truth that each was wholly given to the other. Why should it have lessened her love for him to feel that he could protect her and defend her ? Why should it have lessened his love for her to know that she was queen of the richest country in the world—one that could supply his needs, sustain his armies, and gild his triumph with magnificence ?

There are many instances in history of regnant queens who loved and yet whose love was not dissociated from the policy of State. Such were Anne of Austria, Elizabeth of England, and the unfortunate Mary Stuart. Such, too, we cannot fail to think, was Cleopatra.

The two remained together for ten years. In this time Antony was separated from her only during a campaign in the East. In Alexandria he ceased to seem a Roman citizen and gave himself up wholly to the charms of this enticing woman. Many stories are told of their good fellowship and close intimacy. Plutarch quotes Plato as saying that there are four kinds of flattery, but he adds that Cleopatra had a thousand. She was the supreme mistress of the art of pleasing.

"Whether Antony were serious or mirthful, she had at the

instant some new delight or some new charm to meet his wishes. At every turn she was with him both day and night. With him she threw dice ; with him she drank ; with him she hunted ; and when he exercised himself in arms she was there to admire and applaud."

At night the pair would disguise themselves as servants and wander about the streets of Alexandria. In fact, more than once they were set upon in the slums and treated roughly by the rabble who did not recognize them. Cleopatra was always alluring, always tactful, often humorous, and full of frolic.

Then came the shock of Antony's final breach with Octavian. Either Antony or his rival must rule the world. Cleopatra's lover once more became the Roman general, and with a great fleet proceeded to the coast of Greece, where his enemy was encamped. Antony had raised a hundred and twelve thousand troops and five hundred ships—a force far superior to that commanded by Octavian. Cleopatra was there with sixty ships.

In the days that preceded the final battle much took place which still remains obscure. It seems likely that Antony desired to become again the Roman, while Cleopatra wished him to thrust Rome aside and return to Egypt with her, to reign there as an independent king. To her Rome was almost a barbarian city. In it she could not hold sway as she could in her beautiful Alexandria, with its blue skies and velvet turf and tropical flowers. At Rome Antony would be distracted by the cares of State, and she would lose her lover. At Alexandria she would have him for her very own.

The clash came when the hostile fleets met off the promontory of Actium. At its crisis Cleopatra, prematurely concluding that the battle was lost, of a sudden gave the signal for retreat and put out to sea with her fleet. This was the crucial moment. Antony, mastered by his love, forgot all else, and in a swift ship started in pursuit of her, abandoning his fleet and army to win or lose as fortune might decide. For him the world was nothing, the dark-browed Queen of Egypt, imperious and yet caressing, was everything. Never was such a prize and never were such great hopes thrown carelessly away. After waiting seven days, Antony's troops, still undefeated, finding that their commander

would not return to them, surrendered to Octavian, who thus became the master of an empire.

Later his legions assaulted Alexandria, and there Antony was twice defeated. At last Cleopatra saw her great mistake. She had made her lover give up the hope of being Rome's dictator, but in so doing she had also lost the chance of ruling with him tranquilly in Egypt. She shut herself behind the barred doors of the royal sepulchre ; and, lest she should be molested there, she sent forth word that she had died. Her proud spirit could not brook the thought that she might be seized and carried as a prisoner to Rome. She was too much a queen in soul to be led in triumph up the Sacred Way to the Capitol with golden chains clanking on her slender wrists.

Antony, believing the report that she was dead, fell upon his sword ; but in his dying moments he was carried into the presence of the woman for whom he had given all. With her arms about him, his spirit passed away ; and soon after she, too, met death, whether by a poisoned draught or by the storied asp no one can say.

Cleopatra had lived the mistress of a splendid kingdom. She had successively captivated two of the greatest men whom Rome had ever seen. She died, like a queen, to escape disgrace. Whatever modern critics may have to say concerning small details, this story still remains the strangest love story of which the world has any record.

Byron

IN 1812, when he was in his twenty-fourth year, Lord Byron was more talked of than any other man in London. He was in the first flush of his brilliant career, having published the early cantos of "Childe Harold." Moreover, he was a peer of the realm, handsome, ardent, and possessing a personal fascination which few men and still fewer women could resist.

Byron's childhood had been one to excite in him strong feelings of revolt, and he had inherited a profligate and passionate nature. His father was a gambler and a spendthrift. His mother was eccentric to a degree. Byron himself, throughout his boyish years, had been morbidly sensitive because of a physical deformity—a lame, mis-shapen foot. This and the strange treatment which his mother accorded him left him headstrong, wilful, almost from the first an enemy to whatever was established and conventional.

As a boy, he was remarkable for the sentimental attachments which he formed. At eight years of age he was violently in love with a young girl named Mary Duff. At ten his cousin, Margaret Parker, excited in him a strange, unchildish passion. At fifteen came one of the greatest crises of his life, when he became enamoured of Mary Chaworth, whose grandfather had been killed in a duel by Byron's great-uncle. Young as he was, he would have married her immediately ; but Miss Chaworth was two years older than he, and absolutely refused to take seriously the devotion of a school-boy.

Byron felt the disappointment keenly ; and after a short stay at Cambridge, he left England, visited Portugal and Spain, and travelled eastward as far as Greece and Turkey. At Athens he wrote the pretty little poem to the "Maid of Athens"—Miss Theresa Macri, daughter of the British Vice-consul. He returned to London to become at one leap the most admired poet of the day and the greatest social favourite. He was possessed of striking personal beauty. Sir Walter Scott said of him : "His

countenance was a thing to dream of." His glorious eyes, his mobile, eloquent face, fascinated all; and he was, besides, a genius of the first rank.

With these endowments, he plunged into the social whirlpool, denying himself nothing, and receiving everything—adulation, friendship, and unstinted love. Darkly mysterious stories of his adventures in the East made many think that he was the hero of some of his own poems, such as "The Giaour" and "The Corsair." A German wrote of him that "he was positively besieged by women." From the humblest maid-servants up to ladies of high rank, he had only to throw his handkerchief to make a conquest. Some women did not even wait for the handkerchief to be thrown. No wonder that he was sated with so much adoration and that he wrote of women :

"I regard them as very pretty but inferior creatures. I look on them as grown-up children ; but, like a foolish mother, I am constantly the slave of one of them. Give a woman a looking-glass and burnt almonds, and she will be content."

The liaison which attracted the most attention at this time was that between Byron and Lady Caroline Lamb. Byron has been greatly blamed for his share in it ; but there is much to be said on the other side. Lady Caroline was happily married to the Right Hon. William Lamb, afterward Lord Melbourne, and destined to be the first Prime Minister of Queen Victoria. He was an easy-going, genial man of the world who placed too much confidence in the honour of his wife. She, on the other hand, was a sentimental fool, always restless, always in search of some new excitement. She thought herself a poet, and scribbled verses, which her friends politely admired, and from which they escaped as soon as possible. When she first met Byron, she cried out : "That pale face is my fate !" And she afterward added : "Mad, bad, and dangerous to know !"

It was not long before the intimacy of the two came very near the point of open scandal ; but Byron was the wooed and not the wooer. This woman, older than he, flung herself directly at his head. Naturally enough, it was not very long before she bored him thoroughly. Her romantic impetuosity became tiresome, and very soon she fell to talking always of herself, thrusting her poems upon him, and growing vexed and peevish when

he would not praise them. As was well said, "he grew moody and she fretful when their mutual egotisms jarred."

In a burst of resentment she left him, but when she returned, she was worse than ever. She insisted on seeing him. On one occasion she made her way into his rooms disguised as a boy. At another time, when she thought he had slighted her, she tried to stab herself with a pair of scissors. Still later, she offered her favours to any one who would kill him. Byron himself wrote of her :

"You can have no idea of the horrible and absurd things that she has said and done."

Her story has been utilized by Mrs. Humphry Ward in her novel, "The Marriage of William Ashe."

Perhaps this trying experience led Byron to end his life of dissipation. At any rate, in 1813, he proposed marriage to Miss Anne Millbanke, who at first refused him ; but he persisted, and in 1815 the two were married. Byron seems to have had a premonition that he was making a terrible mistake. During the wedding ceremony he trembled like a leaf, and made the wrong responses to the clergyman. After the wedding was over, in handing his bride into the carriage which awaited them, he said to her :

"Miss Millbanke, are you ready ?"

It was a strange blunder for a bridegroom, and one which many regarded at the time as ominous for the future. In truth, no two persons could have been more thoroughly mismated—Byron, the human volcano, and his wife, a prim, narrow-minded, and peevish woman. Their incompatibility was evident enough from the very first, so that when they returned from their wedding-journey, and some one asked Byron about his honeymoon, he answered :

"Call it rather a treacle moon !"

It is hardly necessary here to tell over the story of their domestic troubles. Only five weeks after their daughter's birth, they parted. Lady Byron declared that her husband was insane : while after trying many times to win from her something more than a tepid affection, he gave up the task in a sort of despairing anger. It should be mentioned here, for the benefit of those who recall the hideous charges made many decades afterward by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe on the authority of Lady Byron,

that the latter remained on terms of friendly intimacy with Augusta Leigh, Lord Byron's sister, and that even on her death-bed she sent an amicable message to Mrs. Leigh.

Byron, however, stung by the bitter attacks that were made upon him, left England, and after travelling down the Rhine through Switzerland, he took up his abode in Venice. His joy at leaving England and ridding himself of the annoyances which had clustered thick about him, he expressed in these lines :

“Once more upon the waters ! yet once more !

And the waves bound beneath me as a steed

That knows his rider. Welcome to the roar !

Meanwhile he enjoyed himself in reckless fashion. Money poured in upon him from his English publisher. For two cantos of “Childe Harold” and “Manfred,” Murray paid him twenty thousand dollars. For the fourth canto, Byron demanded and received more than twelve thousand dollars. In Italy he lived on friendly terms with Shelley and Thomas Moore ; but eventually he parted from them both, for he was about to enter upon a new phase of his curious career.

He was no longer the Byron of 1815. Four years of high living and much brandy-and-water had robbed his features of their refinement. His look was no longer spiritual. He was beginning to grow stout. Yet the change had not been altogether unfortunate. He had lost something of his wild impetuosity, and his sense of humour had developed. In his thirtieth year, in fact, he had at last become a man.

It was soon after this that he met a woman who was to be to him for the rest of his life, what a well-known writer has called “a star on the stormy horizon of the poet.” This woman was Teresa, Countess Guiccioli, whom he first came to know in Venice. She was then only nineteen years of age, and she was married to a man who was more than forty years her senior. Unlike the typical Italian woman, she was blonde, with dreamy eyes and an abundance of golden hair, and her manner was at once modest and graceful. She had known Byron but a very short time when she found herself thrilling with a passion of which until then she had never dreamed. It was written of her :

“She had thought of love but as an amusement ; yet she now became its slave.”

To this love Byron gave an immediate response, and from that time until his death he cared for no other woman. The two were absolutely mated. Nevertheless, there were difficulties which might have been expected. Count Guiccioli, while he seemed to admire Byron, watched him with Italian subtlety. The English poet and the Italian countess met frequently. When Byron was prostrated by an attack of fever, the countess remained beside him, and he was just recovering when Count Guiccioli appeared upon the scene and carried off his wife. Byron was in despair. He exchanged the most ardent letters with the countess, yet he dreaded assassins whom he believed to have been hired by her husband. Whenever he rode out, he went armed with sword and pistols.

Amid all this storm and stress, Byron's literary activity was remarkable. He wrote some of his most famous poems at this time, and he hoped for the day when he and the woman, whom he loved, might be united once for all. This came about in the end through the persistence of the pair. The Countess Guiccioli openly took up her abode with him, not to be separated until the poet sailed for Greece to aid the Greeks in their struggle for independence. This was in 1822, when Byron was in his thirty-fifth year. He never returned to Italy, but died in the historic land for which he gave his life as truly as if he had fallen upon the field of battle.

Teresa Guiccioli had been, in all but name, his wife for just three years. Much has been said in condemnation of this love-affair; but in many ways it is less censurable than almost anything in his career. It was an instance of genuine love, a love which purified and exalted this man of dark and moody moments. It saved him from those fitful passions and orgies of self-indulgence which had exhausted him. It proved to be an inspiration which at last led him to die for a cause approved by all the world.

As for the woman, what shall we say of her? She came to him unspotted by the world. A demand for divorce, which her husband made, was rejected. A pontifical brief pronounced a formal separation between the two. The countess gladly left behind "her palaces, her equipages, society, and riches, for the love of the poet who had won her heart."

Unlike the other women who had cared for him, she was

unselfish in her devotion. She thought more of his fame than did he himself. Enfilio Castelar has written :

“She restored him and elevated him. She drew him from the mire and set the crown of purity upon his brow. Then, when she had recovered this great heart, instead of keeping it as her own possession, she gave it to humanity.”

For twenty-seven years after Byron's death, she remained, as it were, widowed and alone. Then, in her old age, she married the Marquis de Boissy ; but the marriage was purely one of convenience. Her heart was always Byron's, whom she defended with vivacity. In 1868, she published her memoirs of the poet, filled with interesting and affecting recollections. She died as late as 1873.

Some time between the year 1866 and that of her death, she is said to have visited Newstead Abbey, which had once been Byron's home. She was very old, a widow, and alone ; but her affection for the poet-lover of her youth was still as strong as ever.

Byron's life was short, if measured by years only. Measured by achievement, it was filled to the very full. His genius blazes like a meteor in the records of English poetry ; and some of that splendour gleams about the lovely woman who turned him away from vice and folly and made him worthy of his historic ancestry, of his country, and of himself.

Marie Antoinette

THE English-speaking world long ago accepted a conventional view of Marie Antoinette. The eloquence of Edmund Burke in one brilliant passage has fixed, probably for all time, an enduring picture of this unhappy queen.

When we speak or think of her we speak and think first of all of a dazzling and beautiful woman surrounded by the chivalry of France and gleaming like a star in the most splendid court of Europe. And then there comes to us the reverse of the picture. We see her despised, insulted, and made the butt of brutal men and still more fiendish women; until at last the hideous tumbrel conveys her to the guillotine, where her head is severed from her body and her corpse is cast down into a bloody pool.

In these two pictures our emotions are played upon in turn—admiration, reverence, devotion, and then pity, indignation, and the shudderings of horror.

Probably in France and in England this will remain the historic Marie Antoinette. Whatever the impartial historian may write, he can never induce the people at large to understand that this queen was far from queenly, that the popular idea of her is almost wholly false, and that both in her domestic life and as the greatest lady in France she did much to bring on the terrors of that revolution which swept her to the guillotine.

In the first place, it is mere fiction that represents Maria Antoinette as having been physically beautiful. The painters and engravers have so idealized her face as in most cases to have produced a purely imaginary portrait.

She was born in Vienna, in 1755, the daughter of the Emperor Francis and of that warrior-queen, Maria Theresa. She was a very German-looking child. Lady Jackson describes her as having a long, thin face, small, pig-like eyes, a pinched-up mouth, with the heavy Hapsburg lip, and with a somewhat misshapen form, so that for years she had to be bandaged tightly to give her a more natural figure.

At fourteen, when she was betrothed to the heir to the French throne, she was a dumpy, mean-looking little creature, with no distinction whatever, and with only her bright golden hair to make amends for her many blemishes. At fifteen she was married and joined the Dauphin in French territory.

We must recall for a moment the conditions which prevailed in France. King Louis XV was nearing his end. He was a man of the most shameless life ; yet he had concealed or gilded his infamies by an external dignity and magnificence which were very pleasing to his people. The French liked to think that their king was the most splendid monarch and the greatest gentleman in Europe. The courtiers about him might be vile beneath the surface, yet they were compelled to deport themselves with the form and the etiquette that had become traditional in France. They might be panders, or stock-jobbers, or sellers of political offices ; yet they must none-the-less have wit and grace and outward nobility of manner.

There was also a tradition regarding the French queen. However loose in character the other women of the court might be, she alone, like Cæsar's wife, must remain above suspicion. She must be purer than the pure. No breath of scandal must reach her or be directed against her.

In this way the French court, even under so dissolute a monarch as Louis XV, maintained its hold upon the loyalty of the people. Crowds came every morning to view the king in his bed before he arose ; the same crowds watched him as he was dressed by the gentlemen of the bedchamber, and as he breakfasted and went through all the functions which are usually private. The King of France must be a great actor. He must appear to his people as in reality a king—stately, dignified, and beyond all other human beings in his remarkable presence.

When the Dauphin and Marie Antoinette came to the French court King Louis XV kept up in the case the same semblance of austerity. He forbade these children to have their sleeping-apartments together. He tried to teach them that if they were to govern as well as to reign, they must conform to the rigid etiquette of Paris and Versailles.

It proved a difficult task, however. The little German princess had no natural dignity, though she came from a court where the very strictest imperial discipline prevailed. Marie

Antoinette found that she could have her own way in many things, and she chose to enjoy life without regard to ceremony. Her escapades at first would have been thought mild enough had she not been a "daughter of France"; but they served to shock the old French king, and likewise, perhaps even more, her own imperial mother, Maria Theresa.

When a report of the young girl's conduct was brought to her the empress was at first mute with indignation. Then she cried out :

"Can this girl be a child of mine? She surely must be a changeling!"

The Austrian Ambassador to France was instructed to warn the Dauphiness to be more discreet.

"Tell her," said Maria Theresa, "that she will lose her throne, and even her life, unless she shows more prudence."

But advice and remonstrance were of no avail. Perhaps they might have been, had her husband possessed a stronger character; but the young Louis was little more fitted to be a king than was his wife to be a queen. Dull of perception and indifferent to affairs of State, he had only two interests that absorbed him. One was the love of hunting, and the other was his desire to shut himself up in a sort of blacksmith shop, where he could hammer away at the anvil, blow the bellows, and manufacture small trifles of mechanical inventions. From this smudgy den he would emerge, sooty and greasy, an object of distaste to his frivolous princess, with her foamy laces and perfumes and pervasive daintiness.

It was hinted in many quarters, and it has been many times repeated, that Louis was lacking in virility. Certainly he had no interest in the society of women and was wholly continent. But this charge of physical incapacity seems to have had no real foundation. It had been made against some of his predecessors. It was afterward hurled at Napoleon the Great, and also Napoleon the Little. In France, unless a royal personage was openly licentious, he was almost sure to be jeered at by the people as a weakling.

And so poor Louis XVI, as he came to be, was treated with a mixture of pity and contempt because he loved to hammer and mend locks in his smithy or shoot game when he might have

been caressing ladies who would have been proud to have him choose them out.

On the other hand, because of this opinion regarding Louis, people were the more suspicious of Marie Antoinette. Some of them, in coarse language, criticized her assumed infidelities; others, with a polite sneer, affected to defend her. But the result of it all was dangerous to both, especially as France was already verging toward the deluge which Louis XV had cynically predicted would follow after him.

In fact, the end came sooner than any one had guessed. Louis XV, who had become hopelessly and helplessly infatuated with the low-born Jeanne du Barry, was stricken down with smallpox of the most virulent type. For many days he lay in his gorgeous bed. Courtiers crowded his sick-room and the adjacent hall, longing for the moment when the breath would leave his body. He had lived an evil life, and he was to die a loathsome death; yet he had borne himself before men as a stately monarch. Though his people had suffered in a thousand ways from his mis-government, he was still Louis the Well Beloved, and they blamed his Ministers of State for all the shocking wrongs that France had felt.

The abler men, and some of the leaders of the people, however, looked forward to the accession of Louis XVI. He at least was frugal in his habits and almost plebeian in his tastes, and seemed to be one who would reduce the enormous taxes that had been levied upon France.

The moment came when the Well Beloved died. His death-room was fetid with disease, and even the long corridors of the palace reeked with infection, while the motley mob of men and women, clad in silks and satins and glittering with jewels, hurried from the spot to pay their homage to the new Louis, who was spoken of as "the Desired." The body of the late monarch was hastily thrown into a mass of quicklime, and was driven away in a humble wagon, without guards and with no salute, save from a single veteran, who remembered the glories of Fontenoy and discharged his musket as the royal corpse was carried through the palace gates.

This was a critical moment in the history of France; but we have to consider it only as a critical moment in the history of Marie Antoinette. She was now queen. She had it in her power

to restore to the French court its old-time grandeur, and, so far as the queen was concerned, its purity. * Above all, being a foreigner, she should have kept herself free from reproach and above every shadow of suspicion.

But here again the indifference of the king undoubtedly played a strange part in her life. Had he borne himself as her lord and master, she might have respected him. Had he shown her the affection of a husband, she might have loved him. But he was neither imposing, nor, on the other hand, was he alluring. She wrote very frankly about him in a letter to the Count Orsini :

“My tastes are not the same as those of the king, who cares only for hunting and blacksmith work. You will admit that I should not show to advantage in a forge. I could not appear there as Vulcan, and the part of Venus might displease him even more than my tastes.”

Thus on the one side is a woman in the first bloom of youth, ardent, eager—and neglected. On the other side is her husband, whose sluggishness may be judged by quoting from a diary which he kept during the month in which he was married. Here is a part of it :

“Sunday, 13—Left Versailles. Supper and slept at Compiègne, at the house of M. de Saint-Florentin.

Monday, 14—Interview with Mme. la Dauphine.

Tuesday, 15—Supped at La Muette. Slept at Versailles.

Wednesday, 16—My marriage. Apartment in the gallery. Royal banquet in the Salle d’Opera.

Thursday, 17—Opera of “Perseus.”

Friday, 18—Stag-hunt. Met at La Belle Image. Took one.

Saturday, 19—Dress-ball in the Salle d’Opera. Fireworks.

Thursday, 31—I had an indigestion.”

What might have been expected from a young girl placed as this queen was placed ? She was indeed an earlier Eugenie. The first was of royal blood, the second was almost a plebeian ; but each was headstrong, pleasure-loving, and with no real domestic ties. As Mr. Kipling expresses it—

“The colonel’s lady and Judy O’Grady

Are sisters under their skins ;”

and so the Austrian woman of 1776 and the Spanish woman of 1856 found amusement in very similar ways. They plunged

into a sea of strange frivolity, such as one finds to-day at the centres of high fashion. Marie Antoinette bedecked herself with eccentric garments. On her head she wore a hat styled a "what-is-it," towering many feet in height and flaunting parti-coloured plumes. Worse than all this, she refused to wear corseas, and at some great functions she would appear in what looked exactly like a bed-room gown.

She would even neglect the ordinary niceties of life. Her hands were not well cared for. It was very difficult for the ladies in attendance to persuade her to brush her teeth with regularity. Again, she would persist in wearing her frilled and lace-trimmed petticoats long after their dainty edges had been smirched and blackened.

Yet these things might have been counteracted had she gone no further. Unfortunately, she did go further. She loved to dress at night like a shop-girl and venture out into the world of Paris, where she was frequently followed and recognized. Think of it—the Queen of France, elbowed in dense crowds and seeking to attract the attention of common soldiers !

Of course, almost every one put the worst construction upon this, and after a time upon everything she did. When she took a fancy for constructing labyrinths and secret passages in the palace, all Paris vowed that she was planning means by which her various lovers might enter without observation. The hidden printing-presses of Paris swarmed with gross lampoons about this reckless girl ; and, although there was little truth in what they said, there was enough to cloud her reputation. When she fell ill with measles she was attended in her sick-chamber by four gentlemen of the court. The king was forbidden to enter lest he might catch the childish disorder.

The apathy of the king, indeed, drove her into many a folly. After four years of marriage, as Mrs. Mayne records, he had only reached the point of giving her a chilly kiss. The fact that she had no children became a serious matter. Her brother, the Emperor Joseph of Austria, when he visited Paris, ventured to speak to the king upon the subject. Even the Austrian Ambassador had thrown out hints that the house of Bourbon needed direct heirs. Louis grunted and said little, but he must have known how good was the advice.

It was at about this time when there came to the French

court a young Swede named Axel de Fersen, who bore the title of count, but who was received less for his rank than for his winning manner, his knightly bearing, and his handsome, sympathetic face. Romantic in spirit, he threw himself at once into a silent inner worship of Marie Antoinette, who had for him a singular attraction. Wherever he could meet her, they met. To her growing cynicism this breath of pure yet ardent affection was very grateful. It came as something fresh and sweet into the feverish life she led.

Other men had had the audacity to woo her—among them Duc de Lauzun, whose complicity in the famous affair of the diamond necklace afterward cast her, though innocent, into ruin; the Duc de Biron; and the Baron de Besenval who had obtained much influence over her, which he used for the most evil purposes. Besenval tainted her mind by persuading her to read indecent books, in the hope that at last she would become his prey.

But none of these men ever meant to Marie Antoinette what Fersen meant. Though less than twenty years of age, he maintained the reserve of a great gentleman, and never forced himself upon her notice. Yet their first acquaintance had occurred in such a way as to give to it a touch of intimacy. He had gone to a masked ball, and there had chosen for his partner a lady whose face was quite concealed. Something drew the two together. The gaiety of the woman and the chivalry of the man blended most harmoniously. It was only afterward that he discovered that his chance partner was the first lady in France. She kept his memory in her mind; for some time later, when he was at a royal drawing-room and she heard his voice, she exclaimed:

“Ah, an old acquaintance!”

From this time Fersen was among those who were most intimately favoured by the queen. He had the privilege of attending her private receptions at the palace of the Trianon, and was a conspicuous figure at the feasts given in the queen's honour by the Princess de Lamballe, a beautiful girl whose head was destined afterward to be severed from her body and borne upon a bloody pike through the streets of Paris. But as yet the deluge had not arrived and the great and noble still danced upon the brink of a volcano.

Fersen grew more and more infatuated, nor could he quite conceal his feelings. The queen, in her turn, was neither frightened nor indignant. His passion, so profound and yet so respectful, deeply moved her. Then came a time when the truth was made clear to both of them. Fersen was near her while she was singing to the harpsichord, and "she was betrayed by her own music into an avowal which song made easy." She forgot that she was Queen of France. She only felt that her womanhood had been starved and slighted, and that here was a noble-minded lover of whom she could be proud.

Some time after this, announcement was officially made of the approaching accouchement of the queen. It was impossible that malicious tongues should be silent. The king's brother, the Comte de Provence, who hated the queen, just as the Bonapartes afterward hated Josephine, did his best to besmirch her reputation. He had, indeed, the extra-ordinary insolence to do so at a time when one would suppose that the vilest of men would remain silent. The child proved to be a princess, and she afterward received the title of Duchesse d'Angouleme. The King of Spain asked to be her godfather at the christening, which was to be held in the cathedral of Notre Dame. The Spanish king was not present in person, but asked the Comte de Provence to act as his proxy.

On the appointed day the royal party proceeded to the cathedral, and the Comte de Provence presented the little child at the baptismal font. The grand almoner, who presided, asked :

"What name shall be given to this child ?"

The Comte de Provence answered in a sneering tone :

"Oh, we don't begin with that. The first thing to find out is who the father and the mother are !"

These words, spoken at such a place and such a time, and with a strongly sardonic ring, set all Paris gossiping. It was a thinly veiled innuendo that the father of the child was not the King of France. Those about the court immediately began to look at Fersen with significant smiles. The queen would gladly have kept him near her ; but Fersen cared even more for her good name than for his love of her. It would have been so easy to remain in the full enjoyment of his conquest ; but he was too chivalrous for that, or, rather, he knew that the various

ambassadors in Paris had told their respective governments of the rising scandal. In fact, the following secret despatch was sent to the King of Sweden by his envoy :

"I must confide to your majesty that the young Count Fersen has been so well received by the queen that various persons have taken it amiss. I own that I am sure that she has a liking for him. I have seen proofs of it too certain to be doubted. During the last few days the queen has not taken her eyes off him, and as she gazed they were full of tears. I beg your majesty to keep their secret to yourself."

The queen wept because Fersen had resolved to leave her lest she should be exposed to further gossip. If he left her without any apparent reason, the gossip would only be the more intense. Therefore he decided to join the French troops who were going to America to fight under Lafayette. A brilliant but dissolute duchess taunted him when the news became known.

"How is this ?" said she. Do you forsake your conquest ?"

But, 'lying like a gentleman,' Fersen answered, quietly :

"Had I made a conquest I should not forsake it. I go away free, and, unfortunately, without leaving any regret."

Nothing could have been more chivalrous than the pains which Fersen took to shield the reputation of the queen. He even allowed it to be supposed that he was planning a marriage with a rich young Swedish woman who had been naturalized in England. As a matter of fact, he departed for America, and not very long afterward the young woman in question married an Englishman.

Fersen served in America for a time, returning, however, at the end of three years. He was one of the original Cincinnati, being admitted to the order by Washington himself. When he returned to France he was received with high honours and was made colonel of the royal Swedish regiment.

The dangers threatening Louis and his court, which were now gigantic and appalling, forbade him to forsake the queen. By her side he did what he could to check the revolution ; and, failing this, he helped her to maintain an imperial dignity of manner which she might otherwise have lacked. He faced the bellowing mob which surrounded the Tuileries. Lafayette tried to make the National Guard obey his orders, but he was jeered at for his pains. Violent epithets were hurled at the king. The

least insulting name which they could give him was ¹“a fat pig.” As for the queen, the most filthy phrases were showered upon her by the men, and even more so by the women, who swarmed out of the slums and sought her life.

At last, in 1791, it was decided that the king and the queen and their children, of whom they now had three, should endeavour to escape from Paris. Fersen planned their flight, but it proved to be a failure. Everyone remembers how they were discovered and halted at Varennes. The royal party was escorted back to Paris by the mob, which chanted with insolent additions:

“We’ve brought back the baker, the baker’s wife, and the baker’s boy ! Now we shall have bread !”

Against the savage fury which soon animated the French a foreigner like Fersen could do very little ; but he seems to have endeavoured, night and day, to serve the woman whom he loved. His efforts have been described by Grandat ; but they were of no avail. The king and queen were practically made prisoners. Their eldest son died. They went through horrors that were stimulated by the wretch Hebert, at the head of his so-called Madmen (Enrages). The king was executed in January, 1792. The queen dragged out a brief existence in a prison where she was for ever under the eyes of human brutes, who guarded her and watched her and jeered at her at times when even men would be sensitive. Then, at last, she mounted the scaffold, and her head, with its shining hair, fell into the bloody basket.

Marie Antoinette shows many contradictions in her character. As a young girl she was petulant and silly and almost unseemly in her actions. As a queen, with waning power, she took on a dignity which recalled the dignity of her imperial mother. At first a flirt, she fell deeply in love when she met a man who was worthy of that love. She lived for most part like a mere coquette. She died every inch a queen.

One finds a curious resemblance between the fate of Marie Antoinette and that of her gallant lover, who outlived her for nearly twenty years. She died amid the shrieks and execrations of a maddened populace in Paris ; he was practically torn in pieces by a mob in the streets of Stockholm. The day of his death was the anniversary of the flight to Varennes. To the last moment of his existence he remained faithful to the memory of the royal woman who had given herself so utterly to him.

Carlyle

TO most persons, Tennyson was a remote and romantic figure. His homes in the Isle of Wight and at Aldworth had a dignified seclusion about them which was very appropriate to so great a poet, and invested him with a certain awe through which the multitude rarely penetrated.* As a matter of fact, however, he was an excellent companion, a ready talker, and gifted with so much wit that it is a pity that more of his sayings have not been preserved to us.

One of the best known is that which was drawn from him after he and a number of friends had been spending an hour in company with Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle. The two Carlyles were unfortunately at their worst, and gave a superb specimen of domestic "nagging." Each caught up whatever the other said, and either turned it into ridicule, or tried to make the author of it an object of contempt.

This was, of course, exceedingly uncomfortable for such strangers as were present, and it certainly gave no pleasure to their friends. On leaving the house, some one said to Tennyson :

"Isn't it a pity that such a couple ever married ?"

"No, no," said Tennyson, with a sort of smile under his rough beard. "It's much better that two people should be made unhappy than four."

The world has pretty nearly come around to the verdict of the poet laureate. It is not probable that Thomas Carlyle would have made any woman happy as his wife, or that Jane Baillie Welsh would have made any man happy as her husband.

This sort of speculation would never have occurred had not Mr. Froude, in the early eighties, given his story about the Carlyles to the world. Carlyle went to his grave, an old man, highly honoured, and with no trail of gossip behind him. His wife had died some sixteen years before, leaving a brilliant memory. The books of Mr. Froude seemed for a moment to have desecrated the grave, and to have shed a sudden and

sinister light upon those who could not make the least defence for themselves.

For a moment, Carlyle seemed to have been a monster of harshness, cruelty, and almost brutish feeling. On the other side, his wife took on the colour of an evil-speaking, evil-thinking shrew, who tormented the life of her husband, and allowed herself to be possessed by some demon of unrest and discontent, such as few women of her station are ever known to suffer from.

Nor was it merely that the two were apparently ill-mated and unhappy with each other. There were hints and innuendos which looked toward some hidden cause for this unhappiness, and which aroused the curiosity of every one. That they might be clearer, Froude afterward wrote a book, bringing out more plainly—indeed, too plainly—his explanation of the Carlyle family skeleton. A multitude of documents then came from every quarter, and from almost every one who had known either of the Carlyles. Perhaps the result to-day has been more injurious to Froude than to the two Carlyles.

Many persons unjustly speak of Froude as having violated the confidence of his friends in publishing the letters of Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle. They take no heed of the fact that in doing this he was obeying Carlyle's express wishes, left behind in writing, and often urged on Froude while Carlyle was still alive. Whether or not Froude ought to have accepted such a trust, one may perhaps hesitate to decide. That he did so is probably because he felt that if he refused, Carlyle might commit the same duty to another, who would discharge it with less delicacy and less discretion.

As it is, the blame, if it rests upon any one, should rest upon Carlyle. He collected the letters. He wrote the lines which burn and scorch with self-reproach. It is he who pressed upon the reluctant Froude the duty of printing and publishing a series of documents which, for the most part, should never have been published at all, and which have done equal harm to Carlyle, to his wife, and to Froude himself.

Now that everything has been written that is likely to be written by those claiming to possess personal knowledge of the subject, let us take up the volumes, and likewise the scattered

fragments, and seek to penetrate the mystery of the most ill-assorted couple known to modern literature.

It is not necessary to bring to light, and in regular order, the external history of Thomas Carlyle, or of Jane Baillie Welsh, who married him. There is an extra-ordinary amount of rather fanciful gossip about this marriage, and about the three persons who had to do with it.

Take first the principal figure, Thomas Carlyle. His life until that time had been a good deal more than the life of an ordinary countryman. Many persons represent him as a peasant ; but he was descended from the ancient lords of a Scottish manor. There was something in his eye, and in the dominance of his nature, that made his lordly nature felt. Mr. Froude notes that Carlyle's hand was very small and unusually well-shaped. Nor had his earliest appearance as a young man been commonplace, in spite of the fact that his parents were illiterate, so that his mother learned to read only after her sons had gone away to Edinburgh, in order that she might be able to enjoy their letters.

At that time in Scotland, as in Puritan New England, in each family the son who had the most notable "pairts" was sent to the university that he might become a clergyman. If there were a second son, he became an advocate or a doctor of medicine, while the sons of less distinction, seldom went beyond the parish school, but settled down as farmers, horse-dealers, or whatever might happen to come their way.

In the case of Thomas Carlyle, nature marked him out for something brilliant, whatever that might be. His quick sensibility, the way in which he acquired every sort of learning, his command of logic, and, withal, his swift, unerring gift of language, made it certain from the very first that he must be sent to the university as soon as he had finished school, and could afford to go.

At Edinburgh, where he matriculated in his fourteenth year, he astonished every one by the enormous extent of his reading, and by the firm hold he kept upon it. One hesitates to credit these so-called reminiscences which tell how he absorbed mountains of Greek and immense quantities of political economy and history and sociology and various forms of metaphysics, as every Scotsman is bound to do. That he read all night is a

common story told of many a Scottish lad at college. We may believe, however, that Carlyle studied and read as most of his fellow students did, but far beyond them in extent.

When he had completed about half of his divinity course, he assured himself that he was not intended for the life of a clergyman. One who reads his mocking sayings, or what seemed to be a clever string of jeers directed against religion, might well think that Carlyle was, throughout his life, an atheist, or an agnostic. He confessed to Irving that he did not believe in the Christian religion, and it was vain to hope that he ever would so believe.

Moreover, Carlyle had done something which was unusual at that time. He had taught in several local schools; but presently he came back to Edinburgh and openly made literature his profession. It was a daring thing to do; but Carlyle had unbounded confidence in himself—the confidence of a giant, striding forth into a forest, certain that he can make his way by sheer strength through the tangled meshes and the knotty branches that he knows will meet him and try to beat him back. Furthermore, he knew how to live on very little; he was unmarried; and he felt a certain ardour which be seemed his age and gifts.

Through the kindness of friends, he received some commissions to write in various books of reference; and in 1824, when he was twenty-nine years of age, he published a translation of Legendre's *Geometry*. In the same year, he published, in the *London Magazine*, his *Life of Schiller*, and also his translation of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*. This successful attack upon the London periodicals and reviews led to a certain complication with the other two characters in this story. It takes us to Jane Welsh, and also to Edward Irving.

Irving was three years older than Carlyle. The two men were friends, and both of them had been teaching in country schools, where both of them had come to know Miss Welsh. Irving's seniority gave him a certain prestige with the younger men, and naturally with Miss Welsh. He had won honours at the university, and now, as assistant to the famous Dr. Chalmers, he carried his silk robes in the jaunty fashion of one who has just ceased to be an under-graduate. While studying, he met

Miss Welsh at Haddington, and there became her private instructor.

This girl was regarded in her native town as something of a personage. To read what has been written of her, one might suppose that she was almost a miracle of birth and breeding, and of intellect as well. As a matter of fact, in the little town of Haddington she was simply *prima inter pares*. Her father was the local doctor, and while she had a comfortable home, and doubtless a chaise at her disposal, she was very far from the "opulence", which Carlyle, looking up at her from his lowlier surroundings, was accustomed to ascribe to her. She was, no doubt, a very clever girl; and, judging from the portraits taken of her at about this time, she was an exceedingly pretty one, with beautiful eyes and an abundance of dark glossy hair.

Even then, however, Miss Welsh had traits which might have made it certain that she would be much more agreeable as a friend than as a wife. She had become an *intellectuelle* quite prematurely—at an age, in fact, when she might better have been thinking of other things than the inwardness of her soul, or the folly of religious belief.

Even as a young girl, she was beset by a desire to criticize and to ridicule almost everything and every one that she encountered. It was only when she met with something that she could not understand, or some one who could do what she could not, that she became comparatively humble. Unconsciously, her chief ambition was to be herself distinguished, and to marry some one who could be more distinguished still.

When she first met Edward Irving, she looked up to him as her superior in many ways. He was a striking figure in her small world. He was known in Edinburgh as likely to be a man of mark; and, of course, he had had a careful training in many subjects of which she, as yet, knew very little. Therefore, insensibly, she fell into a sort of admiration for Irving—an admiration which might have been transmuted into love. Irving, on his side, was taken by the young girl's beauty, her vivacity, and the keenness of her intellect. That he did not at once become her suitor is probably due to the fact that he had already engaged himself to a Miss Martin, of whom not much is known.

It was about this time, however, that Carlyle became acquainted with Miss Welsh. His abundant knowledge, his

original and striking manner of commenting on it, his almost gigantic intellectual power, came to her as a revelation. Her studies with Irving were now interwoven with her admiration for Carlyle.

Since Irving was a clergyman, and Miss Welsh had not the slightest belief in any form of theology, there was comparatively little that they had in common. On the other hand, when she saw the profundities of Carlyle, she at once half feared, and was half fascinated. Let her speak to him on any subject, and he would at once thunder forth some striking truth, or it might be some puzzling paradox; but what he said could never fail to interest her and to make her think. He had, too, an infinite sense of humour, often whimsical and shot through with sarcasm.

It is no wonder that Miss Welsh was more and more infatuated with the nature of Carlyle. If it was her conscious wish to marry a man whom she could reverence as a master, where should she find him—in Irving or in Carlyle?

Irving was a dreamer, a man who, she came to see, was thoroughly one-sided, and whose interests lay in a different sphere from hers. Carlyle, on the other hand, had already reached out beyond the little Scottish capital, and had made his mark in the great world of London, where men like De Quincey and Jeffrey thought it worth their while to run a tilt with him. Then, too, there was the fascination of his talk, in which Jane Welsh found a perpetual source of interest :

“The English have never had an artist, except in poetry ; no musician ; no painter. Purcell and Hogarth are not exceptions, or only such as confirm the rule.

Is the true Scotchman the peasant and yeoman—chiefly the former ?

Every living man is a visible mystery ; he walks between two eternities and two infinitudes. Were we not blind as moles we should value our humanity at infinity, and our rank, influence and so forth—the trappings of our humanity—at nothing. Say I am a man, and you say all. Whether king or tinker is a mere appendix.

Understanding is to reason as the talent of a beaver—which can build houses, and uses its tail for a trowel—to the

genius of a prophet and poet. Reason is all but extinct in this age ; it can never be altogether extinguished.

The devil has his elect.

Is anything more wonderful than another, if you consider it maturely ? I have seen no men rise from the dead ; I have seen some thousands rise from nothing. I have not force to fly into the sun, but I have force to lift my hand, which is equally strange.

Is not every thought properly an inspiration ? Or how is one thing more inspired than another ?

Examine by logic the import of thy life, and of all lives. What is it ? A making of meal into manure, and of manure into meal. To the *cui bono* there is no answer from logic."

In many ways, Jane Welsh found the difference of range between Carlyle and Irving. At one time, she asked Irving about some German works, and he was obliged to send her to Carlyle to solve her difficulties. Carlyle knew German almost as well as if he had been born in Dresden ; and the full and almost overflowing way in which he answered her gave her another impression of his potency. Thus she weighed the two men who might become her lovers, and little by little she came to think of Irving, as partly shallow and partly narrow-minded, while Carlyle loomed up more of a giant than before.

It is not probable that she was a woman who could love profoundly. She thought too much about herself. She was too critical. She had too intense an ambition for "showing off." I can imagine that in the end she made her choice quite coolly. She was flattered by Carlyle's strong preference for her. She was perhaps repelled by Irving's engagement to another woman ; yet at the time few persons thought that she had chosen well.

Irving had now gone to London, and had become the pastor of the Caledonian chapel in Hatton Garden. Within a year, by the extra-ordinary power of his eloquence, which was in a style peculiar to himself, he had transformed an obscure little chapel into one which was crowded by the rich and fashionable. His congregation built for him a handsome edifice on Regent Square, and he became the leader of a new cult, which looked to a second personal advent of Christ. He cared nothing for the charges of heresy which were brought against him ; and when he

was deposed, his congregation followed him, and developed a new Christian order, known as Irvingism.

Jane Welsh, in her musings, might rightfully have compared the two men and the future which each could give her. Did she marry Irving, she was certain of a life of ease in London, and an association with men and women of fashion and celebrity, among whom she could show herself to be the gifted woman that she was. Did she marry Carlyle, she must go with him to a desolate, wind-beaten cottage, far away from any of the things she cared for, working almost as a housemaid, having no company save that of her husband, who was already a dyspeptic, and who was wont to speak of feeling as if a rat were tearing out his stomach.

Who would have said that in going with Carlyle she had made the better choice? Any one would have said it who knew the three—Irrving, Carlyle, and Jane Welsh.

She had the penetration to be certain that whatever Irving might possess at present, it would be nothing in comparison to what Carlyle would have in the coming future. She understood the limitations of Irving, but to her keen mind the genius of Carlyle was unlimited; and she foresaw that, after he had toiled and striven, he would come into his great reward, which she would share. Irving might be the leader of a petty sect, but Carlyle would be a man whose name must become known throughout the world.

And so, in 1826, she had made her choice, and had become the bride of the rough-spoken, domineering Scotsman who had to face the world with nothing but his creative brain and his stubborn independence. She had put aside all immediate thought of London and its lures; she was going to cast in her lot with Carlyle's, largely as a matter of calculation, and believing that she had made the better choice.

She was twenty-six and Carlyle was thirty-two when, after a brief residence in Edinburgh, they went down to Craigenputtock. Froude has described this place as the dreariest spot in the British dominions:

"The nearest cottage is more than a mile from it; the elevation, seven hundred feet above the sea, stunts the trees and limits the garden produce; the house is gaunt and hungry-looking. It stands, with the scanty fields attached, as an island in a sea of morass. The landscape is unredeemed by grace or grandeur—

mere undulating hills of grass and heather, „with peat bogs in the hollows between them.”

Froude's grim description has been questioned by some ; yet the actual pictures that have been drawn of the place in later years make it look bare, desolate, and uninviting. Mrs. Carlyle, who owned it as an inheritance from her father, saw the place for the first time in March, 1828. She settled there in May ; but May, in the Scottish hills, is almost as repellent as winter. She herself shrank from the adventure which she had proposed. It was her husband's notion, and her own, that they should live there in practical solitude. He was to think and write, and make for himself a beginning of real fame ; while she was to hover over him and watch his minor comforts.

It seemed to many of their friends that the project was quixotic to a degree. Mrs. Carlyle's delicate health, her weak chest, and the beginning of a nervous disorder, made them think that she was unfit to dwell in so wild and bleak a solitude. They felt, too, that Carlyle was too much absorbed with his own thought to be trusted with the charge of a high-spirited woman.

However, the decision had been made, and the newly married couple went to Craigenputtock, with wagons that carried their household goods and those of Carlyle's brother, Alexander, who lived in a cottage nearby. These were the two redeeming features of their lonely home—the presence of Alexander Carlyle, and the fact that, although they had no servants in the ordinary sense, there were several farm-hands and a dairy-maid.

Before long there came a period of trouble, which is easily explained by what has been already said. Carlyle, thinking and writing some of the most beautiful things that he ever thought or wrote, could not make allowance for his wife's high spirit and physical weakness. She, on her side—nervous, fitful, and hard to please—thought herself a slave, the servant of a harsh and brutal master. She screamed at him when her nerves were too unstrung ; and then, with a natural reaction, she called herself “a devil who could never be good enough for him.” But most of her letters were harsh and filled with bitterness, and, no doubt, his conduct to her was at times no better than her own.

But it was at Craigenputtock that he really did lay fast and firm the road to fame. His wife's sharp tongue, and the gnawings of his own dyspepsia, were lived down with true Scottish

grimness. It was here that he wrote some of his most penetrating and sympathetic essays, which were published by the leading reviews of England and Scotland. Here, too, he began to teach his countrymen the value of German literature.

The most remarkable of his productions was that strange work entitled *Sartor Resartus* (1834), an extra-ordinary mixture of the sublime and the grotesque. The book quivers and shakes with tragic pathos, with inward agonies, with solemn aspirations, and with riotous humour.

In 1834, after six years at Craigenputtock, the Carlyles moved to London, and took up their home in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, afar from fashionable retreat, but one in which the comforts of life could be more readily secured. It was there that Thomas Carlyle wrote what must seem to us the most vivid of all his books, the *History of the French Revolution*. For this he had read and thought for many years ; parts of it he had written in essays, and parts of it he had jotted down in journals. But now it came forth, as some one has said, "a truth clad in hell-fire," swirling amid clouds and flames and mist, a most wonderful picture of the accumulated social and political falsehoods which preceded the revolution, and which were swept away by a nemesis that was the righteous judgement of God.

Carlyle never wrote so great a book as this. He had reached his middle style, having passed the clarity of his early writings, and not having yet reached the thunderous, strange-mouthed German expletives which marred his later work. In the *French Revolution* he bursts forth, here and there, into furious Gallic oaths and Gargantuan epithets ; yet this apocalypse of France seems more true than his hero-worshipping of old Frederick of Prussia or even of English Cromwell.

All these days Thomas Carlyle lived a life which was partly one of seclusion and partly one of pleasure. At all times he and his dark-haired wife had their own sets, and mingled with their own friends. Jane had no means of discovering just whether she would have been happier with Irving ; for Irving died while she was still digging potatoes and complaining of her lot at Craigenputtok.

However this may be, the Carlyles, man and wife, lived an existence that was full of unhappiness and rancour. Jane Carlyle became an invalid, and sought to allay her nervous

sufferings with strong tea and tobacco and morphin. When a nervous woman takes to morphin, it almost always means that she becomes intensely jealous ; and so it was with Jane Carlyle.

A shivering, palpitating, fiercely loyal bit of humanity, she took it into her head that her husband was infatuated with Lady Ashburton, or that Lady Ashburton was infatuated with him. She took to spying on them, and at times, when her nerves were all a jangle, she would lie back in her arm-chair and yell with paroxysms of anger. On the other hand, Carlyle, eager to enjoy the world, sought relief from his household cares, and sometimes stole away after a fashion that was hardly guileless. He would leave false addresses at his house, and would dine at other places than he had announced.

In 1866, Jane Carlyle suddenly died ; and somehow, then, the conscience of Thomas Carlyle became convinced that he had wronged the woman whom he had really loved. His last fifteen years were spent in wretchedness and despair. He felt that he had committed the unpardonable sin. He recalled with anguish every moment of their early life at Craigenputtock—how she had toiled for him, and waited upon him, and made herself a slave ; and how, later, she had given herself up entirely to him, while he had thoughtlessly received the sacrifice, and trampled on it as on a bed of flowers.

Of course, in all this he was intensely morbid, and the diary which he wrote was no more sane and wholesome than the screamings with which his wife had horrified her friends. But when he had grown to be a very old man, he came to feel that this was all a sort of penance, and that the selfishness of his past must be expiated in the future. Therefore, he gave his diary to his friend, the Historian, Froude, and urged him to publish the letters and memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle. Mr. Froude, with an eye to the reading world, readily did so, furnishing them with abundant foot-notes which made Carlyle appear to the world as more or less of a monster.

First, there was set forth the almost continual unhappiness of the pair. In the second place, by hint, by innuendo, and sometimes by explicit statement, there were given reasons to show why Carlyle made his wife unhappy. Of course, his gnawing dyspepsia, which she strove with all her might to drive away, was one of the first and greatest causes. But again

another cause of discontent was stated in the implication that Carlyle, in his bursts of temper, actually abused his wife. In one passage, there is a hint that certain blue marks upon her arm were bruises, the result of blows.

Most remarkable of all these accusations is that which has to do with the relations of Carlyle and Lady Ashburton. There is no doubt that Jane Carlyle disliked this brilliant woman, and came to have dark suspicions concerning her. At first, it was only a sort of social jealousy. Lady Ashburton was quite as clever a talker as Mrs. Carlyle, and she had a prestige which brought her more admiration.

Then, by degrees, as Jane Carlyle's mind began to wane, she transferred her jealousy to her husband himself. She hated to be outshone, and now, in some misguided fashion, it came into her head that Carlyle had surrendered to Lady Ashburton his own attention to his wife, and had fallen in love with her brilliant rival.

On one occasion, she declared that Lady Ashburton had thrown herself at Carlyle's feet, but that Carlyle had acted like a man of honour, while Lord Ashburton, knowing all the facts, had passed them over, and had retained his friendship with Carlyle.

Now, when Froude came to write *My Relations with Carlyle*, there were those who were very eager to furnish him with every sort of gossip. The greatest source of scandal upon which he drew was a woman named Geraldine Jewsbury, a curious neurotic creature, who had seen much of the late Mrs. Carlyle, but who had an almost morbid love of offensive tattle. Froude describes himself as a witness for six years, at Cheyne Row, "of the enactment of a tragedy as stern and real as the story of *Œdipus*." According to his own account :

"I stood by consenting to the slow martyrdom of a woman whom I have described as bright and sparkling and tender, and I uttered no word of remonstrance. I saw her involved in a perpetual blizzard, and did nothing to shelter her."

But it is not upon his own observations that Froude relies for his more sinister evidence against his friend. To him comes Miss Jewsbury with a lengthy tale to tell. It is well to know what Mrs. Carlyle thought of this lady. She wrote :

"It is her besetting sin, and her trade of novelist has

aggravated it—the desire of feeling and producing violent emotions.....Geraldine has one besetting weakness; she is never happy unless she has a *grande passion* on hand.”

There were strange manifestations on the part of Miss Jewsbury toward Mrs. Carlyle. At one time, when Mrs. Carlyle had shown some preference for another woman, it led to a wild outburst of what Miss Jewsbury herself called “tiger jealousy.” There are many other instances of violent emotions in her letters to Mrs. Carlyle. They are often highly charged and erotic. It is unusual for a woman of thirty-two to write to a woman-friend, who is forty-three years of age, in these words, which Miss Jewsbury used in writing to Mrs. Carlyle:

“You are never out of my thoughts one hour together. I think of you much more than if you were my lover. I cannot express my feelings, even to you—vague, undefined yearnings to be yours in some way.”

Mrs. Carlyle was accustomed, in private, to speak of Miss Jewsbury as “Miss Gooseberry”, while Carlyle himself said that she was simply “a flimsy tatter of a creature.” But it is on the testimony of this one woman, who was so morbid and excitable, that the most serious accusations against Carlyle rest. She knew that Froude was writing a volume about Mrs. Carlyle, and she rushed to him, eager to furnish any narratives, however strange, improbable, or salacious they might be.

Thus she is the sponsor of the Ashburton story, in which there is nothing whatsoever. Some of the letters which Lady Ashburton wrote Carlyle have been destroyed, but not before her husband had perused them. Another set of letters had never been read by Lord Ashburton at all, and they are still preserved—friendly, harmless, usual letters. Lord Ashburton always invited Carlyle to his house, and there is no reason to think that the Scottish philosopher wronged him.

There is much more to be said about the charge that Mrs. Carlyle suffered from personal abuse; yet when we examine the facts, the evidence resolves itself into practically nothing. That, in his self-absorption, he allowed her to do household work, and wait upon him like a servant, in the dreary hovel of Craigenputtock, may well be true. She had married him with just that hope—that he would, by his pen and brain, become a genius whom all the world should know. That she grew nervous, and

that he became dyspeptic, was only what might have been expected ; that her tongue was sharp, and that he was often rough—this is no strange thing. Mr. Froude hints that he actually struck her, but there is no evidence of this.

The only other charge that has been made against him is one that has been whispered about in nooks and corners, and was spoken of quite frankly by the imaginative Geraldine. Briefly stated, it is to the effect that Carlyle's constitution was such that he should never have married, and that much of his wife's unhappiness, in her early years, came from this source, and from her childlessness. It is not well to say much on this head ; for the evidence all rests upon the "tigerish" Geraldine Jewsbury.

It seems to me that a single letter, written by Jane Carlyle at the end of her first twelve-month at Craigenputtock, during a brief absence from home, disproves this theory, and shows that in the early years of their married life her heart overflowed toward a man who must have been a manly, loving lover. She calls him by the name by which he called her—a homely Scottish name. "Goody, Goody, Dear Goody :

You said you would weary, and I do hope in my heart you are wearying. It will be so sweet to make it all up to you in kisses when I return. You will take me and hear all my bits of experiences, and your heart will beat when you find how I have longed to return to you. Darling, dearest, loveliest, the Lord bless you ! I think of you every hour, every moment. I love you and admire you, like—like anything. Oh, if I was there, I could put my arms so close about your neck, and hush you into the softest sleep you have had since I went away. Good night. Dream of me. I am ever

Your own Goody."

It seems most fitting to remember Thomas Carlyle as a man of strength, of honour, and of intellect ; and his wife as one who was sorely tried, but who came out of her suffering into the arms of death, purified and calm and worthy to be remembered by her husband's side.

Queen Elizabeth

HISTORY has many romantic stories to tell of the part which women have played in determining the destinies of nations. Sometimes it is a woman's beauty that causes the shifting of a province. Again it is another woman's rich possessions that incite invasion and lead to bloody wars. Marriages or dowries, or the refusal of marriages and the lack of dowries, inheritance through an heiress, the failure of a male succession—in these and in many other ways, women have set their mark indelibly upon the trend of history.

However, if we look over these different events we shall find that it is not so much the mere longing for a woman—the desire to have her as a queen—that has seriously affected the annals of any nation. Kings, like ordinary men, have paid their suit and then have ridden away repulsed, yet not seriously dejected. Most royal marriages are made either to secure the succession to a throne by a legitimate line of heirs or else to unite adjoining States and make a powerful kingdom out of two that are less powerful. But, as a rule, kings have found greater delight in some sheltered bower, remote from courts than in the castled halls and well-cared-for nooks where their own wives and children have been reared with all the appurtenances of legitimacy.

There are not many stories that hang persistently about the love-making of a single woman. In the case of one or another we may find an episode or two—something dashing, something spirited or striking, something brilliant and exhilarating, or something sad. But for a woman's whole life to be spent in courtship that meant nothing and that was only a clever aid to diplomacy—this is surely an unusual and really wonderful thing.

It is the more unusual because the woman herself was not intended by nature to be wasted upon the cold and cheerless sport of chancellors and counsellors and men who had no thought of her except to use her as a pawn. She was

hot-blooded, descended from a fiery race, and one whose temper was quick to leap into the passion of a man.

In studying this phase of the long and interesting life of Elizabeth of England, we must notice several important facts. In the first place, she gave herself, above all else, to the maintenance of England—not an England that would be half Spanish or half French, or even partly Dutch and Flemish, but the Merry England of tradition—the England that was one and undivided, with its growing freedom of thought, its bows and bills, its nut-brown ale, its sturdy yeomen, and its loyalty to crown and Parliament. She once said, almost as in an agony :

“I love England more than anything !”

And one may really hold that this was true. For England she schemed and planned. For England she gave up many of her royal rights. For England she descended into depths of treachery. For England she left herself on record as an arrant liar, false, perjured, yet successful ; and because of her success for England's sake her countrymen will hold her in high remembrance, since her scheming and her falsehood are the offences that one pardons most readily in a woman.

In the second place, it must be remembered that Elizabeth's courtships and pretended love-makings were almost always a part of her diplomacy. When not a part of her diplomacy, they were a mere appendage to her vanity. To seem to be the flower of the English people, and to be surrounded by the noblest, the bravest, and the most handsome cavaliers, not only of her own kingdom, but of others—this was, indeed, a choice morsel of which she was fond of tasting, even though it meant nothing beyond the moment.

Finally, though at times she could be very cold, and though she made herself still colder in order that she might play fast and loose with foreign suitors who played fast and loose with her—the King of Spain, the Duc d'Alencon, brother of the French King, with an Austrian archduke, with a magnificent barbarian prince of Muscovy, with Eric of Sweden, or any other Scandinavian suitor—she felt a woman's need for some nearer and more tender association to which she might give freer play and in which she might feel those deeper emotions without the danger that arises when love is mingled with diplomacy.

Let us first consider a picture of the woman as she really

was in order that we may understand her tripple nature—consummate mistress of every art that statesmen know, and using at every moment her person as a lure ; a vain-glorious queen who seemed to be the prey of boundless vanity ; and, lastly, a woman who had all a woman's passion, and who could cast suddenly aside the check and balance which restrained her before the public gaze and could allow herself to give full play to the emotion that she inherited from the king, her father, who was himself a marvel of fire and impetuosity. That the daughter of Henry VIII, and Anne Boleyn should be a gentle, timid maiden would be to make heredity a farce.

Elizabeth was about twenty-five years of age when she ascended the throne of England. It is odd that the date of her birth cannot be given with precision. The intrigues and disturbances of the English court, and the fact that she was a princess, made her birth a matter of less account than if there had been no male heir to the throne. At any rate, when she ascended it, after the death of her brother, King Edward VI, and her sister, Queen Mary, she was a woman well-trained both in intellect and in physical development.

Mr. Martin Hume, who loves to dwell upon the later years of Queen Elizabeth, speaks rather bitterly of her as a "painted old harridan" ; and such she may well have seemed when, at nearly seventy years of age, she leered and grinned a sort of skeleton smile at the handsome young courtiers who pretended to see in her the queen of beauty and to be dying for love of her.

Yet, in her earlier years, when she was young and strong and impetuous, she deserved far different words than these. The portrait of her by Zuccherò, which now hangs in Hampton Court, depicts her when she must have been of more than middle age ; and still the face is one of beauty, though it be a strange and almost artificial beauty—one that draws, attracts, and, perhaps, lures you on against your will.

It is interesting to compare this painting with the frank word-picture of a certain German agent who was sent to England by his emperor, and who seems to have been greatly fascinated by Queen Elizabeth. She was at that time in the prime of her beauty and her power. Her complexion was of that peculiar transparency which is seen only in the face of golden blondes.

Her figure was fine and graceful, and her wit and accomplishment that would have made a woman of any rank or time remarkable. The German envoy says :

“She lives a life of such magnificence and feasting as can hardly be imagined, and occupies a great portion of her time with balls, banquets, hunting, and similar amusements, with the utmost possible display, but nevertheless she insists upon far greater respect being shown her than was exacted by Queen Mary. She summons Parliament, but lets them know that her orders must be obeyed in any case.”

If any one will look at the painting by Zuccherò, he will see how much is made of Elizabeth's hands—a distinctive feature quite as noble with the Tudors as is the “Hapsburg lip” among the descendants of the house of Austria. These were ungloved, and were very long and white, and she looked at them and played with them a great deal ; and, indeed, they justified the admiration with which they were regarded by her flatterers.

Such was the personal appearance of Elizabeth. When a young girl, we have still more favourable opinions of her that were written by those who had occasion to be near her. Not only do they record swift glimpses of her person, but sometimes in a word or two they give an insight into certain traits of mind which came out prominently in her later years.

It may, perhaps, be well to view her as a woman before we regard her more fully as a queen. It has been said that Elizabeth inherited many of the traits of her father—the boldness of spirit, the rapidity of decision, and, at the same time, the fox-like craft which often showed itself when it was least expected.

Henry had also, as is well-known, a love of the other sex, which has made his reign memorable. And yet it must be noted that while he loved much, it was not loose love. Many a king of England, from Henry II to Charles II, has offended far more than Henry VIII. Where Henry loved, he married ; and it was the unfortunate result of these royal marriages that has made him seem unduly fond of women. If, however, we examine each one of the separate espousals, we shall find that he did not enter into it lightly, and that he broke it off unwillingly. His ardent temperament, therefore, was checked by a certain rational or conventional propriety, so that he was by no means a loose lover, as many would make him out to be.

We must remember this when we recall the charges that have been made against Elizabeth, and the strange stories that were told of her tricks—by no means seemly tricks—which she used to play with her guardian, Lord Thomas Seymour. The antics she performed with him in her dressing-room were made the subject of an official inquiry ; yet it came out that while Elizabeth was less than sixteen, and Lord Thomas was very much her senior, his wife was with him on his visits to the chamber of the princess.

Sir Robert Tyrwhitt and his wife were also sent to question her. Tyrwhitt had a keen mind and one well-trained to cope with any other's wit in this sort of cross-examination. Elizabeth was only a girl of fifteen, yet she was a match for the accomplished courtier in diplomacy and quick retort. He was sent down to worm out of her everything that she knew. Threats and flattery and forged letters and false confessions were tried on her ; but they were tried in vain. She would tell nothing of importance. She denied everything. She sulked, she cried, she availed herself of a woman's favourite defence in suddenly attacking those who had attacked her. She brought counter charges against Tyrwhitt, and put her enemies on their own defence. Not a compromising word could they wring out of her.

She bitterly complained of the imprisonment of her governess, Mrs. Ashley, and cried out :

"I have not so behaved that you need put more mistresses upon me !"

Altogether, she was too much for Sir Robert, and he was wise enough to recognize her cleverness.

"She hath a very good wit," said he, shrewdly ; "and nothing is to be gotton of her except by great policy." And he added : "If I had to say my fancy, I think it more meet that she should have two governesses than one."

Mr. Hume notes the fact that after the two servants of the princess had been examined and had told nothing very serious they found that they had been wise in remaining friends of the royal girl. No sooner had Elizabeth become queen than she knighted the man Parry and made him treasurer of the household, while Mrs. Ashley, the governess, was treated with great consideration. Thus, very naturally, Mr. Hume says : "They had probably kept back far more than they told."

Even Tyrwhitt believed that there was a secret compact between them, for he said, quaintly : "They all sing one song, and she hath set the note for them."

Soon after this, her brother Edward's death brought to the throne her elder sister, Mary, who has harshly become known as Bloody Mary. During this time, Elizabeth put aside her boldness, and became apparently a shy and simple-minded virgin. Surrounded on every side by those who sought to trap her, there was nothing in her bearing to make her seem the head of a party or the young chief of a faction. Nothing could exceed her in meekness. She spoke of her sister in the humblest terms. She exhibited no signs of the Tudor animation that was in reality so strong a part of her character.

But, coming to the throne, she threw away her modesty and brawled and rioted with very little self-restraint. The people as a whole found little fault with her. She reminded them of her father, the bluff King Hal ; and even those who criticized her did so only partially. They thought much better of her than they had of her saturnine sister, the first Queen Mary.

The life of Elizabeth has been very oddly misunderstood, not so much for the facts in it as for the manner in which these have been arranged and the relation which they have to one another. We ought to recollect that this woman did not live in a restricted sphere, that her life was not a short one, and that it was crowded with incidents and full of vivid colour. Some think of her as living for a short period of time and speak of the great historical characters who surrounded her as belonging to a single epoch. To them she has one set of suitors all the time—the Duc d'Alencon, the King of Denmark's brother, the Prince of Sweden, the Russian potentate, the archduke sending her sweet messages from Austria, the melancholy King of Spain, together with a number of her own brilliant Englishmen—Sir William Pickering, Sir Robert Dudley, Lord Darnley, the Earl of Essex, Sir Philip Sidney, and Sir Walter Raleigh.

Of course, as a matter of fact, Elizabeth lived for nearly seventy years—almost three-quarters of a century—and in that long time there came and went both men and women, those whom she had used and cast aside, with others whom she had also treated with gratitude, and who had died gladly serving her. But through it all there was a continual change in her

environment, though not in her. The young soldier went to the battle-field and died ; the wise counsellor gave her his advice, and she either took it or cared nothing for it. She herself was a curious blending of forwardness and folly, of wisdom and wantonness, of frivolity and unbridled fancy. But through it all, she loved her people, even though she often cheated them and made them pay her taxes in the harsh old way that prevailed before there was any right save the king's will.

At the same time, this was only by fits and starts, and on the whole she served them well. Therefore, to most of them she was always the good Queen Bess. What mattered it to the ditcher and yeoman, far from the court, that the queen was said to dance in her night-dress and to swear like a trooper ?

It was, indeed, largely from these rustic sources that such stories were scattered throughout England. Peasants thought them picturesque. More to the point with them were peace and prosperity throughout the country, the fact that law was administered with honesty and justice, and that England was safe from her deadly enemies—the swarthy Spaniards and the scheming French.

But, as I said, we must remember always that the Elizabeth of one period was not the Elizabeth of another, and that the England of one period was not the England of another. As one thinks of it, there is something wonderful in the almost star-like way in which this girl flitted unharmed through a thousand perils. Her own countrymen were at first divided against her ; a score of greedy, avaricious suitors sought her destruction, or at least her hand to lead her to destruction ; all the great powers of the Continent were either demanding an alliance with England or threatening to dash England down amid their own dissensions.

What had this girl to play of against such dangers ? Only an undaunted spirit, a scheming mind that knew no scruples, and finally her own person and the fact that she was a woman, and, therefore, might give herself in marriage and become the mother of a race of kings.

It was this last weapon, the weapon of her sex, that proved, perhaps, the most powerful of all. By promising a marriage or by denying it, or by neither promising nor denying but withholding it, she gave forth a thousand wily intimations which

kept those who surrounded her at bay until she had made still another deft and skilful combination, escaping like some startled creature to a new place of safety.

In 1583, when she was fifty years of age, she had reached a point when her courtships and her pretended love-making were no longer necessary. She had played Sweden against Denmark, and France against Spain, and the Austrian archduke against the others, and many suitors in her own land against the different factions which they headed. She might have sat herself down to rest ; for she could feel that her wisdom had led her up into a high place, whence she might look down in peace and with assurance of the tranquillity that she had won. Not yet had the great Armada rolled and thundered toward the English shores. But she was certain that her land was secure, compact, and safe.

It remains to see what were those amatory relations which she may be said to have sincerely held. She had played at love-making with foreign princes, because it was wise and, for the moment, best. She had played with Englishmen of rank who aspired to her hand, because in that way she might conciliate, at one time her Catholic and at another her Protestant subjects. But what of the real and inward feeling of her heart when she was not thinking of political problems or the necessities of State ?

This is an interesting question. One may, at least, seek the answer, hoping thereby to solve one of the most interesting phases of this perplexing and most remarkable woman.

It must be remembered that it was not a question of whether Elizabeth desired marriage. She may have done so as involving a brilliant stroke of policy. In this sense she may have wished to marry one of the two French princes who were among her suitors. But even here she hesitated, and her Parliament disapproved ; for by this time England had become largely Protestant. Again, had she married a French prince and had children, England might have become an appanage of France.

There is no particular evidence that she had any feeling at all for her Flemish, Austrian, or Russian suitors, while the Swede's pretensions were the laughing-stock of the English court. So we may set aside this question of marriage as having nothing to do with her emotional life. She did desire a son, as

was shown by her passionate outcry when she compared herself with Mary of Scotland.

"The Queen of Scots has a bonny son, while I am but a barren stock !"

She was too wise to wed a subject ; though had she married at all, her choice would doubtless have been an Englishman. In this respect, as in so many others, she was like her father, who chose his numerous wives, with the exception of the first, from among the English ladies of the court ; just as the showy Edward IV was happy in marrying "Dame Elizabeth Woodville." But what a king may do is by no means so easy for a queen ; and a husband is almost certain to assume an authority which makes him unpopular with the subjects of his wife.

Hence, as said above, we must consider not so much whom she would have liked to marry, but rather to whom her love went out spontaneously, and not as a part of that amatory play which amused her from the time when she frisked with Seymour down to the very last days, when she could no longer move about, but when she still dabbled her cheeks with rouge and powder and set her skeleton face amid a forest of ruffs.

There were many whom she cared for after a fashion. She would not let Sir Walter Raleigh visit her American colonies, because she could not bear to have him so long away from her. She had great moments of passion for the Earl of Essex, though in the end, she signed his death-warrant because he was as dominant in spirit as the queen herself.

Readers of Sir Walter Scott's wonderfully picturesque novel, *Kenilworth*, will note how he throws the strongest light upon Elizabeth's affection for Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Scott's historical instinct is united here with a vein of psychology which goes deeper than is usual with him. We see Elizabeth trying hard to share her favour equally between two nobles ; but the Earl of Essex fails to please her because he lacked those exquisite manners which made Leicester so great a favourite with the fastidious queen.

Then, too, the story of Leicester's marriage with Amy Robsart is something more than a myth, based upon an obscure legend and an ancient ballad. The Earl had had such a wife, and there were sinister stories about the manner of her death.

But it is Scott who invents the villainous Varney and the bulldog Anthony Foster ; just as he brought the whole episode into the foreground and made it occur at a period much later than was historically true. Still, Scott felt—and he was imbued with the spirit and knowledge of that time—a strong conviction that Elizabeth loved Leicester as she really loved no one else.

There is one interesting fact which goes far to convince us. Just as her father was, in a way, polygamous, so Elizabeth was even more truly polyandrous. It was inevitable that she should surround herself with attractive men, whose love-locks she would caress and whose flatteries she would greedily accept. To the outward eye, there was very little difference in her treatment of the handsome and daring nobles of her court ; yet a historian of her time makes one very shrewd remark when he says : “To every one she gave some power at times—to all save Leicester.”

Cecil and Walsingham in counsel and Essex and Raleigh in the field might have their own way at times and even share the sovereign’s power, but to Leicester she intrusted no high commands and no important mission. Why so ? Simply because she loved him more than any of the rest ; and, knowing this, she knew that if besides her love, she granted him any measure of control or power, then she would be but half a queen and would be led either to marry him or else to let him sway her as he would.

For the reason given, one may say with confidence that, while Elizabeth’s light loves were fleeting, she gave a deep affection to this handsome, bold, and brilliant Englishman and cherished him in a far different way from any of the others. This was as near as she ever came to marriage, and it was this love, at least, which makes Shakespeare’s famous line as false as it is beautiful, when he describes “the imperial votaress” as passing by “in maiden meditation, fancy free.”

Victor Hugo

VICTOR HUGO, after all criticisms have been made, stands as a literary colossus. He had imaginative power which makes his finest passages fairly crash upon the reader's brain like blasting thunderbolts. His novels, even when translated, are read and re-read by people of every degree of education. There is something vast, something almost Titanic, about the grandeur and gorgeousness of his fancy. His prose resembles the sonorous blare of an immense military band. Readers of English care less for his poetry ; yet in his verse one can find another phase of his intellect. He could write charmingly, in exquisite cadences, poems for lovers and for little children. His gifts were varied, and he knew thoroughly the life and thought of his own countrymen ; and, therefore, in his later days he was almost deified by them.

At the same time, there were defects in his intellect and character which are perceptible in what he wrote, as well as in what he did. He had the Gallic wit in great measure, but he was absolutely devoid of any sense of humour. This is why, in both his prose and his poetry, his most tremendous pages often come perilously near to bombast ; and this is why, again, as a man, his vanity was almost as great as his genius. He had good reason to be vain, and yet, if he had possessed a gleam of humour, he would never have allowed his egoism to make him arrogant. As it was, he felt himself exalted above other mortals. Whatever he did or said or wrote was right because he did it or said it or wrote it.

This often showed itself in rather whimsical ways. Thus, after he had published the first edition of his novel, *The Man Who Laughs*, an English gentleman called upon him, and, after some courteous compliments, suggested that in subsequent editions the name of an English peer who figures in the book should be changed from Tom Jim-Jack.

"For," said the Englishman, "Tom Jim-Jack is a name

that could not possibly belong to an English noble, or, indeed, to any Englishman. 'The presence of it in your powerful story makes it seem to English readers a little grotesque.'

Victor Hugo drew himself up with an air of high disdain.

"Who are you?" asked he.

"I am an Englishman," was the answer, "and naturally I know what names are possible in English."

Hugo drew himself up still higher, and on his face there was a smile of utter contempt.

"Yes," said he. "You are an Englishman; but I—I am Victor Hugo."

In another book Hugo had spoken of the Scottish bagpipes as "bugpipes." This gave some offence to his Scottish admirers. A great many persons told him that the word was "bagpipes," and not "bugpipes." But he replied with irritable obstinacy:

"I am Victor Hugo; and if I choose to write it 'bugpipes,' it is 'bugpipes'. It is anything that I prefer to make it. It is so, because I call it so!"

So, Victor Hugo became a violent republican, because he did not wish France to be an empire or a kingdom, in which an emperor or a king would be his superior in rank. He always spoke of Napoleon III as "M. Bonaparte". He refused to call upon the gentle-mannered Emperor of Brazil, because he was an emperor; although Dom Pedro expressed an earnest desire to meet the poet.

When the German army was besieging Paris, Hugo proposed to fight a duel with the King of Prussia, and to have the result of it settle the war; "for," said he, "the king of Prussia is a great king, but I am Victor Hugo, the great poet. We are, therefore, equal."

In spite, however, of his ardent republicanism, he was very fond of speaking of his own noble descent. Again and again he styled himself "a peer of France;" and he and his family made frequent allusions to the knights and bishops and counsellors of State with whom he claimed an ancestral relation. This was more than inconsistent. It was somewhat ludicrous; because Victor Hugo's ancestry was by no means noble. The Hugos of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were not in any way related to the poet's family, which was eminently honest and respectable, but by no means one of distinction. His grandfather was a

carpenter. One of his aunts was the wife of a baker, another of a barber, while the third earned her living as a provincial dressmaker.

If the poet had been less vain and more sincerely democratic, he would have been proud to think that he sprang from good, sound, sturdy stock, and would have laughed at titles. As it was, he jeered at all pretensions of rank in other men, while he claimed for himself distinctions that were not really his. His father was a soldier who rose from the ranks until, under Napoleon, he reached the grade of general. His mother was the daughter of a ship owner in Nantes.

Victor Hugo was born in February, 1802, during the Napoleonic wars, and his early years were spent among the camps and within the sound of the cannon-thunder. It was fitting that he should have been born and reared in an age of upheaval, revolt, and battle. He was essentially the laureate of revolt ; and in some of his novels—as in *Ninety-Three*—the drum and the trumpet roll and ring through every chapter.

The present paper has, of course, nothing to do with Hugo's public life ; yet it is necessary to remember the complicated nature of the man—all his power, all his sweetness of disposition, and likewise all his vanity and his eccentricities. We must remember, also, that he was French, so that his story may be interpreted in the light of the French character.

At the age of fifteen he was domiciled in Paris, and though still a school-boy and destined for the study of law, he dreamed only of poetry and of literature. He received honourable mention from the French Academy in 1817, and in the following year took prizes in a poetical competition. At seventeen, he began the publication of a literary journal, which survived until 1821. His astonishing energy became evident in the many publications which he put forth in these boyish days. He began to become known. Although poetry, then as now, was not very profitable even when it was admired, one of his slender volumes brought him the sum of seven hundred francs, which seemed to him not only a fortune in itself, but the fore-runner of still greater prosperity.

It was at this time, while still only twenty years of age, that he met a young girl of eighteen with whom he fell rather tempestuously in love. Her name was Adele Foucher,

and she was the daughter of a clerk in the War Office. When one is very young and also a poet, it takes very little to feed the flame of passion. Victor Hugo was often a guest at the apartments of M. Foucher, where he was received by that gentleman and his family. French etiquette, of course, forbade any direct communication between the visitor and Adele. She was still a very young girl; and was supposed to take no share in the conversation. Therefore, while the others talked, she sat demurely by the fireside and sewed.

Her dark eyes and abundant hair, her grace of manner, and the picture which she made as the firelight played about her, kindled a flame in the susceptible heart of Victor Hugo. Though he could not speak to her, he at least could look at her; and, before long, his share in the conversation was very slight. This was set down, at first, to his absent-mindedness; but looks can be as eloquent as spoken words. Mme. Foucher, with a woman's keen intelligence, noted the adoring gaze of Victor Hugo as he silently watched her daughter. The young Adele herself was no less intuitive than her mother. It was very well understood, in the course of a few months, that Victor Hugo was in love with Adele Foucher.

Her father and mother took counsel about the matter, and Hugo himself, in a burst of lyrical eloquence, confessed that he adored Adele and wished to marry her. Her parents naturally objected. The girl was but a child. She had no dowry, nor had Victor Hugo any settled income. They were not to think of marriage. But when did a common-sense decision, such as this, ever separate a man and a woman who have felt the thrill of first love? Victor Hugo was insistent. With his supreme self-confidence, he declared that he was bound to be successful, and that in a very short time he would be illustrious. Adele, on her side, created "an atmosphere" at home by weeping frequently, and by going about with hollow eyes and wistful looks.

The Foucher family removed from Paris to a country town. Victor Hugo immediately followed them. Fortunately for him, his poems had attracted the attention of Louis XVIII, who was flattered by some of the verses. He sent Hugo five hundred francs for an ode, and soon afterward settled upon him a pension of a thousand francs. Here, at least, was an income—a very small one, to be sure, but still an income. Perhaps

Adele's father was impressed not so much by the actual money as by the evidence of the royal favour. 'At any rate, he withdrew his opposition, and the two young people were married in October, 1822—both of them being under age, unformed, and immature.

Their story is another warning against too early marriage. It is true that they lived together until Mme. Hugo's death—a married life of forty-six years—yet their story presents phases which would have made this impossible had they not been French.

For a time, Hugo devoted all his energies to work. The record of his steady upward progress is a part of the history of literature, and need not be repeated here. The poet and his wife were soon able to leave the latter's family abode, and to set up their own household god in a home which was their own. Around them there were gathered, in a sort of salon, all the best-known writers of the day—dramatists, critics, poets, and romancers. The Hugos knew everybody.

Unfortunately, one of their visitors cast into their new life a drop of corroding bitterness. This intruder was Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve, a man two years younger than Victor Hugo, and one who blended learning, imagination, and a gift of critical analysis. Sainte-Beuve is to-day best remembered as a critic, and he was perhaps the greatest critic ever known in France. But in 1830 he was a slender, insinuating youth who cultivated a gift for sensuous and somewhat morbid poetry.

He had won Victor Hugo's friendship by writing an enthusiastic notice of Hugo's dramatic works. Hugo, in turn, styled Sainte-Beuve "an eagle," "a blazing star," and paid him other compliments no less gorgeous and Hugoesque. But in truth, if Sainte-Beuve frequented the Hugo salon, it was less because of his admiration for the poet than from his desire to win the love of the poet's wife.

It is quite impossible to say how far he attracted the serious attention of Adele Hugo. Sainte-Beuve represents a curious type, which is far more common in France and Italy than in the countries of the north. Human nature is not very different in cultivated circles anywhere. Man loves, and seeks

to win the object of his love ; or, as the old English proverb has it :

“It’s a man’s part to try,
And a woman’s to deny.”

But only in the Latin countries do men who have tried make their attempts public, and seek to produce an impression that they have been successful, and that the woman has not denied. This sort of man, in English-speaking lands, is set down simply as a cad, and is excluded from people’s houses ; but in some other countries the thing is regarded with a certain amount of toleration. We see it in the two books, written respectively by Alferd de Musset and George Sand. We have seen it still later in our own times, in that strange and half-repulsive story in which the Italian novelist and poet, Gabriele d’Annunzio, under a very thin disguise, revealed his relations with the famous actress, Eleanora Duse. Anglo-Saxons thrust such books aside with a feeling of disgust for the man who could so betray a sacred confidence and perhaps exaggerate a simple indiscretion into actual guilt. But it is not so in France and Italy. And this is precisely what Sainte-Beuve attempted.

Dr. George McLean Harper, in his lately published study of Sainte-Beuve, has summed the matter up admirably, in speaking of *The Book of Love* :

“He had the vein of emotional self-disclosure, the vein of romantic or sentimental confession. This last was not a rich lode, and so he was at pains to charge it secretly with ore which he exhumed gloatingly, but which was really base metal. The impulse that led him along this false route was partly ambition, partly sensuality. Many a worse man would have been restrained by self-respect and good taste. And no man with a sense of honour would have permitted *The Book of Love* to see the light—a small collection of verses recording his passion for Mme. Hugo, and designed to implicate her.

He left two hundred and five printed copies of this book to be distributed after his death. A virulent enemy of Sainte-Beuve was not too expressive when he declared that its purpose was “to leave on the life of this woman the gleaming and slimy trace which the passage of a snail leaves on a rose.” Abominable in either case, whether or not the implication was unfounded, Sainte-Bueve’s numerous innuendoes in regard to

Mme. Hugo are an indelible stain on his memory, and his infamy not only cost him his most precious friendships, but crippled him in every high endeavour."

How monstrous was this violation of both friendship and love may be seen in the following quotation from his writings :

"In that inevitable hour, when the gloomy tempest and the jealous gulf shall roll over our heads a sealed bottle, belched forth from the abyss, will render immortal our two names, their close alliance, and our double memory aspiring after union."

Whether or not Mme. Hugo's relations with Sainte-Beuve justified the latter, even in thinking such thoughts as these one need not inquire too minutely. Evidently, though, Victor Hugo could no longer be the friend of the man who almost openly boasted that he had dishonoured him, there exist some sharp letters which passed between Hugo and Sainte-Beuve. Their intimacy was ended.

But there was something more serious than this. Sainte-Beuve had, in fact, succeeded in leaving a taint upon the name of Victor Hugo's wife. That Hugo did not repudiate her makes it fairly plain that she was innocent ; yet a high-spirited, sensitive soul like Hugo's could never forget that in the world's eye she was compromised. The two still lived together as before ; but now the poet felt himself released from the strict obligations of the marriage-bond.

It may perhaps be doubted whether he would in any case have remained faithful all his life. He was, as Mr. H.W. Wackwell says, "a man of powerful sensations, physically as well as mentally. Hugo pursued every opportunity for new work, new sensations, fresh emotion. He desired to absorb as much on life's eager forward way as his great nature craved. His range in all things—mental, physical, and spiritual—was so far beyond the ordinary that the gage of average cannot be applied to him. The cavil of the moralist did not disturb him."

Hence, it is not improbable that Victor Hugo might have broken through the bonds of marital fidelity, even had Sainte-Beuve never written his abnormal poems ; but certainly these poems hastened a result which may be or may not have been otherwise inevitable. Hugo no longer turned wholly to the dark-haired, dark-eyed Adele as summing up for him the whole of womanhood. A veil was drawn, as it were, from

before his eyes, and he looked on other women and found them beautiful.

It was in 1833, soon after Hugo's play "Lucrece Borgia" had been accepted for production, that a lady called one morning at Hugo's house in the Place Royale. She was then between twenty and thirty years of age, slight of figure, winsome in her bearing, and one who knew the arts which appeal to men. For she was no inexperienced *ingenue*. The name upon her visiting-card was "Mme. Drouet"; and by this name she had been known in Paris as a clever and somewhat gifted actress. Theophile Gautier, whose cult was the worship of physical beauty, wrote in almost lyric prose of her seductive charm.

At nineteen, after she had been cast upon the world, dowered with that terrible combination, poverty and beauty, she had lived openly with a sculptor named Pradier. This has a certain importance in the history of French art. Pradier had received a commission to execute a statue representing Strasburg—the statue which stands to-day in the Place de la Concorde, and which patriotic Frenchmen and Frenchwomen drape in mourning and half bury in immortelles, in memory of that city of Alsace which so long was French, but which to-day is German—one of Germany's great prizes taken in the war of 1870.

Five years before her meeting with Hugo, Pradier had rather brutally severed his connection with her, and she had accepted the protection of a Russian nobleman. At this time she was known by her real name—Julienne Josephine Gauvin; but having gone upon the stage, she assumed the appellation by which she was thereafter known, that of Juliette Drouet.

Her visit to Hugo was for the purpose of asking him to secure for her a part in his forthcoming play. The dramatist was willing, but unfortunately all the major characters had been provided for, and he was able to offer her only the minor one of the *Princesse Negroni*. The charming deference with which she accepted the offered part attracted Hugo's attention. Such amiability is very rare in actresses who have had engagements at the best theatres. He resolved to see her again; and he did so, time after time, until he was thoroughly captivated by her.

She knew her value, and as yet was by no means infatuated with him. At first he was to her simply a means of getting

on in her profession—simply another influential acquaintance. Yet she brought to bear upon him the arts 'at her command, her beauty and her sympathy, and, last of all, her passionate abandonment.

Hugo was overwhelmed by her. He found that she was in debt, and he managed to see that her debts were paid. He secured her other engagements at the theatre, though she was less successful as an actress after she knew him. There came, for a time, a short break in their relations ; for, partly out of need, she returned to her Russian nobleman, or, at least, admitted him to a *menage a trois*. Hugo underwent for a second time a great disillusionment. Nevertheless, he was not too proud to return to her and to beg her not to be unfaithful any more. Touched by his tears, and perhaps foreseeing his future fame, she gave her promise, and she kept it until her death, nearly half a century later.

Perhaps because she had deceived him once, Hugo never completely lost his prudence in his association with her. He was by no means lavish with money, and he installed her in a rather simple apartment only a short distance from his own home. He gave her an allowance that was relatively small, though later he provided for her amply in his will. But it was to her that he brought all his confidences, to her he entrusted all his interests. She became to him, thenceforth, much more than she appeared to the world at large ; for she was his friend, and, as he said, his inspiration.

The fact of their intimate connection became gradually known through Paris. It was known even to Mme. Hugo ; but she, remembering the affairs of Sainte-Beuve, or knowing how difficult it is to check the will of a man like Hugo, made no sign, and even received Juliette Drouet in her own house and visited her in turn. When the poet's sons grew up to manhood, they, too, spent many hours with their father in the little salon of the former actress. It was a strange end, to an Anglo-Saxon mind, an almost impossible position ; yet France forgives much to genius, and in time no one thought of commenting on Hugo's manner of life.

In 1851, when Napoleon III seized upon the government, and when Hugo was in danger of arrest, she assisted him to escape in disguise, and with a forged passport, across the Belgian

frontier. During his long exile in Guernsey she lived in the same close relationship to him and to his family. Mme. Hugo died in 1868, having known for thirty-three years that she was only second in her husband's thoughts. Was she doing penance, or was she merely accepting the inevitable? In any case, her position was most pathetic, though she uttered no complaint.

A very curious and poignant picture of her just before her death has been given by the pen of a visitor in Guernsey. He had met Hugo and his sons; he had seen the great novelist eating enormous slices of roast beef and drinking great goblets of red wine at dinner, and he had also watched him early each morning, divested of all his clothing and splashing about in a bath-tub on the top of his house, in view of all the town. One evening he called and found only Mme. Hugo. She was reclining on a couch, and was evidently suffering great pain. Surprised, he asked where were her husband and her sons.

"Oh," she replied, "they've all gone to Mme. Drouet's to spend the evening and enjoy themselves. Go also; you'll not find it amusing here."

One ponders over this sad scene with conflicting thoughts. Was there really any truth in the story at which Sainte-Beuve more than hinted? If so, Adele Hugo was more than punished. The other woman had sinned far more; and yet she had never been Hugo's wife; and hence perhaps it was right that she should suffer less. Suffer she did; for after her devotion to Hugo had become sincere and deep, he betrayed her confidence by an intrigue with a girl who is spoken of as "Claire". The knowledge of it caused her infinite anguish, but it all came to an end; and she lived past her eightieth year, long after the death of Mme. Hugo. She died only a short time before the poet himself was laid to rest in Paris with magnificent obsequies which an emperor might have envied. In her old age, Juliette Drouet became very white and very wan; yet she never quite lost the charm with which, as a girl, she had won the heart of Hugo.

The story has many aspects. One may see in it a retribution, or one may see in it only the cruelty of life. Perhaps it is best regarded simply as a chapter in the strange life-histories of men of genius.

Mary Queen of Scots

MARY STUART and Cleopatra are the two women who have most attracted the fancy of poets, dramatists, novelists, and painters, from their own time down to the present day.

In some respects there is a certain likeness in their careers. Each was queen of a nation whose affairs were entangled with those of a much greater one. Each sought for her own ideal of love until she found it. Each won that love recklessly, almost madly. Each, in its attainment, fell from power and fortune. Each died before her natural life was ended. One caused the man she loved to cast away the sovereignty of a mighty State. The other lost her own crown in order that she might achieve the whole desire of her heart.

There is still another parallel which may be found. Each of these women was reputed to be exquisitely beautiful ; yet each fell short of beauty's highest standards. They are alike remembered in song and story because of qualities that are far more powerful than any physical charm can be. They impressed the imagination of their own contemporaries just as they had impressed the imagination of all succeeding ages, by reason of a strange and irresistible fascination which no one could explain, but which very few could experience and resist.

Mary Stuart was born six days before her father's death, and when the kingdom which was her heritage seemed to be almost in its death-throes. James V of Scotland, half Stuart and half Tudor, was no ordinary monarch. As a mere boy he had burst the bonds with which a regency had bound him, and he had ruled the wild Scotland of the sixteenth century. He was brave and crafty, keen in statesmanship, and dissolute in pleasure.

His first wife had given him no heirs ; so at her death he sought out a princess whom he pursued all the more ardently because she was also courted by the burly Henry VIII of England. This girl was Marie of Lorraine, daughter of the Duc de Guise. She was fit to be the mother of a lion's brood, for

she was above six feet in height and of proportions so ample as to excite the admiration of the royal voluptuary who sat upon the throne of England.

"I am big," said he, "and I want a wife who is as big as I am."

But James of Scotland wooed in person, and not by embassies, and he triumphantly carried off his strapping princess. Henry of England gnawed his beard in vain ; and, though in time he found consolation in another woman's arms, he viewed James not only as a public but as a private enemy.

There was war between the two countries. First, the Scots repelled an English army ; but soon they were themselves disgracefully defeated at Solway Moss by a force much their inferior in numbers. The shame of it broke King James's heart. As he was galloping from the battle-field the news was brought him that his wife had given birth to a daughter. He took little notice of the message ; and in a few days he had died, moaning with his last breath the mysterious words :

"It came with a lass—with a lass it will go !"

The child who was born at this ill omened crisis was Mary Stuart, who within a week became, in her own right, Queen of Scotland. Her mother acted as regent of the kingdom. Henry of England demanded that the infant girl should be betrothed to his young son, Prince Edward, who afterward reigned as Edward VI, though he died while still a boy. The proposal was rejected, and the war between England and Scotland went on its bloody course ; but meanwhile the little queen was sent to France, her mother's home, so that she might be trained in accomplishments which were rare in Scotland.

In France she grew up at the court of Catherine de'Medici, that imperious intriguer whose splendid surroundings were tainted with the corruption which she had brought from her native Italy. It was, indeed, a singular training-school for a girl of Mary Stuart's character. She saw about her a superficial chivalry and a most profound depravity. Poets like Ronsard graced the life of the court with exquisite verse. Troubadours and minstrels sang sweet music there. There were fetes and tournaments and gallantry of bearing ; yet, on the other hand, there was every possible refinement and variety of vice. Men were slain before the eyes of the queen herself. The talk of the

court was of intrigue and lust and evil things which often verged on crime. Catherine de'Medici herself kept her nominal husband at arm's-length ; and in order to maintain her grasp on France she connived at the corruption of her own children, three of whom were destined in their turn to sit upon the throne.

Mary Stuart grew up in these surroundings until she was sixteen, eating the fruit which gave a knowledge of both good and evil. Her intelligence was very great. She quickly learned Italian, French, and Latin. She was a daring horsewoman. She was a poet and an artist even in her teens. She was also a keen judge of human motives, for those early years of hers had forced her into a womanhood that was premature but wonderful. It had been proposed that she should marry the eldest son of Catherine, so that in time the kingdom of Scotland and that of France might be united, while if Elizabeth of England were to die unmarried her realm also would fall to this pair of children.

And so Mary, at sixteen, wedded the Dauphin Francis, who was a year her junior. The prince was a wretched, whimpering little creature, with a cankered body and a blighted soul. Marriage with such a husband seemed absurd. It never was a marriage in reality. The sickly child would cry all night, for he suffered from abscesses in his ears, and his manhood had been prematurely taken from him. Nevertheless, within a twelve-month, the French king died and Mary Stuart was Queen of France as well as of Scotland, hampered only by her nominal obedience to the sick boy whom she openly despised. At seventeen she showed herself a master spirit. She held her own against the ambitious Catherine de'Medici, whom she contemptuously nicknamed "the apothecary's daughter." For the brief period of a year she was actually the ruler of France ; but then her husband died and she was left a widow, restless, ambitious, and yet no longer having any of the power she loved.

Mary Stuart, at this time, had become a woman whose fascination was exerted over all who knew her. She was very tall and very slim, with chestnut hair, "like a flower of the heat, both lax and delicate." Her skin was fair and pale, so clear and so transparent as to make the story plausible that when she drank from a flask of wine, the red liquid could be seen passing down her slender throat.

Yet with all this she was not fine in texture, but hardy as

a man. She could endure immense fatigue without yielding to it. Her supple form had the strength of steel. There was a gleam in her hazel eyes that showed her to be brimful of an almost fierce vitality. Young as she was, she was the mistress of a thousand arts, and she exhaled a sort of atmosphere that turned the heads of men. The Stuart blood made her impatient of control, careless of State, and easy-mannered. The French and the Tudor strain gave her vivacity. She could be submissive in appearance while still persisting in her aims. She could be languorous and seductive while cold within. Again, she could assume the haughtiness which belonged to one who was twice a queen.

Two motives swayed her, and they fought together for supremacy. One was the love of power, and the other was the love of love. The first was natural to a girl who was a sovereign in her own right. The second was inherited, and was then forced into a rank luxuriance by the sort of life that she had seen about her. At eighteen she was a strangely amorous creature, given to fondling and kissing everyone about her, with slight discrimination. From her sense of touch she received emotions that were almost necessary to her existence. With her slender, graceful hands she was always stroking the face of some favourite—it might be only the face of a child, or it might be the face of some courtier or poet, or one of the four Marys whose names are linked with hers—Mary Livingstone, Mary Fleming, Mary Beaton, and Mary Seton, the last of whom remained with her royal mistress until her death.

But one must not be too censorious in thinking of Mary Stuart. She was surrounded everywhere by enemies. During her stay in France she was hated by the faction of Catherine de'Medici. When she returned to Scotland she was hated because of her religion by the Protestant lords. Her every action was set forth in the worst possible light. The most sinister meaning was given to everything she said or did. In truth, we must reject almost all the stories which accuse her of anything more than a certain levity of conduct.

She was not a woman to yield herself in love's last surrender unless her intellect and heart alike had been made captive. She would listen to the passionate outpourings of poets and courtiers, and she would plunge her eyes into theirs, and let her

hair just touch their faces, and give them her white hands to kiss—but that was all. Even in this, she was only following the fashion of the court where she was bred, and she was not unlike her royal relative, Elizabeth of England, who had the same external amorousness coupled with the same internal self-control.

Mary Stuart's love-life make a piteous story, for it is the life of one who was ever seeking—seeking for the man to whom she could look up, who could be strong and brave and ardent like herself, and at the same time, be more powerful and more steadfast even than she herself in mind and thought. Whatever may be said of her, and howsoever the facts may be coloured by partisans, this royal girl, stung though she was by passion and goaded by desire, cared nothing for any man who could not match her in body and mind and spirit all at once.

It was in her early widowhood that she first met the man, and when their union came, it brought ruin on them both. In France there came to her one day one of her own subjects, the Earl of Bothwell. He was but a few years older than she, and in his presence for the first time she felt, in her own despite, that profoundly moving, indescribable, and never-to-be-forgotten thrill which shakes a woman to the very centre of her being, since it is the recognition of a complete affinity.

Lord Bothwell, like Queen Mary, has been terribly maligned. Unlike her, he has found only a few defenders. Maurice Hewlett has drawn a picture of him more favourable than many, and yet it is a picture that repels. Bothwell, says he, was of a type esteemed by those who pronounce vice to be their virtue. He was "a galliard, flushed with rich blood, broad-shouldered, square-jawed, with a laugh so happy and so prompt that the world, rejoicing to hear it, thought all must be well wherever he might be. He wore brave clothes, sat a brave horse, and kept brave company bravely. His high colour, while it betokened high feeding, got him the credit of good health. His little eyes twinkled so merrily that you did not see they were like a pig's, sly and greedy at once, and bloodshot. His tawny beard concealed a jaw underhung, a chin jutting and dangerous. His mouth had a cruel twist; but his laughing hid that too. The bridge of his nose had been broken; few observed it, or guessed at the brawl which must have given it to him. Frankness was his great charm, carelessness ease in high places."

And so, when Mary Stuart first met him in her eighteenth year, Lord Bothwell made her think as she had never thought of any other man, and she was not to think of any other man again. She grew to look eagerly for the frank mockery "in those twinkling eyes, in that quick mouth"; and to wonder whether it was with him always—asleep, at prayers, fighting, furious, or in love.

Something more, however, must be said of Bothwell. He was undoubtedly a roisterer, but he was very much a man. He made easy love to women. His sword leaped quickly from its sheath. He could fight, and he could also think. He was no brawling ruffian, no ordinary rake. Remembering what Scotland was in those days, Bothwell might well seem in reality a princely figure. He knew Italian; he was at home in French; he could write fluent Latin. He was a collector of books and a reader of them also. He was perhaps the only Scottish noble of his time who had a book-plate of his own. Here is something more than a mere reveller. Here is a man of varied accomplishments and of a complex character.

Though he stayed but a short time near the queen in France, he kindled her imagination, so that when she seriously thought of men, she thought of Bothwell. And yet, all the time, she was fondling the young pages in her retinue and kissing her maids of honour with her scarlet lips, and lying on their knees, while poets like Ronsard and Chastelard wrote ardent love sonnets to her and sighed and pined for something more than the privilege of kissing her two dainty hands.

In 1561, less than a year after her widowhood, Mary set sail for Scotland, never to return. The great high-decked ships which escorted her sailed into the harbour of Leith, and she pressed on to Edinburgh. A depressing change indeed from the sunny terraces and fields of France! In her own realm were fog and rain and only a hut to shelter her upon her landing. When she reached her capital, there were few welcoming cheers; but as she rode over the cobblestones to Holyrood, the squalid wynds vomited forth great mobs of hard-featured, grim-visaged men and women who stared with curiosity and a half-contempt at the girl queen and her retinue of foreigners.

The Scots were Protestants of the most dour sort, and they distrusted their new ruler because of her religion and because she loved to surround herself with dainty things and bright colours

and exotic elegance. They feared lest she should try to repeal the law of Scotland's Parliament which 'had made the country Protestant.

The very indifference of her subjects stirred up the nobler part of Mary's nature. For a time she was indeed a queen. She governed wisely. She respected the religious rights of her Protestant subjects. She strove to bring order out of the chaos into which her country had fallen. And she met with some success. The time came when her people cheered her as she rode among them. Her subtle fascination was her greatest source of strength. Even John Knox, that iron-visaged, stentorian preacher, fell for a time under the charm of her presence. She met him frankly and pleaded with him as a woman, instead of commanding him as a queen. The surly ranter became softened for a time, and, though he spoke of her to others as "Honeypot," he ruled his tongue in public. She had offers of marriage from Austrian and Spanish princes. The new King of France, her brother-in-law, would perhaps have wedded her. It mattered little to Mary that Elizabeth of England was hostile. She felt that she was strong enough to hold her own and govern Scotland.

But who could govern a country such as Scotland was? It was a land of broils and feuds, of clan enmities and fierce vendettas. Its nobles were half barbarous, and they fought and slashed at one another with drawn dirks almost in the presence of the queen herself. No matter whom she favoured, there rose up a swarm of enemies. Here was a Corsica of the north, more savage and untamed than even the other Corsica.

In her perplexity Mary felt a woman's need of some man on whom she would have the right to lean, and whom she could make king consort. She thought that she had found him in the person of her cousin, Lord Darnley, a Catholic, and by his upbringing half an Englishman. Darnley came to Scotland, and for the moment Mary fancied that she had forgotten Bothwell. Here again she was in love with love, and she idealized the man who came to give it to her. Darnley seemed, indeed, well worthy to be loved, for he was tall and handsome, appearing well on horseback and having some of the accomplishments which Mary valued.

It was a hasty wooing, and the queen herself was first of

all the wooer. Her quick imagination saw in Darnley, traits and gifts of which he really had no share. Therefore, the marriage was soon concluded, and Scotland had two sovereigns, King Henry and Queen Mary. So sure was Mary of her indifference to Bothwell that she urged the Earl to marry, and he did marry a girl of the great house of Gordon.

Mary's self-suggested love for Darnley was extinguished almost on her wedding-night. The man was a drunkard who came into her presence befuddled and almost bestial. He had no brains. His vanity was enormous. He loved no one but himself, and least of all this queen, whom he regarded as having thrown herself at his empty head.

The first-fruits of the marriage were uprisings among the Protestant lords. Mary then showed herself a heroic queen. At the head of a motley band of soldiery who came at her call—half-clad, uncouth, and savage—she rode into the west, sleeping at night upon the bare ground, sharing the campfood, dressed in plain tartan, but swift and fierce as any eagle. Her spirit ran like fire through the veins of those who followed her. She crushed the insurrection, scattered its leaders, and returned in triumph to her capital.

Now she was really queen, but here came in the other motive which was inter-woven in her character. She had shown herself a man in courage. Should she not have the pleasures of a woman? To her court in Holyrood came Bothwell once again, and this time Mary knew that he was all the world to her. Darnley had shrunk from the hardships of battle. He was steeped in low intrigues. He roused the constant irritation of the queen by his folly and utter lack of sense and decency. Mary felt she owed him nothing, but she forgot that she owed much to herself.

Her old amorous ways came back to her, and she relapsed into the joys of sense. The scandal-mongers of the capital saw a lover in every man with whom she talked. She did, in fact, set convention at defiance. She dressed in men's clothing. She showed what the unemotional Scots thought to be unseemly levity. The French poet, Chastelard, misled by her external signs of favour, believed himself to be her choice. At the end of one mad revel he was found secreted beneath her bed, and was driven out by force. A second time he ventured to secrete

himself within the covers of the bed. Then he was dragged forth, imprisoned, and condemned to death. He met his fate without a murmur, save at the last when he stood upon the scaffold and, gazing toward the palace, cried in French :

“Oh, cruel queen ! I die for you !”

Another favourite, the Italian, David Rizzio, or Riccio, in like manner wrote love verses to the queen, and she replied to them in kind ; but there is no evidence that she valued him save for his ability, which was very great. She made him her foreign secretary, and the man whom he supplanted worked on the jealousy of Darnley ; so that one night, while Mary and Rizzio were at dinner in a small private chamber, Darnley and the others broke in upon her. Darnley held her by the waist while Rizzio was stabbed before her eyes with a cruelty, the greater because the queen was soon to become a mother.

From that moment she hated Darnley as one would hate a snake. She tolerated him only that he might acknowledge her child as his son. This child was the future James VI of Scotland and James I of England. It is recorded of him that never throughout his life could he bear to look upon drawn steel.

After this, Mary summoned Bothwell again and again. It was revealed to her as in a blaze of light that, after all, he was the one and only man who could be everything to her. His frankness, his cynicism, his mockery, his carelessness, his courage, and the power of his mind matched her moods completely. She threw away all semblance of concealment. She ignored the fact that he had married at her wish. She was queen. She desired him. She must have him at any cost.

“Though I lose Scotland and England both,” she cried in a passion of abandonment, “I shall have him for my own !”

Bothwell, in his turn, was nothing loath, and they leaped at each other like two flames.

It was then that Mary wrote those letters which were afterward discovered in a casket and which were used against her when she was on trial for her life. These so-called Casket Letters, though we have not now the originals, are among the most extra-ordinary letters ever written. All shame, all hesitation, all innocence, are flung away in them. The writer is so fired with passion that each sentence is like a cry to a lover in the dark. As De Peyster says : “In them the animal instincts

override and spur and lash the pen." Mary was committing to paper the frenzied madness of a woman consumed to her very marrow by the scorching blaze of unendurable desire.

Events moved quickly. Darnley, convalescent from an attack of smallpox, was mysteriously destroyed by an explosion of gunpowder. Bothwell was divorced from his young wife on curious grounds. A dispensation allowed Mary to wed a Protestant, and she married Bothwell three months after Darnley's death.

Here one sees the consummation of what had begun many years before in France. From the moment that she and Bothwell met, their union was inevitable. Seas could not sunder them. Other loves and other fancies were as nothing to them. Even the bonds of marriage were burst asunder so that these two fiery, panting souls could meet.

It was the irony of fate that when they had so met it was only to be parted. Mary's subjects, outraged by her conduct, rose against her. As she passed through the streets of Edinburgh the women hurled after her indecent names. Great banners were raised with execrable daubs representing the murdered Darnley. The short and dreadful monosyllable which is familiar to us in the pages of the Bible was hurled after her wherever she went.

With Bothwell by her side she led a wild and ragged horde of followers against the rebellious nobles, whose forces met her at Carberry Hill. Her motley followers melted away, and Mary surrendered to the hostile chieftains, who took her to the castle at Lochleven. There she became the mother of twins—a fact that is seldom mentioned by historians. These children were the fruit of her union with Bothwell. From this time forth she cared but little for herself, and she signed, without great reluctance, a document by which she abdicated in favour of her infant son.

Even in this place of imprisonment, however, her fascination had power to charm. Among those who guarded her, two of the Douglas family—George Douglas and William Douglas—for love of her, effected her escape. The first attempt failed. Mary, disguised as a laundress, was betrayed by the delicacy of her hands. But a second attempt was successful. The queen passed through a postern gate and made her way to

the lake, where George Douglas met her with a boat. Crossing the lake, fifty horsemen under Lord Claud Hamilton gave her their escort and bore her away in safety.

But Mary was sick of Scotland, for Bothwell could not be there. She had tasted all the bitterness of life, and for a few months all the sweetness ; but she would have no more of this rough and barbarous country. Of her own free will, she crossed the Solway into England, to find herself at once a prisoner.

Never again did she set eyes on Bothwell. After the battle of Carberry Hill he escaped to the north, gathered some ships together, and preyed upon English merchantmen, very much as a pirate might have done. Ere long, however, when he had learned of Mary's fate, he set sail for Norway. King Fredrick of Denmark made him a prisoner of State. He was not confined within prison walls, however, but was allowed to hunt and ride in the vicinity of Malmo Castle and of Dragsholm. It is probably in Malmo Castle that he died. In 1858, a coffin which was thought to be the coffin of the Earl was opened, and a Danish artist sketched the head—which corresponds quite well with the other portraits of the ill-fated Scottish noble.

It is a sad story. Had Mary been less ambitious when she first met Bothwell, or had he been a little bolder, they might have reigned together and lived out their lives in the plenitude of that great love which held them both in thrall. But a queen is not as other women ; and she found too late that the teaching of her heart was, after all, the truest teaching. She went to her death as Bothwell went to his, alone, in a strange, unfriendly land.

Yet, even this, perhaps, was better so. It has, at least, touched both their lives with pathos and has made the name of Mary Stuart one to be remembered throughout all the ages.

Shelley

A GREAT deal has been said and written in favour of early marriage ; and, in a general way, early marriage may be an admirable thing. Young men and young women who have no special gift of imagination, and who have practically reached their full mental development at twenty-one or twenty-two—or earlier, even in their teens—may marry safely ; because they are already what they will be. They are not going to experience any growth upward and outward. Passing years simply bring them more closely together, until they have settled down into a sort of domestic unity, by which they think alike, act alike, and even gradually come to look alike.

But early wedlock spells tragedy to the man or the woman of genius. In their teens they have only begun to grow. What they will be ten years hence, no one can prophesy. Therefore, to mate so early in life is to insure almost certain storm and stress, and, in the end, domestic wreckage.

As a rule, it is the man, and not the woman, who makes the false step ; because it is the man who elects to marry when he is still very young. If he choose some ill-fitting, commonplace, and unresponsive nature to match his own, it is he who is bound, in the course of time, to learn his great mistake. When the splendid eagle shall have got his growth, and shall begin to soar up into the vault of heaven, the poor little barn-yard fowl that he once believed to be his equal, seems very far away in everything. He discovers that she is quite unable to follow him in his towering flights.

The story of Percy Bysshe Shelley is a singular one. The circumstances of his early marriage were strange. The breaking of his marriage-bond was also strange. Shelley himself was an extra-ordinary creature. He was blamed a great deal in his lifetime for what he did, and since then some have echoed the reproach. Yet it would seem as if, at the very beginning of his life, he was put into a false position against his will. Because of

this he was misunderstood until the end of his brief and brilliant and erratic career.

In 1792, the French Revolution burst into flame, the mob of Paris stormed the Tuileries, the King of France was cast into a dungeon to await his execution, and the wild sons of anarchy flung their gauntlet of defiance into the face of Europe. In this tremendous year was born young Shelley ; and perhaps his nature represented the spirit of the time.

Certainly, neither from his father nor from his mother did he derive that perpetual unrest and that frantic fondness for revolt which blazed out in the poet when he was still a boy. His father, Mr. Timothy Shelley, was a very usual, thick-headed, unromantic English squire. His mother—a woman of much beauty, but of no exceptional traits—was the daughter of another squire, and at the time of her marriage was simply one of ten thousand fresh-faced, pleasant-spoken English country girls. If we look for a strain of the romantic in Shelley's ancestry, we shall have to find it in the person of his grandfather, who was a very remarkable and powerful character.

This person, Bysshe Shelley by name, had in his youth been associated with some mystery. He was not born in England, but in America—and in those days the name "America" meant almost anything indefinite and peculiar. However this might be, Bysshe Shelley, though a scion of a good old English family, had wandered in strange lands, and it was whispered that he had seen strange sights and done strange things. According to one legend, he had been married in America, though no one knew whether his wife was white or black, or how he had got rid of her.

He might have remained in America all his life, had not a small inheritance fallen to his share. This brought him back to England, and he soon found that England was in reality the place to make his fortune. He was a man of magnificent physique. His roving had given him ease and grace, and the power which comes from a wide experience of life. He could be extremely pleasing when he chose ; and he soon won his way into the good graces of a rich heiress, whom he married.

With her wealth, he became an important personage, and consorted with gentlemen and statesmen of influence, attaching himself particularly to the Duke of Northumberland, by whose

influence he was made a baronet. When his rich wife died, Shelley married a still richer bride ; and so this man, who started out as a mere adventurer without a shilling to his name, died in 1813, leaving more than a million dollars in cash, with lands whose rent-roll yielded a hundred thousand dollars every year.

If any touch of the romantic which we find in Shelley is a matter of heredity, we must trace it to this able, daring, restless, and magnificent old grandfather, who was the *beau ideal* of an English squire—the sort of squire who had added foreign graces to native sturdiness. But young Shelley, the future poet, seemed scarcely to be English at all. As a young boy, he cared nothing for athletic sports. He was given to much reading. He thought a good deal about abstractions with which most school-boys never concern themselves at all.

Consequently, both in private schools and afterward at Eton, he became a sort of rebel against authority. He resisted the fagging system. He spoke contemptuously of physical prowess. He disliked anything that he was obliged to do, and he rushed eagerly into whatever was forbidden.

Finally, when he was sent to University College, Oxford, he broke all bounds. At a time when Tory England was aghast over the French Revolution and its results, Shelley talked of liberty and equality on all occasions. He made friends with an uncouth but able fellow student, who bore the remarkable name of Thomas Jefferson Hogg—a name that seems rampant with republicanism—and very soon he got himself expelled from the University for publishing a little tract of an infidel character called “A Defence of Atheism.”

His expulsion for such a cause naturally shocked his father. It probably disturbed Shelley himself ; but, after all, it gave him some satisfaction to be a martyr for the cause of free speech. He went to London with his friend Hogg, and took lodgings there. He read omnivorously—Hogg says as much as sixteen hours a day. He would walk through the most crowded streets poring over a volume, while holding another under one arm.

His mind was full of fancies. He had begun what was afterward called “his passion for reforming everything.” He despised most of the laws of England. He thought its Parliament ridiculous. He hated its religion. He was particularly

opposed to marriage. This last fact gives some point to the circumstances which almost immediately confronted him.

Shelley was now about nineteen years old—an age at which most English boys are emerging from the public schools, and are still in the hobbledehoy stage of their formation. In a way, he was quite far from boyish ; yet in his knowledge of life he was little more than a mere child. He knew nothing thoroughly—much less the ways of men and women. He had no visible means of existence except a small allowance from his father. His four sisters, who were at a boarding-school on Clapham Common, used to save their pin-money and send it to their gifted brother so that he might not actually starve. These sisters he used to call upon from time to time, and through them he made the acquaintance of a sixteen-year-old girl named Harriet Westbrook.

Harriet Westbrook was the daughter of a black-visaged keeper of a coffee-house in Mount Street, called “Jew Westbrook,” partly because of his complexion, and partly because of his ability to retain what he had made. He was, indeed, fairly well off, and had sent his younger daughter, Harriet, to the school where Shelley’s sisters studied.

Harriet Westbrook seems to have been a most precocious person. Any girl of sixteen is, of course, a great deal older and more mature than a youth of nineteen. In the present instance, Harriet might have been Shelley’s senior by five years. There is no doubt that she fell in love with him ; but, having done so, she by no means acted in the shy and timid way that would have been most natural to a very young girl in her first love-affair. Having decided that she wanted him, she made up her mind to get him at any cost, and her audacity was equalled only by his simplicity. She was rather attractive in appearance, with abundant hair, a plump figure, and a pink-and-white complexion. This description makes of her a rather doll-like girl ; but doll-like girls are just the sort to attract an inexperienced young man who has yet to learn that beauty and charm are quite distinct from prettiness, and infinitely superior to it.

In addition to her prettiness, Harriet Westbrook had a vivacious manner and talked quite pleasingly. She was likewise not a bad listener ; and she would listen by the hour to Shelley’s, in his rhapsodies about chemistry, poetry, the failure of

Christianity, the national debt, and human liberty, all of which he jumbled up without much knowledge, but in a lyric strain of impassioned eagerness which would probably have made the multiplication-table thrilling.

For Shelley himself was a creature of extra-ordinary fascination, both then and afterward. There are no likenesses of him that do him justice, because they cannot convey that singular appeal which the man himself made to almost every one who met him.

The eminent painter, Mulready, once said that Shelley was too beautiful for portraiture ; and yet the descriptions of him hardly seem to bear this out. He was quite tall and slender, but he stooped so much as to make him appear undersized. His head was very small—quite disproportionately so ; but this was counteracted to the eye by his long and tumbled hair which, when excited, he would rub and twist in a thousand different directions until it was actually bushy. His eyes and mouth were his best features. The former were of a deep violet blue, and when Shelley felt deeply moved they seemed luminous with a wonderful and almost unearthly light. His mouth was finely chiseled, and might be regarded as representing perfection.

One great defect he had, and this might well have overbalanced his attractive face. The defect in question was his voice. One would have expected to hear from him melodious sounds, and vocal tones both rich and penetrating ; but, as a matter of fact, his voice was shrill at the very best, and became actually discordant and peacock-like in moments of emotion.

Such, then, was Shelley, star-eyed, with the delicate complexion of a girl, wonderfully mobile in his features, yet, speaking a voice high pitched and almost raucous. For the rest, he arrayed himself with care and in expensive clothing, even though he took no thought of neatness, so that his garments were almost always rumpled and wrinkled from his frequent writhings on couches and on the floor. Shelley had a strange and almost primitive habit of rolling on the earth, and another of thrusting his tousled head close up to the hottest fire in the house, or of lying in the glaring sun when out of doors. It is related that he composed one of his finest poems—"The Cenci"—in Italy, while stretched out with face upturned to an almost tropical sun.

But such as he was, and though he was not yet famous,

Harriet Westbrook, the rosy-faced schoolgirl, fell in love with him, and rather plainly let him know that she had done so. There are a thousand ways in which a woman can convey this information without doing anything unmaidenly ; and of all these little arts Miss Westbrook was instinctively a mistress.

She played upon Shelley's feelings by telling him that her father was cruel to her, and that he contemplated actions still more cruel. There is something absurdly comical about the grievance which she brought to Shelley ; but it is much more comical to note that tremendous seriousness with which he took it. He wrote to his friend Hogg :

"Her father has persecuted her in a most horrible way, by endeavouring to compel her to go to school. She asked my advice ; resistance was the answer. At the same time, I essayed to mollify Mr. Westbrook, in vain ! I advised her to resist. She wrote to say that resistance was useless, but that she would fly with me and throw herself on my protection."

Some letters that have recently come to light show that there was a dramatic scene between Harriet Westbrook and Shelley—a scene in the course of which she threw her arms about his neck and wept upon his shoulder. Here was a curious situation. Shelley was not at all in love with her. He had explicitly declared this only a short time before. Yet here was a pretty girl about to suffer the "horrible persecution" of being sent to school, and finding no alternative save to "throw herself on his protection"—in other words, to let him treat her as he would, and to become his mistress.

The absurdity of the situation makes one smile. Common sense should have led some one to box Harriet's ears and send her off to school without a moment's hesitation ; while as for Shelley, he should have been told how ludicrous was the whole affair. But he was only nineteen, and she was only sixteen, and the crisis seemed portentous. Nothing could be more flattering to a young man's vanity than to have this girl cast herself upon him for protection. It did not really matter that he had not loved her hitherto, and that he was already half engaged to another Harriet—his cousin, Miss Grove. He could not stop and reason with himself. He must like a true knight rescue lovely girlhood from the horrors of a school !

It is not unlikely that this whole affair was partly managed

or manipulated by the girl's father. Jew Westbrook knew that Shelley was related to rich and titled people, and that he was certain, if he lived, to become Sir Percy, and to be the heir of his grandfather's estates. Hence it may be that Harriet's queer conduct was not wholly of her own prompting.

In any case, however, it proved to be successful. Shelley's ardent and impulsive nature could not bear to see a girl in tears and appealing for his help. Hence, though in his heart she was very little to him, his romantic nature gave up for her sake the affection that he had felt for his cousin, his own disbelief in marriage, and finally the common sense which ought to have told him not to marry any one on two hundred pounds a year.

So the pair set off for Edinburgh by stage-coach. It was a weary and most uncomfortable journey. When they reached the Scottish capital, they were married by the Scottish Law. Their money was all gone ; but their landlord, with a jovial sympathy for romance, let them have a room and treated them to a rather promiscuous wedding-banquet, in which every one in the house participated.

Such is the story of Shelly's marriage, contracted at nineteen with a girl of sixteen who most certainly lured him on against his own better judgement and in the absence of any actual love.

The girl whom he had taken to himself was a well-meaning little thing. She tried for a time to meet her husband's moods and to be a real companion to him. But what could one expect from such a union ? Shelley's father withdrew the income which he had previously given. Jew Westbrook refused to contribute anything, hoping, probably, that this course would bring the Shelleys to the rescue. But as it was, the young pair drifted about from place to place, getting very precarious supplies, running deeper into debt each day, and finding less and less to admire in each other.

Shelley took to laudanum. Harriet dropped her abstruse studies, which she had taken up to please her husband, but which could only puzzle her small brain. She soon developed some of the unpleasant traits of the class to which she belonged. In this, her sister Eliza—a hard and grasping middle-aged woman—had her share. She set Harriet against her husband, and made life less endurable for both. She was so much older than the pair

that she came in and ruled their household like a typical stepmother.

A child was born, and Shelley very generously went through a second form of marriage, so as to comply with the English law ; but by this time there was little hope of righting things again. Shelley was much offended because Harriet would not nurse the child. He believed her hard because she saw without emotion an operation performed upon the infant.

Finally, when Shelley at last came into a considerable sum of money, Harriet and Eliza made no pretence of caring for anything except the spending of it in "bonnet-shops" and on carriages and display. In time—that is to say, in three years after their marriage—Harriet left her husband and went to London and to Bath, prompted by her elder sister.

This proved to be the end of an unfortunate marriage. Word was brought to Shelley that his wife was no longer faithful to him. He, on his side, had carried on a semi-sentimental platonic correspondence with a school mistress, one Miss Hitchener. But until now his life had been one great mistake—a life of restlessness, of unsatisfied longing, of a desire that had no name. Then came the perhaps inevitable meeting with the one whom he should have met before.

Shelley had taken a great interest in William Godwin, the writer and radical philosopher. Godwin's household was a strange one. There was Fanny Imlay, a child born out of wedlock, the offspring of Gilbert Imlay, an American merchant, and of Mary Wollstonecraft, whom Godwin had subsequently married. There was also a singularly striking girl who then styled herself Mary Jane Clairmont, and who was afterward known as Claire Clairmont, she and her brother being the early children of Godwin's second wife.

One day in 1814, Shelley called on Godwin, and found there a beautiful young girl in her seventeenth year, "with shapely golden head, a face very pale and pure, a great forehead, earnest hazel eyes, and an expression at once of sensibility and firmness about her delicately curved lips." This was Mary Godwin—one who had inherited her mother's power of mind and likewise her grace and sweetness.

From the very moment of their meeting Shelley and this girl were fated to be joined together, and both of them were well

aware of it. Each felt the other's presence exert a magnetic thrill. Each listened eagerly to what the other said. Each thought of nothing, and each cared for nothing, in the other's absence. It was a great compelling elemental force which drove the two together and bound them fast. Beside this marvellous experience, how pale and pitiful and paltry seemed the affectations of Harriet Westbrook !

In little more than a month from the time of their first meeting, Shelley and Mary Godwin and Miss Clairmont left Godwin's house at four o'clock in the morning, and hurried across the Channel to Calais. They wandered almost like vagabonds across France, eating black bread and the coarsest fare, walking on the highways when they could not afford to ride, and putting up with every possible inconvenience. Yet it is worth nothing that neither then nor at any other time did either Shelley or Mary regret what they had done. To the very end of the poet's brief career they were inseparable.

Later he was able to pension Harriet, who, being of a morbid disposition, ended her life by drowning—not, it may be said, because of grief for Shelley. It has been told that Fanny Imlay, Mary's sister, likewise committed suicide because Shelley did not care for her, but this has also been disproved. There was really nothing to mar the inner happiness of the poet and the woman who, at the very end, became his wife. Living, as they did, in Italy and Switzerland, they saw much of their own countrymen, such as Landor and Leigh Hunt and Byron, to whose fascinations poor Miss Clairmont yielded, and became the mother of the little girl Allegra.

But there could have been no truer union than this of Shelley's with the woman whom nature had intended for him. It was in his love-life, far more than in his poetry, that he attained completeness. When he died by drowning, in 1822, and his body was burned in the presence of Lord Byron, he was truly mourned by the one whom he had only lately made his wife. As a poet, he never reached the same perfection ; for his genius was fitful and uncertain, rare in its flights, and mingled always with that which disappoints.

As the lover and husband of Mary Godwin, there was nothing left to wish. In his verse, however, the truest word

concerning him will always be that exquisite sentence of Matthew Arnold :

“A beautiful and ineffectual angel beating his luminous wings against the void in vain.”

Queen Christina

SWEDEN to-day is one of the peaceful kingdoms of the world, whose people are prosperous, well-governed, and somewhat apart from the clash and turmoil of other States and nations. Even the secession of Norway, a few years ago, was accomplished without bloodshed, and now the two kingdoms exist side by side as free from strife as they are with Denmark, which once domineered and tyrannized over both.

It is difficult to believe that long ago, in the Middle Ages, the cities of southern Sweden were among the great commercial centres of the world. Stockholm and Lund ranked with London and Paris. They absorbed the commerce of the northern seas, and were the admiration of thousands of travellers and merchants who passed through them and trafficked with them.

Much nearer to our own time, Sweden was the great military power of northern Europe. The ambassadors of the Swedish kings were received with the utmost deference in every court. Her soldiers won great battles and ended mighty wars. The England of Cromwell and Charles II was unimportant and isolated in comparison with this northern kingdom, which could pour forth armies of gigantic blond warriors, headed by generals astute as well as brave.

It was no small matter, then, in 1626, that the loyal Swedes were hoping that their queen would give birth to a male heir to succeed his splendid father, Gustavus Adolphus, ranked by military historians as one of the six great generals whom the world had so far produced. The queen, a German princess of Brandenburg, had already borne two daughters, who died in infancy. The expectation was wide-spread and intense that she should now become the mother of a son ; and the king himself was no less anxious.

When the event occurred, the child was seen to be completely covered with hair, and for this reason the attendants at first believed that it was the desired boy. When their mistake

was discovered they were afraid to tell the king, who was waiting in his study for the announcement to be made. At last, when no one else would go to him, his sister, the Princess Caroline, volunteered to break the news.

Gustavus was in truth a chivalrous, high-bred monarch. Though he must have been disappointed at the advent of a daughter, he showed no sign of dissatisfaction or even of surprise; but, rising, he embraced his sister, saying :

"Let us thank God. I hope this girl will be as good as a boy to me. May God preserve her now that he has sent her !"

It is customary at almost all courts to pay less attention to the birth of a princess than to that of a prince ; but Gustavus displayed his chivalry toward this little daughter, whom he named Christina. He ordered that the full royal salute should be fired in every fortress of his kingdom and that displays of fireworks, balls of honour, and court functions should take place; "for," as he said, "this is the heir to my throne." And so from the first he took his child under his own keeping and treated her as if she were a much-loved son as well as a successor.

He joked about her looks when she was born, when she was mistaken for a boy.

"She will be clever," he said, "for she has taken us all in".

The Swedish people were as delighted with their little princess as were the people of Holland when the present Queen Wilhelmina was born, to carry on the succession of the House of Orange. On one occasion, the king and the small Christina, who were inseparable companions, happened to approach a fortress where they expected to spend the night. The commander of the castle was bound to fire a royal salute of fifty cannon in honour of his sovereign; yet he dreaded the effect upon the princess of such a roaring and bellowing of artillery. He, therefore, sent a swift horseman to meet the royal party at a distance and explain his perplexity. Should he fire these guns or not ? Would the king give an order ?

Gustavus thought for a moment, and then replied :

"My daughter is the daughter of a soldier, and she must learn to lead a soldier's life. Let the guns be fired !"

The procession moved on. Presently fire spurted from the embrasures of the fort, and its batteries thundered in one great roar. The king looked down at Christina. Her face was aglow

with pleasure and excitement; she clapped her hands and laughed, and cried out :

“More bang ! More ! More ! More !”

This is only one of a score of stories that were circulated about the princess, and the Swedes were more and more delighted with the girl who was to be their queen.

Somewhat curiously, Christina's mother, Queen Maria, cared little for the child, and, in fact, came at last to detest her almost as much as the king loved her. It is hard to explain this dislike. Perhaps she had a morbid desire for a son and begrudged the honours given to a daughter. Perhaps she was a little jealous of her own child, who took so much of the king's attention. Afterward, in writing of her mother, Christina excuses her, and says quite frankly :

“She could not bear to see me, because I was a girl, and an ugly girl at that. And she was right enough, for I was as tawny as a little Turk.”

This candid description of herself is hardly just. Christina was never beautiful, and she had a harsh voice. She was apt to be overbearing even as a little girl. Yet she was a most interesting child, with an expressive face, large eyes, an aquiline nose, and the blond hair of her people. There was nothing in this to account for her mother's intense dislike for her.

It was currently reported at the time that attempts were made to maim or seriously injure the little princess. By what was made to seem an accident, she would be dropped upon the floor, and a heavy article of furniture would somehow manage to strike her. More than once a great beam fell mysteriously close to her, either in the palace or while she was passing through the streets. None of these things did her serious harm, however. Most of them she luckily escaped; but when she had grown to be a woman, one of her shoulders was permanently higher than the other.

“I suppose,” said Christina, “that I could be straightened if I would let the surgeons attend to it ; but it isn't worth-while to take the trouble.”

When Christina was four, Sweden became involved in the great war that had been raging for a dozen years between the Protestant and the Catholic States of Germany. Gradually the neighbouring powers had been drawn into the struggle,

either to serve their own ends or to support the faith to which they adhered. Gustavus Adolphus took up the sword with mixed motives, for he was full of enthusiasm for the imperilled cause of the Reformation, and at the same time, he deemed it a favourable opportunity to assert his control over the shores of the Baltic.

The warrior king summoned his army and prepared to invade Germany. Before departing he took his little daughter by the hand and led her among the assembled nobles and councillors of State. To them he entrusted the princess, making them kneel and vow that they would regard her as his heir, and, if aught should happen to him, as his successor. Amid the clashing of swords and the clang of armour this vow was taken, and the king went forth to war.

He met the ablest generals of his enemies, and the fortunes of battle swayed hither and thither ; but the climax came when his soldiers encountered those of Wallenstein—that strange, overbearing, arrogant, mysterious creature whom many regarded with a sort of awe. The clash came at Lutzen, in Saxony. The Swedish king fought long and hard, and so did his mighty opponent ; but at last, in the very midst of a tremendous onset that swept all before him, Gustavus received a mortal wound and died, even while Wallenstein was fleeing from the field of battle.

The battle of Lutzen made Christina Queen of Sweden at the age of six. Of course, she could not yet be crowned, but a council of able ministers continued the policy of the late king and taught the young queen her first lessons in State-craft. Her intellect soon showed itself as more than that of a child. She understood all that was taking place, and all that was planned and arranged. Her tact was unusual. Her discretion was admired by every one ; and after a while she had the advice and training of the great Swedish chancellor, Oxenstierna, whose wisdom she shared to a remarkable degree.

Before she was sixteen she had so approved herself to her counsellors, and especially to the people at large, that there was a wide-spread clamour that she should take the throne and govern in her own person. To this she gave no heed, but said :

“I am not yet ready.”

All this time, she bore herself like a king. There was

nothing distinctly feminine about her. She took but slight interest in her appearance. She wore sword and armour in the presence of her troops, and often she dressed entirely in men's clothes. She would take long, lonely gallops through the forests, brooding over problems of State and feeling no fatigue or fear. And indeed why should she fear, who was beloved by all her subjects ?

When her eighteenth year arrived, the demand for her coronation was impossible to resist. All Sweden wished to see a ruling queen, who might marry and have children to succeed her through the royal line of her great father. Christina consented to be crowned, but she absolutely refused all thought of marriage. She had more suitors from all parts of Europe than even Elizabeth of England ; but, unlike Elizabeth, she did not dally with them, give them false hopes, or use them for the political advantage of her kingdom.

At that time, Sweden was stronger than England, and was so situated as to be independent of alliances. So Christina said, in her harsh, peremptory voice:

"I shall never marry ; and why should you speak of my having children ? I am just as likely to give birth to a Nero as to an Augustus."

Having assumed the throne, she ruled with a strictness of government such as Sweden had not known before. She took the reins of State into her own hands and carried out a foreign policy of her own, over the heads of her ministers, and even against the wishes of her people. The fighting upon the Continent had dragged out to a weary length, but the Swedes, on the whole, had scored a marked advantage. For this reason the war was popular, and everyone wished it to go on ; but Christina, of her own will, decided that it must stop, that mere glory was not to be considered against material advantages. Sweden had had enough of glory ; she must now look to her enrichment and prosperity through the channels of peace.

Therefore, in 1648, against Oxenstierna, against her generals, and against her people, she exercised her royal power and brought the Thirty Years' War to an end by the so-called Peace of Westphalia. At this time, she was twenty-two, and by her personal influence she had ended one of the greatest struggles of history. Nor had she done it to her country's loss. Denmark

yielded up rich provinces, while Germany was compelled to grant Sweden membership in the German diet.

Then came a period of immense prosperity through commerce, through economies in government, through the improvement of agriculture and the opening of mines. This girl queen, without intrigue, without descending from her native nobility to peep and whisper with shady diplomats, showed herself in reality a great monarch, a true Semiramis of the north, more worthy of respect and reverence than Elizabeth of England. She was highly trained in many arts. She was fond of study, spoke Latin fluently, and could argue with Salmasius, Descartes, and other accomplished scholars without showing any inferiority to them.

She gathered at her court distinguished persons from all countries. She repelled those who sought her hand, and she was pure and truthful and worthy of all men's admiration. Had she died at this time, history would rank her with the greatest of women sovereigns. Naude, the librarian of Cardinal Mazarin, wrote of her to the scientist Gassendi in these words :

"To say truth, I am sometimes afraid lest the common saying should be verified in her, that short is the life and rare the old age of those who surpass the common limits. Do not imagine that she is learned only in books, for she is equally so in painting, architecture, sculpture, medals, antiquities, and all curiosities. There is not a cunning workman in these arts but she has him fetched. There are as good workers in wax and in enamel, engravers, singers, players, dancers here as will be found anywhere.

She has a gallery of statues, bronze and marble, medals of gold, silver, and bronze, pieces of ivory, amber, coral, worked crystal, steel mirrors, clocks and tables, bas-reliefs and other things of the kind ; richer I have never seen even in Italy ; finally, a great quantity of pictures. In short, her mind is open to all impressions."

But after she began to make her court a sort of home for art and letters it ceased to be the sort of court that Sweden was prepared for. Christina's subjects were still rude and lacking in accomplishments ; therefore, she had to summon men of genius from other countries, especially from France and Italy. Many of these were illustrious artists or scholars, but among them were also some who used their mental gifts for harm.

Among these latter, was a French physician named Bourdelot—a man of keen intellect, of winning manners, and of a profound cynicism, which was not apparent on the surface, but the effect of which was lasting. To Bourdelot, we must chiefly ascribe the mysterious change which gradually came over Queen Christina. With his associates he taught her a distaste for the simple and healthy life that she had been accustomed to lead. She ceased to think of the welfare of the State and began to look down with scorn upon her unsophisticated Swedes. Foreign luxury displayed itself at Stockholm, and her palaces overflowed with beautiful things.

By subtle means, Bourdelot undermined her principles. Having been a Stoic, she now became an Epicurean. She was by nature devoid of sentiment. She would not spend her time in the niceties of love-making, as did Elizabeth ; but beneath the surface she had a sort of tigerish, passionate nature, which would break forth at intervals, and which demanded satisfaction from a series of favourites. It is probable that Bourdelot was her first lover, but there were many others whose names are recorded in the annals of the time.

When she threw aside her virtue, Christina ceased to care about appearances. She squandered her revenues upon her favourites. What she retained of her former self was a carelessness that braved the opinion of her subjects. She dressed almost without thought, and it is said that she combed her hair not more than twice a month. She caroused with male companions to the scandal of her people, and she swore like a trooper when displeased.

Christina's philosophy of life appears to have been compounded of an almost brutal licentiousness, a strong love of power, and a strange, freakish longing for something new. Her political ambitions were checked by the rising discontent of her people, who began to look down upon her and to feel ashamed of her shame. Knowing herself as she did, she did not care to marry.

Yet Sweden must have an heir. Therefore, she chose out her cousin Charles, declared that he was to be her successor, and finally caused him to be proclaimed as such before the assembled estates of the realm. She even had him crowned ; and finally, in her twenty-eighth year, she abdicated altogether

and prepared to leave Sweden. When asked whither she would go, she replied in a Latin quotation :

“The Fates will show the way.”

In her Act of abdication she reserved to herself the revenues of some of the richest provinces in Sweden and absolute power over such of her subjects as should accompany her. They were to be her subjects until the end.

The Swedes remembered that Christina was the daughter of their greatest king, and that, apart from personal scandals, she had ruled them well ; and so they let her go regretfully and accepted her cousin as their king. Christina, on her side, went joyfully and in the spirit of a grand adventuress. With a numerous suite she entered Germany, and then stayed for a year at Brussels, where she renounced Lutheranism. After this, she travelled slowly into Italy, where she entered Rome on horseback, and was received by the Pope, Alexander VII, who lodged her in a magnificent palace, accepted her conversion, and baptized her, giving her a new name, Alexandra.

In Rome, she was a brilliant but erratic personage, living sumptuously, even though her revenues from Sweden came in slowly, partly because the Swedes disliked her change of religion. She was surrounded by men of letters, with whom she amused herself, and she took to herself a lover, the Marquis Monaldeschi. She thought that at last she had really found her true affinity, while Monaldeschi believed that he could count on the queen's fidelity.

He was in attendance upon her daily, and they were almost inseparable. He swore allegiance to her and thereby made himself one of the subjects over whom she had absolute power. For a time, he was the master of those intense emotions which, in her, alternated with moods of coldness and even cruelty.

Monaldeschi was a handsome Italian, who bore himself with a fine air of breeding. He understood the art of charming, but he did not know that beyond a certain time no one could hold the affections of Christina.

However, after she had quarrelled with various cardinals and decided to leave Rome for a while, Monaldeschi accompanied her to France, where she had an immense vogue at the court of Louis XIV. She attracted wide attention because of her eccentricity and utter lack of manners. It gave her the

greatest delight to criticize the ladies of the French court—their looks, their gowns, and their jewels. They, in return, would speak of Christina's deformed shoulder and skinny frame ; but the king was very gracious to her and invited her to his hunting-palace at Fontainebleau.

While she had been winning triumphs of sarcasm the infatuated Monaldeschi had gradually come to suspect, and then to know, that his royal mistress was no longer true to him. He had been supplanted in her favour by another Italian, one Sentanelli, who was the captain of her guard.

Monaldeschi took a tortuous and roundabout revenge. He did not let the queen know of his discovery ; nor did he, like a man, send a challenge to Sentanelli. Instead he began by betraying her secrets to Oliver Cromwell, with whom she had tried to establish a correspondence. Again, imitating the hand and seal of Sentanelli, he set in circulation a series of the most scandalous and insulting letters about Christina. By this treacherous trick, he hoped to end the relations between his rival and the queen ; but when the letters were carried to Christina she instantly recognized their true source. She saw that she was betrayed by her former favourite and that he had taken a revenge which might seriously compromise her.

This led to a tragedy, of which the facts were long obscure. They were carefully recorded, however, by the queen's household chaplain, Father Le Bel ; and there is also a narrative written by one Marco Antonio Conti, which confirms the story. Both were published privately in 1865, with notes by Louis Lacour.

The narration of the priest is dreadful in its simplicity and minuteness of detail. It may be summed up briefly here, because it is the testimony of an eye-witness who knew Christina.

Christina, with the Marquis and a large retinue, was at Fontainebleau in November, 1657. A little after midnight, when all was still, the priest, Father Le Bel, was aroused and ordered to go at once to the Galerie des Cerfs, or Hall of Stags, in another part of the palace. When he asked why, he was told : "It is by the order of her majesty the Swedish queen."

The priest, wondering, hurried on his garments. On reaching the gloomy hall he saw the Marquis Monaldeschi, evidently in great agitation, and at the end of the corridor the queen in

somber robes. Beside the queen, as if awaiting orders, stood three figures, who could with some difficulty be made out as three soldiers of her guard.

The queen motioned to Father Le Bel and asked him for a packet which she had given him for safe-keeping some little time before. He gave it to her, and she opened it. In it were letters and other documents, which, with a steely glance, she displayed to Monaldeschi. He was confused by the sight of them and by the incisive words in which Christina showed how he had both insulted her and had tried to shift the blame upon Sentanelli.

Monaldeschi broke down completely. He fell at the queen's feet and wept piteously, begging for pardon, only to be met by the cold answer :

"You are my subject and a traitor to me. Marquis, you must prepare to die !"

Then she turned away and left the hall, in spite of the cries of Monaldeschi, to whom she merely added the advice that he should make his peace with God by confessing to Father Le Bel.

After she had gone the marquis fell into a torrent of self-exculpation and cried for mercy. The three armed men drew near and urged him to confess for the good of his soul. They seemed to have no malice against him, but to feel that they must obey the orders given them. At the frantic urging of the marquis, their leader even went to the queen to ask whether she would relent; but he returned shaking his head, and said :

"Marquis, you must die."

Father Le Bel undertook a like mission, but returned with the message that there was no hope. So the marquis made his confession in French and Latin, but even then he hoped; for he did not wait to receive absolution, but begged still further for delay or pardon.

Then the three armed men approached, having drawn their swords. The absolution was pronounced ; and, following it, one of the guards slashed the marquis across the forehead. He stumbled and fell forward, making signs as if to ask that he might have his throat cut. But his throat was partly protected by a coat of mail, so that three or four strokes delivered there had

slight effect. Finally, however, a long, narrow sword was thrust into his side, after which the marquis made no sound.

Father Le Bel at once left the *Galerie des Cerfs* and went into the queen's apartment, with the smell of blood in his nostrils. He found her calm and ready to justify herself. Was she not still queen over all who had voluntarily become members of her suite? This had been agreed to in her Act of abdication. Wherever she set her foot, there, over her own, she was still a monarch, with full power to punish traitors at her will. This power she had exercised, and with justice. What mattered it that she was in France? She was queen as truly as Louis XIV was king.

The story was not long in getting out, but the truth was not wholly known until a much later day. It was said that Sentanelli had slapped the marquis in a fit of jealousy, though some added that it was done with the connivance of the queen. King Louis, the incarnation of absolutism, knew the truth, but he was slow to act. He sympathized with the theory of Christina's sovereignty. It was only after a time that word was sent to Christina that she must leave Fontainebleau. She took no notice of the order until it suited her convenience, and then she went forth with all the honours of a reigning monarch.

This was the most striking episode in all the strange story of her private life. When her cousin Charles, whom she had made king, died without an heir she sought to recover her crown; but the estates of the realm refused her claim, reduced her income, and imposed restraints upon her power. She then sought the vacant throne of Poland; but the Polish nobles, who desired a weak ruler for their own purposes, made another choice. So, at last, she returned to Rome, where the Pope received her with a splendid procession and granted her twelve thousand crowns a year to make up for her lessened Swedish revenue.

From this time, she lived a life which she made interesting by her patronage of learning and exciting by her rather unseemly quarrels with cardinals and even with the Pope. Her armed retinue marched through the streets with drawn swords and gave open protection to criminals who had taken refuge with her. She dared to criticize the pontiff, who merely smiled and said :

“She is a woman !”

On the whole, the end of her life was pleasant. She was much admired for her sagacity in politics. Her words were listened to at every court in Europe. She annotated the classics, she made beautiful collections, and she was regarded as a privileged person whose acts no one took amiss. She died at fifty-three, and was buried in St. Peter's.

She was bred a man, she was almost a son to her great father; and yet, instead of the sonorous epigraph that is inscribed beside her tomb, perhaps a truer one would be the words of the vexed Pope :

"E donna !"

Swift

THE story of Jonathan Swift and of the two women who gave their lives for love of him is familiar to every student of English literature. Swift himself, both in letters and in politics, stands out a conspicuous figure in the reigns of King William III and Queen Anne. By writing *Gulliver's Travels* he made himself immortal. The external facts of his singular relations with two charming women are sufficiently well-known ; but a definite explanation of these facts has never yet been given. Swift held his tongue with a repellent taciturnity. No one ever dared to question him. Whether the true solution belongs to the sphere of psychology or of physiology is a question that remains unanswered.

But, as the case is one of the most puzzling in the annals of love, it may be well to set forth the circumstances very briefly, to weigh the theories that have already been advanced, and to suggest another.

Jonathan Swift was of Yorkshire stock, though he happened to be born in Dublin, and thus is often spoken of as "the great Irish satirist," or "the Irish dean." It was, in truth, his fate to spend much of his life in Ireland, and to die there, near the cathedral where his remains now rest ; but in truth he hated Ireland and everything connected with it, just as he hated Scotland and everything that was Scottish. He was an Englishman to the core.

High-stomached, proud, obstinate, and overmastering, independence was the dream of his life. He would accept no favours, lest he should put himself under obligation ; and although he could give generously, and even lavishly, he lived for the most part a miser's life, hoarding every penny and half-penny that he could. Whatever one may think of him, there is no doubt that he was a very manly man. Too many of his portraits give the impression of a sour, supercilious pedant ; but the finest of them all—that by Jervas—shows him as he must

have been at his very prime, with a face that was almost handsome, and a look of attractive humour which strengthens rather than lessens the power of his brows and of the large, lambent eyes beneath them.

At fifteen, he entered Trinity College, in Dublin, where he read widely but studied little, so that his degree was finally granted him only as a special favour. At twenty-one, he first visited England, and became secretary to Sir William Temple, at Moor Park. Temple, after a distinguished career in diplomacy, had retired to his fine country estate in Surrey. He is remembered now for several things—for having entertained Peter the Great of Russia ; for having, while young, won the affections of Dorothy Osborne, whose letters to him are charming in their grace and archness ; for having been the patron of Jonathan Swift ; and for fathering the young girl named Esther Johnson, a waif, born out of wedlock, to whom Temple gave a place in his household.

When Swift first met her, Esther Johnson was only eight years old ; and part of his duties at Moor Park consisted in giving her what was then an unusual education for a girl. She was, however, still a child, and nothing serious could have passed between the raw youth and this little girl who learned the lessons that he imposed upon her.

Such acquaintance as they had was rudely broken off. Temple, a man of high position, treated Swift with an urbane condescension which drove the young man's independent soul into a frenzy. He returned to Ireland, where he was ordained a clergyman, and received a small parish at Kilroot, near Belfast.

It was here that the love-note was first seriously heard in the discordant music of Swift's career. A college friend of his, named Waring had a sister who was about the age of Swift, and whom he met quite frequently at Kilroot. Not very much is known of this episode, but there is evidence that Swift fell in love with the girl, whom he rather romantically called "Varina".

This cannot be called a serious love-affair. Swift was lonely, and Jane Waring was probably the only girl of refinement who lived near Kilroot. Furthermore, she had inherited a small fortune, while Swift was miserably poor, and had nothing to offer except the shadowy prospect of future advancement in England. He was definitely refused by her ; and it was this,

perhaps, that led him to resolve on going back to England and making his peace with Sir William Temple.

On leaving, Swift wrote a passionate letter to Miss Waring—the only true love-letter that remains to us of their correspondence. He protests that he does not want Varina's fortune and that he will wait until he is in a position to marry her on equal terms. There is a smouldering flame of jealousy running through the letter. Swift charges her with being cold, affected, and willing to flirt with persons who are quite beneath her.

Varina played no important part in Swift's larger life thereafter ; but something must be said of this affair in order to show, first of all, that Swift's love for her was due only to proximity, and that when he ceased to feel it he could be not only hard, but harsh. His fiery spirit must have made a deep impression on Miss Waring ; for though she at the time refused him, she afterward remembered him, and tried to renew their old relations. Indeed, no sooner had Swift been made rector of a larger parish, than Varina let him know that she had changed her mind, and was ready to marry him ; but by this time Swift had lost all interest in her. He wrote an answer which even his truest admirers have called brutal.

"Yes," he said in substance, "I will marry you, though you have treated me vilely, and though you are living in a sort of social sin. I am still poor, though you probably think otherwise. However, I will marry you on certain conditions. First, you must be educated so that you can entertain me. Next, you must put up with all my whims and likes and dislikes. Then you must live wherever I please. On these terms I will take you, without reference to your looks or to your income. As to the first, cleanliness is all that I require ; as to the second, I only ask that it be enough."

Such a letter as this was like a blow from a bludgeon. The insolence, the contempt, and the hardness of it were such as no self-respecting woman could endure. It put an end to their acquaintance, as Swift undoubtedly intended it should do. He would have been less censurable had he struck Varina with his fist or kicked her.

The true reason for Swift's utter change of heart is found, no doubt, in the beginning of what was destined to be his long intimacy with Esther Johnson. When Swift left Sir William

Temple's in a huff, Esther had been a mere school-girl. Now, on his return, she was fifteen years of age, and seemed older. She had blossomed out into a very comely girl, vivacious, clever, and physically well-developed, with dark hair, sparkling eyes, and features that were unusually regular and lovely.

For three years, the two were close friends and intimate associates, though it cannot be said that Swift ever made open love to her. To the outward eye, they were no more than fellow-workers. Yet love does not need the spoken word and the formal declaration to give it life and make it deep and strong. Esther Johnson to whom Swift gave the pet name of "Stella", grew into the existence of this fiery, bold, and independent genius. All that he did she knew. She was his confidante. As to his writings, his hopes, and his enmities, she was the mistress of all his secrets. For her, at last, no other man existed.

On Sir William Temple's death, Esther Johnson came into a small fortune, though she now lost her home at Moor Park. Swift returned to Ireland, and soon afterward he invited Stella to join him there.

Swift was now thirty-four years of age, and Stella a very attractive girl of twenty. One might have expected that the two would marry, and yet they did not do so. Every precaution was taken to avoid anything like scandal. Stella was accompanied by a friend—a widow named Mrs. Dingley—without whose presence, or that of some third person, Swift never saw Esther Johnson. When Swift was absent, however, the two ladies occupied his apartments ; and Stella became more than ever essential to his happiness.

When they were separated for any length of time, Swift wrote to Stella in a sort of baby-talk, which they called "the little language". It was made up of curious abbreviations and childish words, growing more and more complicated as the years went on. It is interesting to think of this stern and often savage genius, who loved to hate, and whose hate was almost less terrible than his love, babbling and prattling in little half caressing sentences, as a mother might babble over her first child. Pedantic writers have professed to find in Swift's use of this "little language" the coming shadow of that insanity which struck him down in his old age.

As it is, these letters are among the curiosities of amatory

correspondence. When Swift writes "oo" for "you," and "deepest" for "dearest," and "vely" for "very," there is no need of an interpreter ; but "rettle" for "letter," "dallars" for "girls," and "givar" for "devil," are at first rather difficult to guess. Then there is a system of abbreviating. "Md" means "my dear," "Ppt" means "puppet," and "Pdfr," with which Swift sometimes signed his epistles, "poor, dear, foolish rogue."

The letters reveal how very closely the two were bound together, yet still there was no talk of marriage. On one occasion, after they had been together for three years in Ireland, Stella might have married another man. This was a friend of Swift's, one Dr. Tisdall, who made energetic love to the sweet-faced English girl. Tisdall accused Swift of poisoning Stella's mind against him. Swift replied that such was not the case. He said that no feelings of his own would ever lead him to influence the girl if she preferred another.

It is quite sure, then, that Stella clung wholly to Swift, and cared nothing for the proffered love of any other man. Thus through the years the relations of the two remained unchanged, until in 1710, Swift left Ireland and appeared as a very brilliant figure in the London drawing-rooms of the great Tory leaders of the day.

He was now a man of mark, because of his ability as a controversialist. He had learned the manners of the world, and he carried himself with an air of power which impressed all those who met him. Among these persons was a Miss Hester—or Esther—Vanhomrigh, the daughter of a rather wealthy widow who was living in London at that time. Miss Vanhomrigh—a name which she and her mother pronounced "Van-mecury"—was then seventeen years of age, or twelve years younger than the patient Stella.

Esther Johnson, through her long acquaintance with Swift, and from his confidence in her had come to treat him almost as an intellectual equal. She knew all his moods, some of which were very difficult, and she bore them all : though when he was most tyrannous she became only passive, waiting, with a woman's wisdom, for the tempest to blow over.

Miss Vanhomrigh, on the other hand, was one of those girls who, though they have high spirit, take an almost voluptuous delight in yielding to a spirit that is stronger still. This

beautiful creature felt a positive fascination in Swift's presence and his imperious manner. When his eyes flashed, and his voice thundered out words of anger, she looked at him with adoration, and bowed in a sort of ecstasy before him. If he chose to accost a great lady with "Well, madam, are you as ill-natured and disagreeable as when I met you last?" Esther Vanhomrigh thrilled at the insolent audacity of the man. Her evident fondness for him exercised a seductive influence over Swift.

As the two were thrown more and more together, the girl lost all her self-control. Swift did not in any sense make love to her, though he gave her the somewhat fanciful name of "Vanessa"; but she, driven on by a highstrung, unbridled temperament, made open love to him. When he was about to return to Ireland, there came one startling moment when Vanessa flung herself into the arms of Swift, and amazed him by pouring out a torrent of passionate endearments.

Swift seems to have been surprised. He did what he could to quiet her. He told her that they were too unequal in years and fortune for anything but friendship, and he offered to give her as much friendship as she desired.

Doubtless he thought that, after returning to Ireland, he would not see Vanessa any more. In this, however, he was mistaken. An ardent girl, with a fortune of her own, was not to be kept from the man whom absence only made her love the more. In addition, Swift carried on his correspondence with her, which served to fan the flame and to increase the sway that Swift had already acquired.

Vanessa wrote, and with every letter she burned and pined. Swift replied, and each reply enhanced her yearning for him. Ere long, Vanessa's mother died, and Vanessa herself hastened to Ireland and took up her residence near Dublin. There, for years, was enacted this tragic comedy—Esther Johnson was near Swift, and had all his confidence; Esther Vanhomrigh was kept apart from him, while still receiving missives from him, and, later, even visits.

It was at this time, after he had become dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Dublin, that Swift was married to Esther Johnson—for it seems probable that the ceremony took place, though it was nothing more than a form. They still saw each other only in the presence of a third person. Nevertheless, some

knowledge of their close relationship leaked out. Stella had been jealous of her rival during the years that Swift spent in London. Vanessa was now told that Swift was married to the other woman, or that she was his mistress. Writhing with jealousy, she wrote directly to Stella, and asked whether she was Dean Swift's wife. In answer, Stella replied that she was, and then she sent Vanessa's letter to Swift himself.

All the fury of his nature was roused in him ; and he was a man who could be very terrible when angry. He might have remembered the intense love which Vanessa bore for him, the humility with which she had accepted his conditions, and, finally, the loneliness of this girl.

But Swift was utterly uninspiring. No gleam of pity entered his heart as he leaped upon a horse and galloped out to Marley Abbey, where she was living—"his prominent eyes arched by jet-black brows and glaring with the green fury of a cat's." Reaching the house, he dashed into it, with something awful in his looks, made his way to Vanessa, threw her letter down upon the table and, after giving her one frightful glare, turned on his heel, and in a moment more was galloping back to Dublin.

The girl fell to the floor in an agony of terror and remorse. She was taken to her room, and only three weeks afterward was carried forth, having died literally of a broken heart.

Five years later, Stella also died, withering away a sacrifice to what the world has called Swift's cruel heartlessness and egotism. His greatest public triumphs came to him in his final years of melancholy isolation ; but in spite of the applause that greeted *The Drapier Letters* and *Gulliver's Travels*, he brooded morbidly over his past life. At last his powerful mind gave way, so that he died a victim to senile dementia. By his directions, his body was interred in the same coffin with Stella's, in the cathedral of which he had been Dean.

Such is the story of Dean Swift, and it has always suggested several curious questions. Why, if he loved Stella, did he not marry her long before ? Why, when he married her, did he treat her still as if she were not his wife ? Why did he allow Vanessa's love to run like a scarlet thread across the fabric of the other affection, which must have been so strong ?

Many answers have been given to these questions. That

which was formulated by Sir Walter Scott is a simple one, and has been generally accepted. Scott believed that Swift was physically incapacitated for marriage, and that he needed feminine sympathy, which he took where he could get it, without feeling bound to give anything in return.

If Scott's explanation be the true one, it still leaves Swift exposed to ignominy as a monster of ingratitude. Therefore, many of his biographers have sought other explanations. No one can palliate his conduct toward Vanessa; but Sir Leslie Stephen makes a plea for him with reference to Stella. Sir Leslie points out that until Swift became dean of St. Patrick's his income was far too small to marry on, and that after his brilliant but disappointing three years in London, when his prospects of advancements were ruined, he felt himself a broken man.

Furthermore, his health was always precarious, since he suffered from a distressing illness which attacked him at intervals, rendering him both deaf and giddy. The disease is now known as Meniere's disease, from its classification by the French physician, Meniere, in 1861. Swift felt that he lived in constant danger of some sudden stroke that would deprive him either of life or reason; and his ultimate insanity makes it appear that his forebodings were not wholly futile. Therefore, though he married Stella, he kept the marriage secret, thus leaving her free, in case of his demise, to marry as a maiden, and not to be regarded as a widow.

Sir Leslie offers the further plea that, after all, Stella's life was what she chose to make it. She enjoyed Swift's friendship, which she preferred to the love of any other man.

Another view is that of Dr. Richard Garnett, who has discussed the question with some subtlety. "Swift," says Dr. Garnett, "was by nature devoid of passion. He was fully capable of friendship, but not of love. The spiritual realm, whether of divine or earthly things, was a region closed to him, where he never set foot." On the side of friendship, he must greatly have preferred Stella to Vanessa, and yet the latter assailed him on his weakest side—on the side of his love of imperious domination.

"Vanessa hugged the fetters to which Stella merely submitted. Flattered to excess by her surrender, yet conscious of his obligations and his real preference, he could neither discard the one beauty nor desert the other."

Therefore, he temporized with both of them, and when the choice was forced upon him he madly struck down the woman for whom he cared the less.

One may accept Dr. Garnett's theory with a somewhat altered conclusion. It is not true, as a matter of recorded fact, that Swift was incapable of passion, for when a boy at college he was sought out by various young women, and he sought them out in turn. His fiery letter to Miss Waring points to the same conclusion. When Esther Johnson began to love him he was heart-free, yet unable, because of his straitened means, to marry. But Esther Johnson always appealed more to his reason, his friendship, and his comfort, than to his love, using the word in its material, physical sense. This love was stirred in him by Vanessa. Yet when he met Vanessa he had already gone too far with Esther Johnson to break the bond which had so long united them, nor could he think of a life without her, for she was to him his other self.

At the same time, his more romantic association with Vanessa roused those instincts which he had scarcely known himself to be possessed of. His position was, therefore, most embarrassing. He hoped to end it when he left London and returned to Ireland; but fate was unkind to him in this, because Vanessa followed him. He lacked the will to be frank with her, and thus he stood a wretched, halting victim of his own dual nature.

He was a clergyman, and at heart religious. He had also a sense of honour, and both of these traits compelled him to remain true to Esther Johnson. The terrible outbreak which brought about Vanessa's death was probably the wild frenzy of a tortured soul. It recalls the picture of some fierce animal brought at last to bay, and venting its own anguish upon any object that is within reach of its fangs and claws.

No matter how the story may be told, it makes one shiver, for it is a tragedy in which the three participants all meet their doom—one crushed by a lightning-bolt of unreasoning anger, the other wasting away through hope deferred; while the man whom the world will always hold responsible was himself destined to end his years blind and sleepless, bequeathing his fortune to a madhouse, and saying, with his last muttered breath :

"I am a fool !"

Charles Dickens

PERHAPS no public man in the English speaking world, in the last century, was so widely and intimately known as Charles Dickens. From his eighteenth year, when he won his first success in journalism, down through his series of brilliant triumphs in fiction, he was more and more a conspicuous figure, living in the blaze of an intense publicity. He met every one and knew every one, and was the companion of every kind of man and woman. He loved to frequent the "caves of harmony" which Thackeray has immortalized, and he was a member of all the best Bohemian clubs of London. Actors, authors, good fellows generally, were his intimate friends, and his acquaintance extended far beyond into the homes of merchants and lawyers and the mansions of the proudest nobles. Indeed, he seemed to be almost a universal friend.

One remembers, for instance, how he was called in to arbitrate between Thackeray and George Augustus Sala, who had quarrelled. One remembers how Lord Byron's daughter, Lady Lovelace, when upon her sick-bed, used to send for Dickens because there was something in his genial, sympathetic manner that soothed her. Crushing pieces of ice between her teeth in agony, she would speak to him and he would answer her in his rich, manly tones until she was comforted and felt able to endure more hours of pain without complaint.

Dickens was a jovial soul. His books fairly steam with Christmas cheer and hot punch and the savour of plum puddings, very much as do his letters to his intimate friends. Everybody knew Dickens. He could not dine in public without attracting attention. When he left the dining-room, his admirers would descend upon his table and carry off egg-shells, orange-peels, and other things that remained behind, so that they might have memorials of this much-loved writer. Those who knew him only by sight would often stop him in the streets and ask the privilege of shaking hands with him ; so different was he from—let

us say—Tennyson, who was as great an Englishman in his way as Dickens, but who kept himself aloof and saw few strangers.

It is hard to associate anything like mystery with Dickens, though he was fond of mystery as an intellectual diversion, and his last unfinished novel was *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. Moreover, no one admired more than he, those complex plots which Wilkie Collins used to weave under the influence of laud-anum. But as for his own life, it seemed so normal, so free from anything approaching mystery, that we can scarcely believe it to have been tinged with darker colours than those which appeared upon the surface.

A part of this mystery is plain enough. The other part is still obscure—or of such a character that one does not care to bring it wholly to the light. It had to do with his various relations with women.

The world at large thinks that it knows this chapter in the life of Dickens, and that it refers wholly to his unfortunate disagreement with his wife. To be sure, this is a chapter that is writ large in all of his biographies, and yet it is nowhere correctly told. His chosen biographer was John Forster, whose *Life of Charles Dickens*, in three volumes, must remain a standard work; but even Forster—we may assume through tact—has not set down all that he could, although he gives a clue.

As is well known, Dickens married Miss Catherine Hogarth when he was only twenty-four. He had just published his *Sketches by Boz*, the copyright of which he sold for one hundred pounds, and was beginning the *Pickwick Papers*. About this time, his publisher brought N. P. Willis down to Furnival's Inn to see the man whom Willis called "a young paragraphist for the *Morning Chronicle*." Willis thus sketches Dickens and his surroundings :

"In the most crowded part of Holborn, within a door or two of the Bull and Mouth Inn, we pulled up at the entrance of a large building used for lawyer's chambers. I followed by a long flight of stairs to an upper story, and was ushered into an uncarpeted and bleak-looking room, with a deal table, two or three chairs and a few books, a small boy and Mr. Dickens for the contents.

I was only struck at first with one thing—and I made a memorandum of it that evening as the strongest instance I had

seen of English obsequiousness to employers—the degree to which the poor author was overpowered with the honour of his publisher's visit ! I remember saying to myself, as I sat down on a rickety chair :

“My good fellow, if you were in America with that fine face and your ready quill, you would have no need to be condescended to by a publisher.”

Dickens was dressed very much as he has since described Dick Swiveller, minus the swell look. His hair was cropped close to his head, his clothes scant, though jauntily cut, and, after changing a ragged office-coat for a shabby blue, he stood by the door, collarless and buttoned up, the very personification of a close sailor to the wind.”

Before this interview with Willis, which Dickens always repudiated, he had become something of a celebrity among the newspaper men with whom he worked as a stenographer. As every one knows, he had had a hard time in his early years, working in a blacking-shop, and feeling too keenly the ignominious position of which a less sensitive boy would probably have thought nothing. Then he became a shorthand reporter, and was busy at his work, so that he had little time for amusements.

It has been generally supposed that no love-affair entered his life until he met Catherine Hogarth, whom he married soon after making her acquaintance. People who are eager at ferretting out unimportant facts about important men had unanimously come to the conclusion that up to the age of twenty, Dickens was entirely fancy-free. It was left to an American to disclose the fact that this was not the case, but that even in his teens he had been captivated by a girl of about his own age.

In as much as the only reproach that was ever made against Dickens was based upon his love-affairs, let us go back and trace them from this early one to the very last, which must yet for some years, at least, remain a mystery.

Everything that is known about his first affair is contained in a book very beautifully printed, but inaccessible to most readers. Some years ago Mr. William K. Bixby, of St. Louis, found in London a collector of curios. This man had in his stock a number of letters which had passed between a Miss Maria Beadnell and Charles Dickens when the two were about nineteen and a second package of letters representing a later

acquaintance, about 1855, at which time Miss Beadnell had been married for a long time to a Mr. Henry Louis Winter, of 12 Artillery Place, London.

The copyright laws of Great Britain would not allow Mr. Bixby to publish the letters in that country, and he did not care to give them to the public here. Therefore, he presented them to the Bibliophile Society, with the understanding that four hundred and ninety-three copies, with the Bibliophile book-plate, were to be printed and distributed among the members of the society. A few additional copies were struck off, but these did not bear the Bibliophile book-plate. Only two copies are available for other readers, and to peruse these, it is necessary to visit the Congressional Library in Washington, where they were placed on July 24, 1908.

These letters form two series—the first written to Miss Beadnell in or about 1829, and the second written to Mrs. Winter, formerly Miss Beadnell, in 1855.

The book also contains an introduction by Henry H. Harper, who sets forth some theories which the facts, in my opinion, do not support ; and there are a number of interesting portraits, especially one of Miss Beadnell in 1829—a lovely girl with dark curls. Another shows her in 1855, when she writes of herself as “old and fat”—thereby doing herself a great deal of injustice ; for although she had lost her youthful beauty, she was a very presentable woman of middle age, but one who would not be particularly noticed in any company.

Summing up briefly these different letters, it may be said that in the first set, Dickens wrote to the lady ardently, but by no means passionately. From what he says it is plain enough that she did not respond to his feeling, and that presently she left London and went to Paris, for her family was well-to-do, while Dickens was living from hand to mouth.

In the second set of letters, written long afterward, Mrs. Winter seems to have “set her cap” at the now famous author ; but at that time he was courted by every one, and had long ago forgotten the lady who had so easily dismissed him in his younger days. In 1855, Mrs. Winter seems to have reproached him for not having been more constant in the past ; but he replied :

“You answered me coldly and reproachfully, and so I went my way.”

Mr. Harper, in his introduction, tries very hard to prove that in writing *David Copperfield*, Dickens drew the character of Dora from Miss Beadnell. It is a dangerous thing to say from whom any character in a novel is drawn. An author takes whatever suits his purpose in circumstance and fancy, and blends them all into one consistent whole, which is not to be identified with any individual. There is little reason to think that the most intimate friends of Dickens and of his family were mistaken through all the years when they were certain that the boy husband and the girl wife of *David Copperfield* were suggested by any one save Dickens himself and Catherine Hogarth.

Why should he have gone back to a mere passing fancy, to a girl who did not care for him, and who had no influence on his life, instead of picturing, as David's first wife, one whom he deeply loved, whom he married, who was the mother of his children, and who made a great part of his career, even that part which was inwardly half tragic and wholly mournful ?

Miss Beadnell may have been the original of Flora in *Little Dorrit*, though even this is doubtful. The character was at the time ascribed to a Miss Anna Maria Leigh, whom Dickens sometimes flirted with and sometimes caricatured.

When Dickens came to know George Hogarth, who was one of his colleagues on the staff of the *Morning Chronicle*, he met Hogarth's daughters—Catherine, Georgina, and Mary—and at once fell ardently in love with Catherine, the eldest and prettiest of the three. He himself was almost girlish, with his fair complexion and light, wavy hair, so that the famous sketch by Maclise has a remarkable charm ; yet nobody could really say with truth that any one of the three girls was beautiful. Georgina Hogarth, however, was sweet-tempered and of a motherly disposition. It may be that in a fashion she loved Dickens all her life, as she remained with him after he parted from her sister, taking the utmost care of his children, and looking out with unselfish fidelity for his many needs.

It was Mary, however, the youngest of the Hogarths, who lived with the Dickenses during the first twelve-month of their married life. To Dickens she was like a favourite sister, and when she died very suddenly, in her eighteenth year, her loss was a great shock to him.

It was believed for a long time—in fact, until their

separation—that Dickens and his wife were extremely happy in their home life. His writings glorified all that was domestic, and paid many tender tributes to the joys of family affection. When the separation came the whole world was shocked. And yet rather early in Dickens's married life there was more or less infelicity. In his *Retrospections of an Active Life*, Mr. John Bigelow writes a few sentences which are interesting for their frankness, and which give us certain hints :

“Mrs. Dickens was not a handsome woman, though stout, hearty, and matronly ; there was something a little doubtful about her eye, and I thought her endowed with a temper that might be very violent when roused, though not easily rousable. Mrs. Caulfield told me that a Miss Teman—I think that is the name—was the source of the difficulty between Mrs. Dickens and her husband. She played in private theatricals with Dickens, and he sent her a portrait in a brooch, which met with an accident requiring it to be sent to the jeweller's to be mended. The jeweller, noticing Mr. Dickens's initials, sent it to his house. Mrs. Dickens's sister, who had always been in love with him and was jealous of Miss Teman, told Mrs. Dickens of the brooch, and she mounted her husband with comb and brush. This, no doubt, was Mrs. Dickens's version, in the main.

A few evenings later, I saw Miss Teman at the Haymarket Theatre, playing with Buckstone and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews. She seemed rather a small cause for such a serious result—passably pretty, and not much of an actress.”

Here in one passage we have an intimation that Mrs. Dickens had a temper that was easily roused, that Dickens himself was interested in an actress, and that Miss Hogarth “had always been in love with him, and was jealous of Miss Teman.”

Some years before this time, however, there had been growing in the mind of Dickens a certain formless discontent—something to which he could not give a name, yet which cast over him the shadow of disappointment. He expressed the same feeling in *David Copperfield*, when he spoke of David's life with Dora. It seemed to come from the fact that he had grown to be a man, while his wife had still remained a child.

A passage or two may be quoted from the novel, so that we may set them beside passages in Dicken's own life, which we

know to have referred to his own wife, and not to any such nebulous person as Mrs. Winter.

"The shadow I have mentioned that was not to be between us any more, but was to rest wholly on my heart—how did that fall? The old unhappy feeling pervaded my life. It was deepened, if it were changed at all; but it was as undefined as ever, and addressed me like a strain of sorrowful music faintly heard in the night. I loved my wife dearly but the happiness I had vaguely anticipated, once, was not the happiness I enjoyed, *and there was always something wanting.*

What I missed, I still regarded as something that had been a dream of my youthful fancy; that was incapable of realization; that I was now discovering to be so, with some natural pain, as all men did. But that it would have been better for me if my wife could have helped me more, and shared the many thoughts in which I had no partner, and that this might have been, I knew.

What I am describing slumbered and half awoke and slept again in the innermost recesses of my mind. There was no evidence of it to me; I knew of no influence it had in anything I said or did. I bore the weight of all our little cares and all my projects.

"There can be no disparity in marriage like unsuitability of mind and purpose." These words I remembered. I had endeavoured to adapt Dora to myself, and found it impracticable. It remained for me to adapt myself to Dora; to share with her what I could, and be happy; to bear on my own shoulders what I must, and be still happy."

Thus wrote Dickens in his fictitious character, and of his fictitious wife. Let us see how he wrote and how he acted in his own person, and of his real wife.

As early as 1856, he showed a curious and restless activity, as of one who was trying to rid himself of unpleasant thoughts. Mr. Forster says that he began to feel a strain upon his invention, a certain disquietude, and a necessity for jotting down memoranda in note-books, so as to assist his memory and his imagination. He began to long for solitude. He would take long, aimless rambles into the country, returning at no particular time or season. He once wrote to Forster:

"I have had dreadful thoughts of getting away somewhere altogether by myself. If I could have managed it, I think I

might have gone to the Pyrenees for six months. I have visions of living for half a year or so in all sorts of inaccessible places, and of opening a new book therein. A floating idea of going up above the snow-line, and living in some astonishing convent, hovers over me."

What do these cryptic utterances mean? At first, both in his novel and in his letters, they are obscure; but before long, in each, they become very definite. In 1856, we find these sentences among his letters:

"The old days—the old days! Shall I ever, I wonder, get the frame of mind back as it used to be then? Something of it, perhaps, but never quite as it used to be.

I find that the skeleton in my domestic closet is becoming a pretty big one."

His next letter draws the veil and shows plainly what he means:

"Poor Catherine and I are not made for each other, and there is no help for it. It is not only that she makes me uneasy and unhappy, but that I make her so, too—and much more so. We are strangely ill-assorted for the bond that exists between us."

Then he goes on to say that she would have been a thousand times happier if she had been married to another man. He speaks of "incompatibility," and a "difference of temperaments." In fact, it is the same old story with which we have become so familiar, and which is both as old as the hills and as new as this morning's newspaper.

Naturally, also, things grow worse, rather than better. Dickens comes to speak half jocularly of "the plunge", and calculates as to what effect it will have on his public readings. He kept back the announcement of "the plunge" until after he had given several readings; then, on April 29, 1858, Mrs. Dickens left his home. His eldest son went to live with the mother, but the rest of the children remained with their father, while his daughter Mary nominally presided over the house. In the background, however, Georgina Hogarth, who seemed all through her life to have cared for Dickens more than for her sister, remained as a sort of guide and guardian for his children.

This arrangement was a private matter, and should not have been brought to public attention; but it was impossible to

suppress all gossip about so prominent a man. Much of the gossip was exaggerated ; and when it came to the notice of Dickens it stung him so severely as to lead him into issuing a public justification of his course. He published a statement in *Household Words*, which led to many other letters in other periodicals, and finally a long one from him, which was printed in the *New York Tribune*, addressed to his friend Mr. Arthur Smith.

Dickens afterward declared that he had written this letter as a strictly personal and private one, in order to correct false rumours and scandals. Mr. Smith naturally thought that the statement was intended for publication, but Dickens always spoke of it as "the violated letter."

By his allusions to a difference of temperament and to incompatibility, Dickens, no doubt, meant that his wife had ceased to be to him the same companion that she had been in days gone by. As in so many cases, she had not changed, while he had. He had grown out of the sphere in which he had been born, "associated with blacking-boys and quilt-printers," and had become one of the great men of his time, whose genius was universally admired.

Mr. Bigelow saw Mrs. Dickens as she really was—a commonplace woman endowed with the temper of a vixen, and disposed to outbursts of actual violence when her jealousy was roused.

It was impossible that the two could have remained together, when in intellect and sympathy they were so far apart. There is nothing strange about their separation, except the exceedingly bad taste with which Dickens made it a public affair. It is safe to assume that he felt the need of a different mate ; and that he found one is evident enough from the hints and bits of innuendo that are found in the writings of his contemporaries.

He became a pleasure-lover ; but more than that, he needed one who could understand his moods and match them, one who could please his tastes, and one who could give him that admiration which he felt to be his due ; for he was always anxious to be praised, and his letters are full of anecdotes relating to his love of praise.

One does not wish to follow out these clues too closely. It is certain that neither Miss Beadnell as a girl nor Mrs. Winter

as a matron made any serious appeal to him. The actresses who have been often mentioned in connection with his name were, for the most part, mere passing favourites. The woman who in life was *Dora*, made him feel the same incompleteness that he has described in his best-known book. The companion to whom he clung in his later years was neither a light-minded creature like *Miss Beadnell*, nor an undeveloped, high-tempered woman like the one he married, nor a mere domestic, friendly creature like *Georgina Hogarth*.

Ought we to venture upon a quest which shall solve this mystery in the life of *Charles Dickens*? In his last will and testament, drawn up and signed by him about a year before his death, the first paragraph reads as follows :

"I, *Charles Dickens*, of *Gadshill Place*, *Higham*, in the county of *Kent*, hereby revoke all my former wills and codicils and declare this to be my last will and testament. I give the sum of one thousand pounds, free of legacy duty, to *Miss Ellen Lawless Ternan*, late of *Houghton Place*, *Amphill Square*, in the county of *Middlesex*."

In connection with this, read *Mr. John Bigelow's* careless jottings made some fifteen years before. Remember the *Miss "Teman"*, about whose name he was not quite certain; the *Hogarth sisters'* dislike of her; and the mysterious figure in the background of the novelist's later life. Then consider the first bequest in his will, which leaves a substantial sum to one who was neither a relative nor a subordinate, but—may we assume—more than an ordinary friend?

Karl Marx

KARL MARX was one of those whose intellectual achievements were so great as to dwarf his individuality and his private life. What he taught with almost terrific vigour made his very presence in the Continental monarchies a source of eminent danger. He was driven from country to country. Kings and emperors were leagued together against him. Soldiers were called forth, and blood was shed because of him. But, little by little, his teaching seems to have leavened the thought of the whole civilized world, so that to-day thousands who barely know his name are deeply affected by his ideas, and believe that the State should control and manage everything for the good of all.

Marx seems to have inherited little from either of his parents. His father, Heinrich Marx, was a provincial Jewish lawyer who had adopted Christianity, probably because it was expedient, and because it enabled him to hold local offices and gain some social consequence. He had changed his name from Mordecai to Marx.

The elder Marx was very shrewd and tactful, and achieved a fair position among the professional men and small officials in the city of Treves. He had seen the horrors of the French Revolution, and was philosopher enough to understand the meaning of that mighty upheaval, and of the Napoleonic era which followed.

Napoleon, indeed, had done much to relieve his race from petty oppression. France made the Jews in every respect the equals of the Gentiles. One of its ablest marshals—Massena—was a Jew, and therefore, when the imperial eagle was at the zenith of its flight, the Jews in every city and town of Europe were enthusiastic admirers of Napoleon, some even calling him the Messiah.

Karl Marx's mother, it is certain, endowed him with none of his gifts. She was a Netherlandish Jewess of the strictly domestic and conservative type, fond of her children and her

home, and detesting any talk that looked to revolutionary ideas or to a change in the social order. She became a Christian with her husband, but the word meant little to her. It was sufficient that she believed in God ; and for this she was teased by some of her skeptical friends. Replying to them, she uttered the only epigram that has ever been ascribed to her.

• “Yes,” she said, “I believe in God, not for God’s sake, but for my own.”

She was so little affected by change of scene that to the day of her death she never mastered German, but spoke almost wholly in her native Dutch. Had we time, we might dwell upon the unhappy paradox of her life. In her son Karl she found an especial joy, as did her husband. Had the father lived beyond Karl’s early youth, he would doubtless have been greatly pained by the radicalism of his gifted son, as well as by his personal privations. But the mother lived until 1863, while Karl was everywhere stirring the fires of revolution, driven from land to land, both feared and persecuted, and often half famished. As Mr. Spargo says :

“It was the irony of life that the son who kindled a mighty hope in the hearts of unnumbered thousands of his fellow human beings, a hope that is to-day inspiring millions of those who speak his name with reverence and love, should be able to do that only by destroying his mother’s hope and happiness in her son, and that every step he took should fill her heart with a great agony.”

When young Marx grew out of boyhood into youth, he was attractive to all those who met him. Tall, lithe, and graceful, he was so extremely dark that his intimates called him “*derneger*”—“the negro.” His loosely tossing hair gave to him a still more exotic appearance ; but his eyes were true and frank, his nose denoted strength and character, and his mouth was full of kindness in its expression. His lineaments were not those of the Jewish type.

Very late in life—he died in 1883—his hair and beard turned white, but to the last his great moustache was drawn like a bar across his face, remaining still as black as ink, and making his appearance very striking. He was full of fun and gaiety. As was only natural, there soon came into his life some one who learned to love him, and to whom, in his turn, he gave a deep and unbroken affection.

There had come to Treves—which passed from France to Prussia with the downfall of Napoleon—a Prussian nobleman, the Baron Ludwig von Westphalen, holding the official title of “national adviser.” The baron was of Scottish extraction on his mother’s side, being connected with the ducal family of Argyll. He was a man of genuine rank, and might have shown all the arrogance and superciliousness of the average Prussian official; but when he became associated with Heinrich Marx he evinced none of that condescending manner. The two men became firm friends, and the baron treated the provincial lawyer as an equal.

The two families were on friendly terms. Von Westphalen’s infant daughter, who had the formidable name of Johanna Bertha Julie Jenny von Westphalen, but who was usually spoken of as Jenny, became, in time, an intimate of Sophie Marx. She was four years older than Karl, but the two grew up together—he a high-spirited, manly boy, and she a lovely and romantic girl.

The baron treated Karl as if the lad were a child of his own. He influenced him to love romantic literature and poetry by interpreting to him the great masterpieces, from Homer and Shakespeare to Goethe and Lessing. He made a special study of Dante, whose mysticism appealed to his somewhat dreamy nature, and to the religious instinct that always lived in him, in spite of his dislike for creeds and churches.

The lore that he imbibed in the early childhood stood Karl in good stead when he began his school life, and his preparation for the university. He had an absolute genius for study and was no less fond of the sports and the games of his companions, so that he seemed to be marked out for success. At sixteen years of age, he showed a precocious ability for planning and carrying out his work with thoroughness. His mind was evidently a creative mind, one that was able to think out difficult problems without fatigue. His taste was shown in his fondness for the classics, in studying which he noted subtle distinctions of meaning that usually escape even the mature scholar. Penetration, thoroughness, creativeness, and a capacity for labour were the boy’s chief characteristics.

With such gifts, and such a nature, he left home for the University of Bonn. Here he disappointed all his friends. His studies were neglected; he was morose, restless, and dissatisfied.

He fell into a number of scrapes, and ran into debt through sundry small extravagances. All the reports that reached his home were most unsatisfactory. What had come over the boy who had worked so hard in the gymnasium at Treves ?

The simple fact was that he had become love-sick. His separation from Jenny von Westphalen had made him conscious of a feeling which he had long entertained without knowing it. They had been close companions. He had looked into her beautiful face and seen the luminous response of her lovely eyes, but its meaning had not flashed upon his mind. He was not old enough to have a great consuming passion, he was merely conscious of her charm. As he could see her every day, he did not realize how much he wanted her, and how much a separation from her would mean.

As "absence makes the heart grow fonder," so it may suddenly draw aside the veil behind which the truth is hidden. At Bonn, young Marx felt as if a blaze of light had flashed before him ; and from that moment his studies, his companions, and the ambitions that he had hitherto cherished, all seemed flat and stale. At night and in the day-time, there was just one thing which filled his mind and heart—the beautiful vision of Jenny von Westphalen.

Meanwhile his family, and especially his father, had become anxious at the reports which reached them. Karl was sent for, and his stay at Bonn was ended.

Now that he was once more in the presence of the girl who charmed him so, he recovered all his old-time spirits. He wooed her ardently, and though she was more coy, now that she saw his passion, she did not discourage him, but merely prolonged the ecstasy of this wonderful love-making. As he pressed her more and more, and no one guessed the story, there came a time when she was urged to let herself become engaged to him.

Here was seen the difference in their ages—a difference that had an effect upon their future. It means much that a girl should be four years older than the man who seeks her hand. She is four years wiser ; and a girl of twenty is, in fact, a match for a youth of twenty-five. Brought up as she had been, in an aristocratic home, with the blood of two noble families in her veins, and being wont to hear the easy and somewhat cynical

talk of worldly people, she knew better than poor Karl the unwisdom of what she was about to do.

She was noble, the daughter of one high official and the sister of another. Those whom she knew were persons of rank and station. On the other hand, young Marx, though he had accepted Christianity, was the son of a provincial Jewish lawyer, with no fortune, and with a bad record at the university. When she thought of all these things, she may well have hesitated ; but the earnest pleading and intense ardour of Karl Marx broke down all barriers between them, and they became engaged, without informing Jenny's father of their compact. Then they parted for a while, and Karl returned, to his home, filled with romantic thoughts.

He was also full of ambition and of desire for achievement. He had won the loveliest girl in Treves, and now he must go forth into the world and conquer it for her sake. He begged his father to send him to Berlin, and showed how much more advantageous was that new and splendid University, where Hegel's fame was still in the ascendent.

In answer to his father's questions, the younger Marx replied :

"I have something to tell you that will explain all ; but first you must give me your word that you will tell no one."

"I trust you wholly," said the father. "I will not reveal what you may say to me."

"Well," returned the son, "I am engaged to marry Jenny von Westphalen. She wishes it kept a secret from her father, but I am at liberty to tell you of it."

The elder Marx was at once shocked and seriously disturbed. Baron von Westphalen was his old and intimate friend. No thought of romance between their children had ever come into his mind. It seemed disloyal to keep the *verlobung* of Karl and Jenny a secret ; for should it be revealed, what would the baron think of Marx ? Their disparity of rank and fortune would make the whole affair stand out as something wrong and underhand.

The father endeavoured to make his son see all this. He begged him to go and tell the baron, but young Marx was not to be persuaded.

"Send me to Berlin," he said, "and we shall again be

separated ; but I shall work and make a name for myself, so that when I return neither Jenny nor her father will have occasion to be disturbed by our engagement."

With these words he half satisfied his father, and before long he was sent to Berlin, where he fell manfully upon his studies. His father had insisted that he should study law ; but his own tastes were for philosophy and history. He attended lectures in jurisprudence "as a necessary evil", but he read omnivorously in subjects that were nearer to his heart. The result was that his official record was not much better than it had been at Bonn.

The same sort of restlessness, too, took possession of him when he found that Jenny would not answer his letters. No matter how eagerly and tenderly he wrote to her, there came no reply. Even the most passionate pleadings left her silent and unresponsive. Karl could not complain, for she had warned him that she would not write to him. She felt that their engagement, being secret, was anomalous, and that until her family knew of it she was not free to act as she might wish.

Here again was seen the wisdom of her maturer years ; but Karl could not be equally reasonable. He showered her with letters, which still she would not answer. He wrote to his father in words of fire. At last, driven to despair, he said that he was going to write to the Baron von Westphalen, reveal the secret, and ask for the baron's fatherly consent.

It seemed a reckless thing to do, and yet it turned out to be the wisest. The baron knew that such an engagement meant a social sacrifice, and that, apart from the matter of rank, young Marx was without any fortune to give the girl the luxuries to which she had been accustomed. Other and more eligible suitors were always within view. But here Jenny herself spoke out more strongly than she had ever done to Karl. She was willing to accept him with what he was able to give her. She cared nothing for any other man, and she begged her father to make both of them completely happy.

Thus it seemed that all was well, yet for some reason or other Jenny would not write to Karl, and once more he was almost driven to distraction. He wrote bitter letters to his father, who tried to comfort him. The baron himself sent messages of friendly advice, but what young man in his teens was ever

reasonable ? So violent was Karl that, at last, his father wrote to him :

“I am disgusted with your letters. Their unreasonable tone is loathsome to me. I should never had expected it of you. Haven’t you been lucky from your cradle up ?”

Finally Karl received one letter from his betrothed—a letter that transfused him with ecstatic joy for about a day, and then sent him back to his old unrest. This, however, may be taken as a part of Marx’s curious nature, which was never satisfied, but was always reaching after something which could not be had.

He fell to writing poetry, of which he sent three volumes to Jenny—which must have been rather trying to her, since the verse was very poor. He studied the higher mathematics, English and Italian, some Latin, and a miscellaneous collection of works on history and literature. But poetry almost turned his mind. In later years he wrote :

“Everything was centred on poetry, as if I were bewitched by some uncanny power.”

Luckily, he was wise enough, after a time, to recognize how halting were his poems when compared with those of the great masters ; and so he resumed his restless, desultory work. He still sent his father letters that were like wild cries. They evoked, in reply, a very natural burst of anger :

“Complete disorder, silly wandering through all branches of science, silly brooding at the burning oil-lamp ! In your wildness you see with your eyes—a horrible set-back and disregard for everything decent. And in the pursuit of this senseless and purposeless learning you think to raise the fruits which are to unite you with your beloved one ! What harvest do you expect to gather from them which will enable you to fulfil your duty toward her ?”

Writing to him again, his father speaks of something that Karl had written as “a mad composition, which denotes clearly how you waste your ability and spend nights in order to create such monstrosities.” The young man was even forbidden to return home for the Easter holidays. This meant giving up the sight of Jenny, whom he had not seen for a whole year. But fortune arranged it otherwise ; for not many weeks later death removed the parent who had loved him and whom he had loved, though neither of them could understand the other. The

father represented the old order of things ; the son was born to discontent and to look forward to a new heaven and a new earth.

Returning to Berlin, Karl resumed his studies ; but as before, they were very desultory in their character, and began to run upon social questions, which were, indeed, setting Germany into ferment. He took his degree, and thought of becoming an instructor at the University of Jena, but his radicalism prevented this, and he became the editor of a liberal newspaper, which soon, however, became so very radical as to lead to his withdrawal.

It now seemed best that Marx should seek other fields of activity. To remain in Germany was dangerous to himself and discreditable to Jenny's relatives, with their status as Prussian officials. In the summer of 1843, he went forth into the world—at last an "international." Jenny, who had grown to believe in him as against her own family, asked for nothing better than to wander with him, if only they might be married. And they were married in this same summer, and spent a short honeymoon at Bingen on the Rhine—made famous by Mrs. Norton's poem. It was the brief glimpse of sunshine that was to precede year after year of anxiety and want.

Leaving Germany, Marx and Jenny went to Paris, where he became known to some of the intellectual lights of the French capital, such as Bakunin, the great Russian anarchist, Proudhon, Cabet, and Saint-Simon. Most important of all was his intimacy with the poet Heine, that marvellous creature whose fascination took on a thousand forms, and whom no one could approach without feeling his strange allurements.

Since Goethe's death, down to the present time, there has been no figure in German literature comparable to Heine. His prose was exquisite. His poetry ran through the whole gamut of humanity and of the sensations that come to us from the outer world. In his poems are sweet melodies and passionate cries of revolt, stirring ballads of the sea and tender love-songs—strange as these last seem when coming from this cynic.

For cynic he was, deep down his heart, though his face, when in repose, was like the conventional pictures of Christ. His fascinations destroyed the peace of many a woman ; and it was only after many years of self-indulgence that he married

the faithful Mathilde Mirat in what he termed a "conscience marriage." Soon after he went to his "mattressgrave," as he called it, a hopeless paralytic.

To Heine came Marx and his beautiful bride. One may speculate as to Jenny's estimate of her husband. Since his boyhood, she had not seen him very much. At that time, he was a merry, light-hearted youth, a jovial comrade, and one of whom any girl would be proud. But since his long stay in Berlin, and his absorption in the theories of men like Engels and Bauer, he had become a very different sort of man, at least to her.

Groping, lost in brown studies, dreamy, at times morose, he was by no means a sympathetic and congenial husband for a high-bred, spirited girl, such as Jenny von Westphalen. His natural drift was toward a beer-garden, a group of frowsy followers, the reek of vile tobacco, and the smell of sour beer. One cannot but think that his beautiful wife must have been repelled by this, though with her constant nature she still loved him.

In Heinrich Heine, she found a spirit that seemed akin to hers. Mr. Spargo says—and in what he says one must read a great deal between the lines :

"The admiration of Jenny Marx for the poet was even more ardent than that of her husband. He fascinated her because, as she said, he was "so modern", while Heine was drawn to her because she was "so sympathetic."

It must be that Heine held the heart of this beautiful woman in his hand. He knew so well the art of fascination ; he knew just how to supply the void which Marx had left. The two were, indeed, affinities in heart and soul ; yet for once the cynical poet stayed his hand, and said no word that would have been disloyal to his friend. Jenny loved him with a love that might have blazed into a lasting flame ; but fortunately there appeared a special providence to save her from herself. The French government, at the request of the King of Prussia, banished Marx from its dominions ; and from that day until he had become an old man he was a wanderer and an exile, with few friends and little money, sustained by nothing but Jenny's fidelity and by his infinite faith in a cause that crushed him to the earth.

There is a curious parallel between the life of Marx and that of Richard Wagner down to the time when the latter discovered a royal patron. Both of them were hounded from country to country ; both of them worked laboriously for so scanty a living as to verge, at times, upon starvation. Both of them were victims to a cause in which they earnestly believed—an economic cause in the one case, an artistic cause in the other. Wagner's triumph came before his death, and the world has accepted his theory of the music-drama. The cause of Marx is far greater and more tremendous, because it strikes at the base of human life and social well-being.

The clash between Wagner and his critics was a matter of poetry and dramatic music. It was not vital to the human race. The cause of Karl Marx is one that is only now being understood and recognized by millions of men and women in all the countries of the earth. In his lifetime, he issued a manifesto that has become a classic among economists. He organized the great International Association of Workmen, which set all Europe in a blaze and extended even to America. His great book, "Capital"—*Das Kapital*—which was not completed until the last years of his life, is read to-day by thousands as an almost sacred work.

Like Wagner and his Minna, the wife of Marx's youth clung to him through his utmost vicissitudes, denying herself the necessities of life so that he might not starve. In London, where he spent his latest days, he was secure from danger, yet still a sort of persecution seemed to follow him. For some time, nothing that he wrote could find a printer. Wherever he went, people looked at him askance. He and his six children lived upon the sum of five dollars a week, which was paid him by the New York *Tribune*, through the influence of the late Charles A. Dana. When his last child was born, and the mother's life was in serious danger, Marx complained that there was no cradle for the baby, and a little later that there was no coffin for its burial.

Marx had ceased to believe in marriage, despised the church, and cared nothing for government. Yet, unlike Wagner, he was true to the woman who had given up so much for him. He never sank to an artistic degeneracy. Though he rejected creeds, he was nevertheless a man of genuine religious feeling. Though he believed all present government to be an evil, he

hoped to make it better, or rather he hoped to substitute for it a system by which all men might get an equal share of what it is right and just for them to have.

Such was Marx, and thus he lived and died. His wife, who had long been cut off from her relatives, died about a year before him. When she was buried, he stumbled and fell into her grave, and from that time until his own death he had no further interest in life.

Balzac

BALZAC was born in 1799, at Tours, with all the traits of the people of his native province—fond of eating and drinking, and with plenty of humour. His father was fairly well off. Of four children, our Balzac was the eldest. The third was his sister Laure, who throughout his life was the most intimate friend he had, and to whom we owe his rescue from much scandalous and untrue gossip. From her we learn that their father was a combination of Montaigne, Rabelais, and “Uncle Toby.”

Young Balzac went to a clerical school at seven, and stayed there for seven years. Then he was brought home, apparently much prostrated, although the good fathers could find nothing physically amiss with him, and nothing in his studies to account for his agitation. No one ever did discover just what was the matter, for he seemed well enough in the next few years, basking on the river-side, watching the activities of his native town, and thoroughly studying the rustic types that he was afterward to make familiar to the world. In fact, in *Louis Lambert* he has set before us a picture of his own boyish life, very much as Dickens did of his, in *David Copperfield*.

For some reason, when these years were over, the boy began to have what is so often known as “a call”—a sort of instinct that he was to attain renown. Unfortunately it happened that about this time (1814) he and his parents removed to Paris, which was his home by choice, until his death in 1850. He studied here under famous teachers, and gave three years to the pursuit of law, of which he was very fond as literary material, though he refused to practise.

This was the more grievous, since a great part of the family property had been lost. The Balzacs were afflicted by actual poverty, and Honore endeavoured, with his pen, to beat the wolf back from the door. He earned a little money with pamphlets and occasional stories, but his thirst for fame was far from satisfied. He was sure that he was called to literature,

and yet he was not sure that he had the power to succeed. In one of his letters to his sister, he wrote :

"I am young and hungry, and there is nothing on my plate. Oh, Laure, Laure, my two boundless desires, my only ones—to be famous, and to be loved—will they ever be satisfied ?"

For the next ten years he was learning his trade, and the artistic use of the fiction-writer's tools. What is more to the point, is the fact that he began to dream of a series of great novels, which should give a true and panoramic picture of the whole of human life. This was the first intimation of his "Human Comedy," which was so daringly undertaken and so nearly completed in his after years. In his early days of obscurity, he said to his readers :

"Note well the characters that I introduce, since you will have to follow their fortunes through thirty novels that are to come."

Here we see how little he had been daunted by ill success, and how his prodigious imagination had not been overcome by sorrow and evil fortune. Meantime, writing almost savagely, and with a feeling combined of ambition and despair, he had begun, very slowly indeed, to create a public. These ten years, however, had loaded him with debts ; and his struggle to keep himself afloat only plunged him deeper in the mire. His thirty unsigned novels began to pay him a few hundred francs, not in cash, but in promissory notes ; so that he had to go still deeper into debt.

In 1827 he was toiling on his first successful novel, and indeed, one of the best historic novels in French literature—*The Chouans*. He speaks of his labour as "done with a tired brain and an anxious mind," and of the eight or ten business letters that he had to write each day before he could begin his literary work.

"Postage and an omnibus are extravagances that I cannot allow myself," he writes. "I stay at home so as not to wear out my clothes. Is that clear to you ?"

At the end of the next year, though he was already popular as a novelist, and much sought out by people of distinction, he was at the very climax of his poverty. He had written thirty-five books, and was in debt to the amount of a hundred and

twenty-four thousand francs. He was saved from bankruptcy only by the aid of Mme. de Berny, a woman of high character, and one whose moral influence was very strong with Balzac until her early death.

The relation between these two has a sweetness and a purity which are seldom found. Mme. de Berny gave Balzac money as she would have given it to a son, and thereby she saved a great soul for literature. But there was no sickly sentiment between them, and Balzac regarded her with a noble love which he has expressed in the character of Mme. Firmiani.

It was immediately after she had lightened his burdens that the real Balzac comes before us in certain stories which have no equal, and which are among the most famous that he ever wrote. What could be more wonderful than his *El Verdugo*, which gives us a brief horror while compelling our admiration? What, outside of Balzac himself, could be more terrible than *Gobseck*, a frightful study of avarice, containing a death-bed scene which surpasses in dreadfulness almost anything in literature? Add to these *A Passion in the Desert*, *The Girl with the Golden Eyes*, *The Droll Stories*, *The Red Inn*, and *The Magic Skin*, and you have a cluster of masterpieces not to be surpassed.

In the year 1829, when he was just beginning to attain a slight success, Balzac received a long letter written in a woman's hand. As he read it, there came to him something very like an inspiration, so full of understanding were the written words, so full of appreciation and of sympathy with the best that he had done. This anonymous note pointed out here and there such defects as are apt to become chronic with a young author. Balzac was greatly stirred by its keen and sympathetic criticism. No one before had read his soul so clearly. No one—not even his devoted sister, Laure de Surville—had judged his work so wisely, had come so closely to his deepest feeling.

He read the letter over and over, and presently another came, full of critical appreciation, and of wholesome, tonic, frank, friendly words of cheer. It was very largely the effect of these letters that roused Balzac's full powers and made him sure of winning the two great objects of his first ambition—love and fame—the ideals of the chivalrous, romantic Frenchman from Cæsar's time down to the present day.

Other letters followed, and after a while their authorship

was made known to Balzac. He learned that they had been written by a young Polish lady, Mme. Evelina Hanska, the wife of a Polish count, whose health was feeble, and who spent much time in Switzerland because the climate there agreed with him.

He met her first at Neuchatel, and found her all that he had imagined. It is said that she had no sooner raised her face, and looked him fully in the eyes, than she fell fainting to the floor, overcome by her emotion. Balzac himself was deeply moved. From that day until their final meeting he wrote to her daily.

The woman who had become his second soul was not beautiful. Nevertheless, her face was intensely spiritual, and there was a mystic quality about it which made a strong appeal to Balzac's innermost nature. Those who saw him in Paris knocking about the streets at night with his boon companions, hobnobbing with the elder Dumas, or rejecting the frank advances of George Sand, would never have dreamed of this mysticism.

Balzac was heavy and broad of figure. His face was suggestive only of what was sensuous and sensual. At the same time, those few who looked into his heart and mind found there many a sign of the fine inner strain which purified the grosser elements of his nature. He who wrote the roaring *Rabelaisian Contes Drolatiques* was likewise the author of *Seraphita*.

This mysticism showed itself in many things that Balzac did. One little incident will perhaps be sufficiently characteristic of many others. He had a belief that names had a sort of esoteric appropriateness. So, in selecting them for his novels, he gathered them with infinite pains from many sources, and then weighed them anxiously in the balance. A writer on the subject of names and their significance has given the following account of this trait :

"The great novelist once spent an entire day tramping about in the remotest quarters of Paris in search of a fitting name for a character just conceived by him. Every sign-board, every door-plate, every *affiche* upon the walls, was scrutinized. Thousands of names were considered and rejected, and it was only after his companion, utterly worn out by fatigue, had flatly refused to drag his weary limbs through more than one additional street, that Balzac suddenly saw upon a sign the name "Marcas,"

and gave a shout of joy at having finally secured what he was seeking.

Marcas it was, from that moment ; and Balzac gradually evolved a Christian name for him. First he considered what initial was most appropriate ; and then, having decided upon Z, he went on to expand this into Zepherin, explaining minutely just why the whole name Zepherin Marcas, was the only possible one for the character in the novel."

In many ways Balzac and Evelina Hanska were mated by nature. Whether they were fully mated the facts of their lives must demonstrate. For the present, the novelist plunged into a whirl of literary labour, toiling as few ever toiled—constructing several novels at the same time, visiting all the haunts of the French capital, so that he might observe and understand every type of human being, and then hurling himself like a giant at his work.

He had a curious practice of reading proofs. These would come to him in enormous sheets, printed on special paper, and with wide margins for his corrections. An immense table stood in the midst of his study, and upon the top he would spread out the proofs as if they were vast maps. Then, removing most of his outer garments, he would lie, face down, upon the proof-sheets, with a gigantic pencil, such as Bismarck subsequently used to wield. Thus disposed, he would go over the proofs.

Hardly anything that he had written seemed to suit him when he saw it in print. He changed and kept changing, obliterating what he disliked, writing in new sentences, revising others, and adding whole pages in the margins, until perhaps he had practically made a new book. This process was repeated several times ; and how expensive it was may be judged from the fact that his bill for "author's proof corrections" was sometimes more than the publishers had agreed to pay him for the completed volume.

Sometimes, again, he would begin writing in the afternoon, and continue until dawn. Then, weary, aching in every bone, and with throbbing head, he would rise and turn to fall upon his couch after his eighteen hours of steady toil. But the memory of Evelina Hanska always came to him ; and with half-uumbed fingers he would seize his pen, and forget his weariness

in the pleasure of writing to the dark-eyed woman who drew him to her like a magnet.

These are very curious letters that Balzac wrote to Mme. Hanska. He literally told her everything about himself. Not only were there long passages instinct with tenderness, and with his love for her ; but he also gave her the most minute account of everything that occurred, and that might interest her. Thus he detailed at length his mode of living, the clothes he wore, the people whom he met, his trouble with his creditors, the accounts of his income and outgo. One might think that this was egotism on his part ; but it was more than that. It was a strong belief that everything which concerned him must concern her ; and he begged her in turn to write as freely and as fully.

Mme. Hanska was not the only woman who became his friend and comrade, and to whom he often wrote. He made many acquaintances in the fashionable world through the good offices of the Duchesse de Castries. By her favour, he studied with his microscopic gaze the *beaumonde* of Louis Philippe's rather unimpressive court.

In a dozen books he scoured the court of the citizen king—its pretensions, its commonness, and its assemblage of *nouveaux riches*. Yet in it he found many friends—Victor Hugo, the Girardins—and among them women who were of the world. George Sand he knew very well, and she made ardent love to him; but he laughed her off very much as the elder Dumas did.

Then there was the pretty, dainty Mme. Carraud, who read and revised his manuscripts, and who perhaps took a more intimate interest in him than did the other ladies whom he came to know so well. Besides Mme. Hanska, he had another correspondent who signed herself "Louise," but who never let him know her name, though she wrote him many piquant, sunny letters, which he so sadly needed.

For though Honore de Balzac was now one of the most famous writers of his time, his home was still a den of suffering. His debts kept pressing on him, loading him down, and almost quenching hope. He acted toward his creditors like a man of honour, and his physical strength was still that of a giant. To Mme. Carraud he once wrote the half pathetic, half humorous plaint :

"Poor pen ! It must be diamond, not because one would wish to wear it, but because it has had so much use !"

And again :

"Here I am, owing a hundred thousand francs. And I am forty !"

Balzac and Mme. Hanska met many times after that first eventful episode at Neuchatel. It was at this time that he gave utterance to the poignant cry :

"Love for me is life, and to-day I feel it more than ever !"

In like manner he wrote, on leaving her, that famous epigram :

"It is only the last love of a woman that can satisfy the first love of a man."

In 1842, Mme. Hanska's husband died. Balzac naturally expected that an immediate marriage with the countess would take place ; but the woman who had loved him mystically for twelve years, and with a touch of the physical for nine, suddenly draws back. She will not promise anything. She talks of delays, owing to the legal arrangements for her children. She seems almost a prude. An American critic has contrasted her attitude with his :

"Everyone knows how utterly and absolutely Balzac devoted to this one woman all his genius, his aspiration, the thought of his every moment ; how every day, after he had laboured like a slave for eighteen hours, he would take his pen and pour out to her the most intimate details of his daily life ; how at her call he would leave everything and rush across the continent to Poland or to Italy, being radiantly happy if he could but see her face and be for a few days by her side. The very thought of meeting her thrilled him to the very depths of his nature, and made him, for weeks and even months beforehand, restless, uneasy, and agitated, with an almost painful happiness.

It is the most startling proof of his immense vitality, both physical and mental, that so tremendous and emotional strain could be endured by him for years without exhausting his fecundity or blighting his creativeness.

With Balzac, however, it was the period of his most brilliant work ; and this was true in spite of the anguish of long separations, and the complaints excited by what appears to

be caprice or boldness or a faint indifference. Even in Balzac one notices toward the last a certain sense of strain underlying what he wrote, a certain lack of elasticity and facility, if of nothing more; yet on the whole it is likely that without this friendship Balzac would have been less great than he actually became, as it is certain that had it been broken off he would have ceased to write or to care for anything whatever in the world."

And yet when they were free to marry, Mme. Hanska shrank away. Not until 1846, four years after her husband's death, did she finally give her promise to the eager Balzac. Then, in the overflow of his happiness, his creative genius blazed up into a most wonderful flame; but he soon discovered that the promise was not to be at once fulfilled. The shock impaired that marvellous vitality which had carried him through debt and want, and endless labour.

It was at this moment, by the irony of fate, that his country hailed him as one of the greatest of its men of genius. A golden stream poured into his lap. His debts were not all extinguished, but his income was so large that they burdened him no longer.

But his one long dream was the only thing for which he cared; and though in an exoteric sense this dream came true, its truth was but a mockery. Evelina Hanska summoned him to Poland, and Balzac went to her at once. There was another long delay, and for more than a year he lived as a guest in the countess's mansion at Wierzchownia; but finally, in March, 1850, the two were married. A few weeks later they came back to France together, and occupied the little country house, Les Jardies, in which, some decades later, occurred Gambetta's mysterious death.

What is the secret of this strange love, which in the woman seems to be not precisely love, but something else? Balzac was always eager for her presence. She, on the other hand, seems to have been mentally more at ease when he was absent. Perhaps the explanation, if we may venture upon one, is based upon a well-known physiological fact.

Love in its completeness is made up of two great elements—first, the element that is wholly spiritual, that is capable of sympathy, and tenderness, and deep emotion. The other

element is the physical, the source of passion, of creative energy, and of the truly virile qualities, whether it be in man or woman. Now, let either of these elements be lacking, and love itself cannot fully and utterly exist. The spiritual nature in one may find its mate in the spiritual nature of another; and the physical nature of one may find its mate in the physical nature of another. But into unions such as these, love does not enter in its completeness. If there is any element lacking in either of those who think that they can mate, their mating will be a sad and pitiful failure.

It is evident enough that Mme. Hanska was almost wholly spiritual, and her long years of waiting had made her understand the difference between Balzac and herself. Therefore, she shrank from his proximity, and from his physical contact, and it was perhaps better for them both that their union was so quickly broken off by death; for the great novelist died of heart disease only five months after the marriage.

If we wish to understand the mystery of Balzac's life—or, more truly, the mystery of the life of the woman whom he married—take up and read once more the pages of *Seraphita*, one of his poorest novels and yet a singularly illuminating story, shedding light upon a secret of the soul.

Dante

THERE is in the National Museum at Naples the bronze head of a man, done in the fifteenth century. The brow is strong and furrowed with thought, the eyes deep set, the face marked by suffering.

A thin, high-bridged, eagle nose shadows a mouth strong and sensitive, a chin of immense power bases the whole countenance as upon a rock. The expression is grim, intense, and, as it were, vivid with a hatred of all ignoble things

In life it was one of the greatest faces ever beheld by men, the face of Dante Alighieri, author of that stupendous poem, "The Divina Comedia"—the drama of Heaven and Hell and human evil.

Dante lived from the later half of the thirteenth century to the early part of the fourteenth. He was a Florentine. It was an age of extra-ordinary vigour, when men and women were equally great in virtue and depravity. In the Italy of that day, on fire with faction and internecine war, there was beginning to dawn that spirit which was later to flood Europe with glory under the name of the Renaissance.

Learning and holiness walked side by side with crime and corruption. It was a time of flowering virtues and sprawling sins, of sainthood and vice on the heroic scale, when princes were murderers and murderers might become princes; when the altars sometimes ran with blood, not of the wine cup of sacrifice, but of assassination.

Into such a society, Dante was born about the middle of May, 1265. His line was ancient, though probably not noble. His descent was from the Elisei, who had helped to build Florence under Charles the Great.

Astrologers of the day foretold great scientific and literary achievement—his birth was under the sign of the Twins, "the glorious stars, pregnant with virtue, to whom he owes his genius....."

His boyhood was marked by the strict academic training of the time—Virgil, Horace, Ovid he read as the modern child reads fairy tales, and the ancient philosophers nourished his mind. “By study of philosophy, of theology, astrology, arithmetic, and geometry,” wrote Bruni of Arezzo, “by reading of history, by the turning over many curious books, watching and sweating in his studies, he acquired the science which he was to adorn and explain in his verses.”

Yet no one, meeting him in those years, would have thought him studious—an over-scholarly little prig, with a mind too big for his humanity.

He was only nine years old when he first saw Beatrice in her father's house—Beatrice, who was to dominate him, inspire him, guide him by her mere recollection, throughout his great life of art, of exile, of frustration.

Remember his age at that first meeting, and then contrast that fact with this description in his own words, of the supreme moment he then experienced :

“Already nine times after my birth the heaven of light had returned, as it were, to the same point, when there appeared to my eyes the glorious lady of my mind. who was by many called Beatrice who knew not what to call her. She had already been so long in this life that.....in its time the starry heaven had moved towards the east the twelfth part of a degree, so that she appeared to me about the beginning of her ninth year.

“Her dress on that day was of a most noble colour, a subdued and goodly crimson, girdled and adorned in such sort as best suited with her tender age.

“At that moment I saw most truly that the spirit of life which hath its dwelling in the secretest chambers of the heart began to tremble so violently that the least pulses of my body shook therewith, and in trembling it said these words : ‘Ecce deus fortior me qui veniens dominabitur mihi’. ‘Behold a divinity, stronger than I. whose coming shall dominate me !’ ”

Here were two children of nine, and one of them knew in an instant that the great love of his life had taken root within him, never to die. His whole existence thereafter was a proof of it.

There is no question that Beatrice was beautiful as a child, or that she remained beautiful in womanhood. She must have

seemed to him in later years like one of those goddesses of antiquity with whose splendid myths his boyhood had been enriched.

And she kindled in the heart of this great man a fire that to the end of his days, together with the flames of his patriotism and his genius, fed while it consumed him.

There is one extra-ordinary element in the love-story of Dante and Beatrice—an element that we to-day would judge ludicrous—the fact that they never exchanged a kiss, never, so far as we know, even pressed each other by the hand. They remained almost strangers, courteous, formally gracious, but never intimate.

Dante tells us in his earlier work, the “*Vita Nuova*,” how he sought the glances of Beatrice, how he thirsted for the light of friendship in her eyes, how she once greeted him in the streets of Florence. But that they ever became friends, or that he ever told her of his love, there is not one word. On the contrary, with the sensitiveness of youth, he dissembled his passion, and even pretended a love for another which he did not feel.

Nevertheless, his passion grew—stimulated by the fact of Beatrice’s remoteness—and he remained the worshipper of a woman whose lips had never yielded to him, whose eyes had never lightened at the sight of his face.

It would be an error to imagine that Beatrice was by nature cold and unresponsive. There is no shred of evidence for such a view of her temperament. She was a Southerner, living in the midst of the wine-rich life of medieval Italy, where passion, licit and illicit, was swift and powerful. While her virtue was unimpeachable, she was a woman, and not a figure with joined hands in a shrine.

It was merely that Dante did not appeal to her, as thousands of lesser men have failed to appeal to thousands of lesser women, and she married another man, Simone de’Bardi.

Dante had meanwhile become involved in the tempestuous politics of the day. The terrible feud of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines was raging in blood and treachery, and his pre-occupation with the troubles of his beloved Florence may have softened for him the blow of Beatrice’s marriage.

Dante tells us that he fought at Campaldino, and he took part in the battle of Caprona.

Then, in September, 1289, he returned to Florence, where

there was preparing for him the tragedy that marked the rest of his life.

First, the death of Beatrice, in June, 1290, plunged him almost into despair. He wrote of that time: "When I had lost the first delight of my soul I remained so pierced with sadness that no comforts availed me anything." And he adds that after the lapse of a year "it was given to me to behold a wonderful vision.....which determined me to say nothing further of this blessed one (Beatrice) until such time as I could discourse more worthily concerning her. It is my hope that I shall yet write... what hath not before been written of any woman. After..... may it seem good to Him who is the master of grace that my spirit should go hence to behold the glory of its lady."

Two years after the death of Beatrice he married Gemma, daughter of Manetto Donati.

We know nothing of this marriage, nor of Dante's state of mind when he entered into the bond. There were two sons and two daughters, one of whom, named Beatrice, became a nun.

Dante tells us nothing directly of his wife, and though there is no indication that the marriage was anything but happy, we may suppose that it was a purely domestic happiness, untransfigured by the great emotion he had felt for Beatrice. The one love of his life was beyond reach—had, indeed, always been so—and nothing could take its place.

Gemma may have been that woman he describes in the *Vita Nuova* as looking at him from her window, full of pity for his loss of Beatrice, for he writes that this pity nearly won his heart, until Beatrice reclaimed it in a vision of sleep, but we cannot be sure of the identity. It was always Beatrice that filled his mind, filled it like a light and the far beckoning of glory.

Politics had again claimed him in 1293, and in 1300 he held the office of Prior—one of the six Priori who then governed Florence.

It was his final tragedy.

A fresh quarrel broke out between two of the rival great families whose hatreds and ambitions were tearing Italy, and to that feud was added another violent enmity—that of two branches of the cancellieri, the Blacks and the Whites.

The Blacks won and Dante, of the White party, was with four others accused of corruption and the theft of public funds.

In 1302 he was condemned to pay a fine of 5,000 lire, under pain of forfeiting all his property, together with its destruction, and he was exiled from Tuscany.

This savage sentence for which there was no ground in any of Dante's actions was, a short while later, made heavier. Dante was condemned to be burned alive if he ever again came within the jurisdiction of the Florentine authorities.

He bore this blow as he had borne others, though it meant that he never again saw Florence. True, in 1315, there was passed a decree re-admitting exiles on certain conditions, but Dante considered those conditions an insult.

He was summoned to Florence, did not come, and was again sentenced to death.

During his exile he wandered in many parts of Italy, but the last three years of his life were passed at Ravenna, where he was under the protection of Guido da Polenta.

For this man he undertook an embassy to Venice, failed in it and returned, stricken once again in spirit, and ill with a fever he had caught from the miasma of the lagoons.

He died, all his dreams unrealised—and they had been great dreams—on September 14, 1321, fifty-six years old. He lies buried in the place of his death.

Dante the poet produced a work which, all authorities agree, is without parallel in the world's literature.

Dante, the lover, was condemned to suffer all his life the pangs of longing and of loss.

But Dante, the man, was one whose soul never faltered, whose sword was never broken, but sharp and shining to the last.

And he was able to write with magnificent scorn, despite all his years of buffeting from the world, a great sentence in condemnation of the cowardly and the mean, wherein he spoke of "sorry souls, who lived without infamy and without renown, displeasing to God and to His enemies."

Edgar Allan Poe

EDGAR ALLAN POE, that strange, difficult genius, wrote of himself :

“I could not love except where Death
Was mingling his with Beauty’s breath.”

and in those two lines sounded the key-note of his brief and tortured life of forty years.*

A man capable of conceiving the extremes of beauty and terror, haunted always and in everything by a sense of the super-natural invading and permeating the world of matter, the tragic story of his love is like one of his own sombre tales of fantasy. Indeed, many of Poe’s stories and poems, read with a knowledge of the man, seem but transformations into words of the crises of his existence. He wrote himself into his “Tales of Mystery and Imagination.”

The child-wife, dying after a soul-shaking succession of rallies and relapses ; the fuming dreams of the drunkard ; the collapse of the mind from grief and illness—all these are typified in “Ligeia,” “The Masque of the Red Death,” “The Haunted Palace.”

To Poe, the drama of life was the drama of the soul, and all the outward world only the trappings of the soul’s pageantry :

All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream.

Poe was born in Boston, Massachusetts, on January 19, 1809, of mixed Irish and English parentage. The evil fortune that marked his life struck its first blow when he was two : both his parents died, and he and his brother and sister were left destitute. The sister later became insane.

Edgar was adopted by John Allan, a tobacco merchant, brought to England, and sent to school at Stoke Newington, where he remained about five years.

The boy was precocious—unusually witty, and distinguished by a power of reasoning out of all proportion to his age. He

had been greatly indulged by his guardian, and the discipline of school went violently against the grain.

The waywardness and instability that helped to wreck his life then took firm root, and were never afterwards brought under control.

After returning to America in 1822, he was sent to the Academy at Richmond, and then to the University at Charlottesville.

Intemperance, indiscipline and extravagance caused his expulsion, and he enlisted in the United States Army.

Here he promptly surprised everyone—especially his guardian, who had for some time been alternating forgiveness with denunciation—by turning into an excellent soldier, and being promoted sergeant-major. So he was sent to a military academy to become an officer.

The experiment ended in disaster. The old vices of wild spending, dissipation, and insubordination returned with a rush, and Poe was expelled for the second time.

There, in outline, is the boyhood and youth of the man who later became one of the greatest geniuses of literature.

Poe was capable of all extremes—intellectual, spiritual, passionate. His dreams were more intense than reality and he loved with an acuteness of feeling and a depth of insight that sharpened both grief and joy.

He conceived a boyhood infatuation for a woman much older than himself—a Mrs. Stanard, the mother of a school-fellow—and though such a love was only the product of youth and idealism, yet the memory of the ideal never faded, and he spoke of his “one idolatrous and purely ideal love.”

It was she who inspired the poem beginning :

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicasan barks of yore,
That gently, o’er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

This man who lived always on the borderline between the seen and the unseen, whose vices and weaknesses shattered his life, kept within him somehow an unspoiled vision.

The girl-wife, Virginia Clemm, whose death was Poe’s true

tragedy brought to him at once the greatest joy of his pathetic, disordered life, and its most intense sorrow.

She was his cousin, and gradually, by frequent association, the young poet, his mind filled with the dark forms of his imagination, came to love her as the embodiment of all that contrasted with those sinister images.

Virginia responded with a kind of innocent intensity, and finally, with the approval of her mother, it was decided that they should marry.

He was twenty-seven, she was fourteen. It was a perilous moral undertaking.

On the one hand was this sombre, funereal genius, Poe, struggling, given over to spasmodic excesses, at war with society; and on the other was a mere child, barely out of the school-room, frail in health, beautiful with a beauty that was half sickness. And it was such a pair that became man and wife.

Poe, in what is perhaps the most personal of his verses—"Annabel Lee," a figurative and exquisite memory of his wife—speaks of

".....a love that was more than love,
.....a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me."

And so,

"The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
•Went envying her and me.
"Yes; that was the reason (as all men know,
"Is this kingdom by the sea)
"That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
"Chilling and Killing my Annabel Lee."

The tomb as the ultimate, inevitable conqueror obsessed his outlook, and from the first days of his romance he saw it darkly looming, awaiting its prey.

The marriage was marked throughout its course by perfect devotion, but poverty was a continual menace, and ill-health a lurking foe, on which, so to say, poverty battered.

Picture the man as he was at this time, a lofty, abnormally wide-forehead was surmounted by carelessly brushed hair. Large, deep-set-eyes looked out with an intense, brooding expression. An aquiline nose led down to a rounded, slightly feminine chin. The whole face was handsome, and yet strangely

proportioned, while the general cast of the features had a paradoxical quality—something noble and sensitive with something sullen.

As a foil to this figure, you have the wife, slim, fair, with the look of childhood still unmistakable in her face, and with the presage of fatal disease written there also.

Poe was then living as best he might by the sale of poems and stories. He attracted many people, especially women, and a number of romances were formed and broken.

The girl-wife, full of worship for the man whom she but half understood, felt no resentment. Possibly she realized that her husband needed a companionship of the mind that, instinctively, she felt her inability to give him. Possibly feeling, as a child will, utterly secure of being loved, she gave no thought to what seemed to many Poe's idle philandering.

At all events, Virginia was content to sit at home and watch her husband paying attention to other women. It must be remembered that the passion of this husband for his wife was a love transformed by its passage through the mind of a dreamer into an emotion half-way between the physical and the spiritual.

Poe's other loves all partook in some degree of this quality. He made of women a shrine and an ideal, and whenever they appear in his stories, even in those tales where he reaches the extremes of the terrifying and the ghastly, they are seen in that light.

Death, that, as we have seen, haunted him always, suddenly drew nearer when Virginia, far advanced in consumption, had a nearly fatal hæmorrhage. This was followed by repeated attacks of her malady, from each of which she appeared to recover, only to be plunged more deeply into weakness and pain.

The effect on Poe of these violent variations of his wife's health was terrible. Describing his state of mind, he says :

"Each time I felt all the agonies of her death—and at each accession of the disorder I loved her more dearly and clung to her life with more desperate pertinacity.....I became insane, with long intervals of horrible sanity. During these fits of absolute unconsciousness, I drank—God only knows how often or how much.. .."

All this time, and right up to Virginia's death, want was making the fight for life hopeless.

A visitor to the cottage near New York, where the family had removed, told of what she saw there, shortly before the end:

"There was no clothing on the bed, which was only straw, but a snow-white counterpane and sheets. She lay.....wrapped in her husband's great-coat, with a large tortoise-shell cat in her bosom.....The coat and the cat were the sufferers only means of warmth, except as her husband held her hands and her mother her feet."

What a death-bed for a girl of twenty-five, the wife of the greatest man of letters in America—a man already famous ! No wonder that, when he could, he drank, "God only knows how often or how much....."

Yet, during all those terrible wrestlings of life with death, through hunger, pain and cold, Poe and his wife remained lovers, and fought despair with a brave pretence of happiness.

Virginia died on January 30th, 1847, and, though the tortures of uncertainty were over, Poe was completely mastered by his grief. The dread refrain, "Nevermore," from his most famous poem, "The Raven," echoed again and again through his mind, like hammer-blows on a coffin, and he was frequently found, wild-eyed and half-frozen, sitting by Virginia's grave in the dead of night.

His mainstay at this time was the devotion of his mother-in-law, who tramped from office to office, cold, hungry, and ill-clad, trying to sell his writings—even, without his knowledge, begging for him. And whatever may be said against him, Poe's gratitude was deep and lasting. A product of his grief was the beautiful mysterious poem, "Ulalume," which sounds more sharply than others the note of loss and separation.

Virginia was its heroine—that Ulalume to whose sepulchre in the dark wood he was led by the subconscious promptings of his soul, and, too, Virginia was his "lost Lenore" in "The Raven."

There now remained to Poe two years of life. They began with a slight improvement in his fortunes, but not in his health. His spirits revived, however, for a time and, under the advice of friends, he considered re-marriage.

Three women came into his life—one of them, by a trick of irony, an earlier love—Sarah Royster. There followed brief

romances which Poe, uncertain and ill, was unable to bring to fruition. He began to be more than ever haunted by a sense of doom, "a shadow of evil," and though we find him again writing love poems, and in the toils of an ideal passion for "Annie"—Mrs Richmond—his time was near.

It was to prove a tragic, shabby and lonely passing.

Poe, who had been on a lecture tour, was on his way back to New York. He got as far as Baltimore, where, for no known reason, he broke his journey, and was seen drunk in the streets. The rest is obscure.

It is said that he was captured by an election gang, made drunker still, drugged as well, and carried to booth after booth, where he was made to vote.

Then he was abandoned in the gutter.

They found him and took him to hospital, where, after four days' intermittent delirium, he died.

It is recorded that those near the bedside heard, during a final moment of lucidity, a broken whisper of words from the man who thought himself damned : "Lord, help my poor soul....."

In Poe's life, as has been said, there was more than one woman, but his true love-story was nevertheless his passion for the girl-wife who died, and whom he loved with a quality of affection felt for no other person.

She was to him beauty, devotion, and repose, in the midst of the nightmare of his thoughts.

Tol'stoy

"I LIVE an animal life, though not quite debauched. My occupations are almost all abandoned, and I am greatly depressed in spirit....."

"Eat no meat, drink no alcohol, and do not smoke. Be chaste, till the soil, take no part in the life of the world....."

Both these sentences were written by Tolstoy, the first in his diary, when he was a young man, the second as a summary of his philosophy, when he had reached maturity. It would be hard to find two extremes that could better epitomize the strange psychological drama that was his life.

Tolstoy the ugly, vigorous youth, the gambler, the runner after women ; Tolstoy the great novelist and Utopian idealist ; Tolstoy the sad and self-conscious Russian, obsessed by his soul, and going round and round the prison circle of his own mind—all these warring Tolstoys met in the one Tolstoy, and made of him a civil war contained in a single personality.

He plunged into violent affairs with gipsy girls, and followed orgies of pleasure by orgies of repentance. He married, and spoke of a happiness so great that death could not end it, then taught that marriage was a sin, and the begetting of children an abomination. He was perhaps the most astonishing figure of the nineteenth century, and the story of his love affairs is the window through which we can see him best.

Leo Nikolaevitch Tolstoy was born at Yasnaya Polyana ("Bright Glade") near Moscow, on September 9, 1828. His father was a Count and his mother a princess—the only daughter of Prince Volkonsky. The world on which Tolstoy opened his eyes was the old Russia of serfdom, when only the nobles were people, and the people were only cattle. The extreme aristocratic atmosphere did much to form in him certain characteristics of pride and imperiousness which he never lost, and he was at the same time sensitive, passionate and morbid.

He early developed his extreme idealism, and with it an

insatiable craving for the discovery of ultimate truths. Existence, eternity, life and death, whether or not external objects were real or illusory—on such speculations he brooded and tortured his mind almost to the breaking point.

As a child, he convinced himself that bodily flight was possible, tried it from the window of his room, and was rewarded with concussion of the brain. He also played with the idea of reincarnation.

It was such a youth who entered, at fifteen, the University of Kazan, and much the same youth who returned from it to his estates three years later. Nevertheless, there was a difference; the gipsy-girl phase had begun.

Tolstoy's intimate diary is full of references to those brief, crude and repeated affairs. He wrote of them bluntly, calling a spade a spade, and filling pages with self-reproach. Remorse dogged him always, and he struggled like an animal in a trap to escape from the tyranny of his nature. Bouts of drinking, gambling, and love-making were followed by intense, unhappy periods of heart-searching, when he would write down for himself stern rules of conduct, and try to force himself into a rigid asceticism.

But there would come sudden collapses, and it would all begin again. We have a vivid picture of him in St. Petersburg, towards the end of the Crimean War, in which he took part. Tourgenev, talking to the poet Fet, who had called to see Tolstoy, only to find him fast asleep, said: "He came back from his Sevastopol battery; put up here, and is going the pace. Sprees, gipsy girls, and cards all night long—and then he sleeps like a corpse till two in the afternoon. At first, I tried to put the brake on, but now I've given up, and let him do as he likes....."

Tolstoy fought titanically against his demon, but it was a fight in which he was often the loser.

Meanwhile, having seen him sleeping on the sofa "like a corpse," we may look at another and an earlier picture: Tolstoy soldiering in the Caucasus, in love with a Cossack girl—"Mariana" of his novel, "The Cossacks."

Life in the village of Starogladvsk was primitive and vivid. Hunting, drinking and love-making, untroubled by moral scruples, were its distinguishing features, and Tolstoy,

though his conscience left him no peace, entered into the life with zest, and began the courtship.

Mariana, however, was not impressed. By her standards of worth, Tolstoy was an inferior being, and his advances were repulsed. It was, as he says in his novel, because he could not, like a true Cossak, "steal herds, get drunk on Tchikir wine, troll songs, kill people and, when tipsy, climb in at her window....."

So Mariana fades, and from the noisy background of the gipsy girls emerges a new and different figure—Valeria Arseniev. With her, we come to a new Tolstoy—Tolstoy the solemn young lover, writing letters like sermons, and bothering about his soul and his feelings rather more than usual.

The affair of Valeria came to nothing, and it was bound to do so, for the temperaments of the lovers were fundamentally opposed. On the one side, was a man whose passions, coupled with a sensitive and idealistic conscience, drove him to agonies of self-analysis, and on the other, was a young girl, normal, loving life as it was, content with her soul. Inevitable clash.

Tolstoy, determined that his love should be on a level that he could reconcile with his principles—a level as far away as possible from his practice—wrote to the girl he loved as if he were in a pulpit. Aims, ideals, speculations, admonitions—all went into his letters, when what Valeria desired was simple love-making.

She became bored, then annoyed, and then found that she preferred the music-master. And Tolstoy came to the conclusion that he did not love her after all—had, in fact, never loved her. It ended on a vague note of friendship, and finally evaporated altogether.

Tolstoy had known the passions of the street and the tavern, had loved one woman who dismissed him as a weakling, and had played the prig to another who wearied of him as a bore. But now, at last, he was to find himself—a self that could love and be sure of loving—though it was not until he had performed some more intellectual vivisections that he reached peace and marriage.

The girl was Sophia Andreyevna Behrs, whose family he knew well, and there came a moment when Tolstoy wrote in his diary: "I am afraid of myself. How if this be only a

desire for love, and not real love?"—the usual and inevitable analysis. But he decided that it was real love, and there followed one of the strangest proposals that ever a man made to a woman—a proposal by what was practically telepathy.

Tolstoy and Sophia were seated at a card-table, when he wrote down the initial letters of this sentence :—

"In your family a false opinion exists about me and your sister Lisa. You and Tanitchka should destroy it."

Sophia nodded, to indicate that she had understood, and then Tolstoy wrote the initials—only the initials—of these words :—

"Your youth and need of happiness to-day remind me too strongly of my age, and the impossibility of happiness."

Again Sophia understood, accepted the sentence as declaration of love, and accepted Tolstoy as well.

That marriage was his love-story, a romance that endured forty-eight years, until old age and death closed the book. Through ill-health and difficulty, through praise and attack, Sophia continued to feel as she felt when she said to her husband, "There is in you something so wise, so good, so naive, so persevering, and all this illumined by a light of sympathy with everybody, and your look, which goes right to the soul. All this is characteristic of nobody except yourself."

Of the triumphs of Tolstoy's genius, it is not here necessary to speak in detail. His great works, such as "Anna Karenina" and the "Kreutzer Sonata," are known to everybody. As for his philosophy, the non-resistance to evil, with its implication of the complete abolition of all government and all law—pure, millennial anarchy—we may leave that also, noting only that it had its domestic repercussions.

It must, for instance, have been a little trying to a wife, the mother of thirteen children, to hear her husband preach the sinfulness of marriage and the evil of reproduction. It must also have been trying for her to deal with the crowds of worshippers and disciples who used to crowd the little room which the master reserved for debating purposes, all smoking and talking until the air was blue with fumes and philosophy. She was a wise woman, however, and so she listened to all the magnificent impossibilities, admired them, fed her husband on

the vegetables of his creed, and looked after him when he had indigestion.

She survived Tolstoy nine years, dying in 1919, and it was her fate that when her husband came to die she was not near him.

About Tolstoy, great figure amid the greatest of his countrymen, clings a strange paradox, that while he cried out against all force and all restraint, his own soul was the field of a ceaseless battle.

He prayed, he tells us, but “.....I went to sleep dreaming of fame and women.....”

George Washington

"HE IS getting ready to be the prey o.' your sex, wherefore the Lord help him, and deliver him from the nets those spiders, called women, will cast for his ruin....."

Thus wrote Lord Fairfax to the mother of George Washington, advising her not to have him sent to a European university to be "finished," and he came nearer to summing up the character of the tall, violent and magnificent Virginian who made America than all the great choir of prigs who have written his five hundred-odd biographies.

Most of the men who have written lives of Washington have belonged to the "cherry-tree-and-hatchet, I-can't-tell-a-lie school," and they have all presented us with a dummy, stuffed with platitudes kept together by a glue of copybook morality. The real nobility of Washington, the weakness of Washington, and the tragedy of Washington have alike escaped them.

The loves that lightened and saddened his youth in a procession of disappointments, the humiliation and defeat that were the very foundations of his greatness, the true significance of his gigantic courage and his burning patriotism—all these have been missed—more, sedulously avoided, by hordes of little men mouthing the rhetoric of the pedagogue and shrilling the heroics of the nursery governess.

The private life of Washington was a map of the names of beautiful women—women who are remembered to-day only because they were lost to him through their own scorn; his passionate youth beat against closed doors, his idealism was frozen back into his heart. And when at last, he found the woman whom he loved for ever, and who loved him, she was another man's wife, and he was forced to seek escape in a loveless marriage.

George Washington, creator and twice President of the American Republic, was born of an old English family in Westmorland County, Virginia, on February 22, 1732. His education was commonplace—he appears never to have acquired any lan-

guage except English—and soon, in a burst of patriotism aroused by the troubles of the home country, we find him trying to enter the Navy as a midshipman.

The project was frustrated by his mother (a devoted, cantankerous woman) and, since he had at least mastered mathematics, he began surveying the unexplored lands of Lord Fairfax.

He was a powerful, athletic boy, a great wrestler, and player of games—and as he was energetic, careful and skilful at his surveying, he won a reputation.

It ended in his being, at twenty-one, appointed by Governor Dinwiddie, one of the Adjutants-General of Virginia, with the rank of major.

Meanwhile, there was the “pursuit of happiness,” that phrase that he was later to embody in the Declaration of Independence, as expressing a primary right of mankind. With Washington, typical product of hard-living, full-blooded Virginia, the pursuit of happiness meant the pursuit of love, and affair after affair followed in swift succession.

The eighteenth-century society about him was like heady wine. Women and girls behaved with a freedom that would stagger even our post-Victorian standards. The elder women smoked pipes crammed with the strong tobacco that was the staple industry of the State ; girls of fifteen swore habitually, and husbands, hosts to their wives’ pretty cousins or sisters, romped with them, kissed them, and invaded their private apartments.

Everyone drank strong drink and danced the night away afterwards.

Yet through it all ran a rigid vein of formality, and at the appropriate times the proprieties were minutely observed.

Washington had fallen in love at school ; and now he proceeded to fall in love with a persistence that no feminine rebuff was able to repress.

The tragedy of Sally Fairfax was then a long way off—a long way off that dark secret of his life that never lifted its shadow from his heart. The hopeless longing, what one may call his clandestine and illicit grief—was not then troubling his struggling and violent spirit. Nor had there come into his life the widow and the housewife, who, apart from being married to the President of the United States, was a widow and a housewife, and nothing more. He was eager to lose his heart to “the

hundred.....girls, from Boston to Annapolis, with whom the young Virginian flirted and made love.”

We find him languishing over one Frances Alexander, and writing acrostics in her honour—preposterous juvenile verses, rich with an incompetence of language. It would have been hard to foresee then the great utterances of the President—the Declaration, the Farewell Address.

But Frances vanished, and in her place came one of the two mysteries of Washington’s life—the mystery of his “Lowland Beauty.”

No one certainly knows the identity of the woman hidden by that phrase—she may have been one of three, or one of many more. Was she Mary Bland, or was she Lucy Grymes, to both of whom Washington lost his heart? The girls rejected him, and married other men, their husbands, by a strange coincidence, bearing the same names—Henry Lee.

It is probable that the woman who aroused Washington’s first serious passion, and whom he has immortalized for us by two words, was one Betsy Fauntleroy, a descendant of the great cavalier, Moore Faunt le Roy, a Huguenot.

She was beautiful, and had many lovers. Washington, not yet twenty, with all his fortune to make, with little polish and less culture, with nothing but great spirits, animal vitality, and a temperament suddenly alight with the flame of first passion, was an easy victim.

Betsy, young, desirable, vital, tormented him and enjoyed his writhings. She let him make love to her, and then dashed him to humiliation with a ripple of laughter. She awakened desire, and kept it in an agony of tension.

Finally, since it was not an age of polite and distant wooings, she let him think that he might possess her for ever; he plunged into a proposal of marriage, and was flung aside by a curt “No !”

Even then, she had not done with him, but for three years succeeded in keeping him in a state of half-desperate hope.

But Washington had an unconscious armour against such wounds. His passion was violent, but it was easily aroused. It was not single.

He visited Lord Fairfax, and there met Mary Cary, the

younger sister of Sally, who was to embody for him his greatest joy and his greatest grief.

Mary was fourteen, but she was, according to the habit and circumstances of her time, no child. Girls of her age were then fully marriageable, and young Washington, arriving in a state of highly susceptible melancholy, looked on Mary, and was once more lost.

He kept up his grief, however, and, in a letter that shows his extra-ordinary illiteracy at that time, wrote to Robin Washington :

"My place of residence is at present at His Lordship's, where I might, was my heart disengaged, pass my time very pleasantly, as there is a very agreeable young Lady lives in the same house (Colo. John Fairfax's wife's sister), but as that's only adding fuel to fire, it makes me the more uneasy, for by often and unavoidably being in company with her revives my former passion for your Low Land Beauty, whereas was I to live more retired from young women I might in some measure eliminate my sorrows by burying that chaste and troublesome Passion in the grave of oblivion or eternal forgetfulness, for as I am very well assured that's the only antidote or remedy that I shall be relieved by or only recess that can administer any cure or help to me, as I am well convinced was I ever to attempt anything I should only get a denial, which would be only adding grief to uneasiness."

Consider that amazing single sentence in all its hopeless and helpless complexity. It was written by the future Commander-in-Chief of the American Army, the man who forged a nation, the giant of pure and unselfish patriotism. It was not one of the least of Washington's glories that not being born with the vast natural gifts of a Lincoln, he so conquered his defects as to become the supreme figure of his country, without whom that country might never have won freedom.

Washington was not a man in whom burned the single flame of genius; he was a "combination and balance of qualities." He was a marvellous moral accident.

It is said that his love for Mary advanced so far that he went to her father with a proposal of marriage. He was refused—one story has it, with an insult. In any case, the position was hopeless, and he knew it. He went on a sea-voyage with

his brother Lawrence, who was dying of consumption, and while away caught smallpox.

The disease nearly killed him, and ever afterwards left its marks on his face, but it did not disfigure him, and on recovery he returned to Virginia.

Some faint hopes of winning Betsy revived, and he made one more attempt to gain her love. It failed, like the others, and she married another man. Mary Cary also married—one Edward Ambler, a young man with all the social and intellectual advantages of a European education. Washington's defeat as a lover was complete.

But now began the events that led to his tragic secret—the one romance in which, though a woman responded to his passion, neither could acknowledge their love without dishonour.

What bitterness he endured we shall never know, nor to what edge of shameful rebellion the lovers were brought.

The woman was the wife of his best friend, a man to whom he was deeply indebted for much valuable tuition, and that fact added an extra twist to the rack. But they did not burn their boats. Sally continued to live with her husband, and Washington busied himself with war and the ruling of a people.

Washington first realized his love for Sally Fairfax when, in disgrace and humiliation, he came to her for consolation, as to a friend.

He was then twenty-one, and a magnificent figure. More than six feet tall, with a strong, well-shaped head, he had a natural dignity of bearing that sprang partly from character, partly from the qualities of the athlete. He possessed, too, a charm that came from a hatred of hurting in the smallest degree the feelings of others.

He had been entrusted, as Adjutant-General, with the perilous task of carrying a letter of protest to the French, who were invading land owned by the Ohio Company. He was half ambassador, half spy.

His detachment came upon a party of the French, and Washington fired on them, killing their commander, a young officer named de Jumonville. The rest were taken prisoners.

It then transpired that de Jumonville had at that moment himself been acting in an ambassadorial capacity, bearing a

note to Washington, and the cry of "treachery" and "assassin" went up.

A grave scandal followed. Washington returned in disgrace, and later resigned his commission.

It was in such circumstances, broken by what seemed to him the irretrievable ruin of his career, that he visited Sally, and found to his joy and suffering that he loved her.

She comforted him, helped him to hold up his head, and, since she was a woman of considerable intellect, with leisure for reading, did much both for his manners and his mind. "She enmeshed him with her charm," and lit a flame that was never quenched.

Sally was two years older than Washington ; clever, beautiful, mature. She was a contrast to those earlier girls, and the passion she awakened was no longer that of a boy, but of one come at last to the knowledge of his own heart. And it was too late.

It cannot be said with certainty that they yielded completely to their love, but Washington, at the time of his engagement later on, wrote of his future wife to an intimate friend :

"You need not tease me about the beautiful widow. You know whom I love....." And we may guess what bitterness lay behind the light reproach.

So it went on, the man living in "alternate joy and torment," now urging flight and a break with everything, now chaining himself with the iron of self-control.

And all the time Sally's husband, the intimate friend of the man who loved his wife, was there in serene, intolerable unconsciousness.

It was a pitiable struggle.

There was one other affair, ending, as had the others, in disappointment—it must have seemed to Washington like some unhappy echo of his early youth. The woman was Mary Philipse, the young sister of a fabulously wealthy heiress, and they met in New York.

Washington, attracted by her beauty, sought deliverance from the spell of Sally, only to find, as he had found so often before, that another man had forestalled him—to make the irony complete, an old campaigning comrade.

He was forced once again to accept defeat, and soon Mary Philipse became the wife of his rival.

When Washington decided to marry, it was, in an apt phrase, a "compromise with his soul"—an attempted and unsuccessful flight from love. It has been said that he took the decision because Sally had refused his definite request that she should elope with him, but this is not certainly known.

What happened was that after a meeting, round which much mythical romance has been woven, Washington proposed to the plump little widow (who had two children), and in January, 1759, they were married.

She was an excellent wife and a good mother. It is to be believed that she loved him. But she was not Sally, and the marriage ended Washington's love-story, though not his love. Sally, with whom, as he said, he had spent the happiest moments of his life, had that for ever.

The military and political story of Washington is a great and a brave thing. He endured hardships, dangers, difficulties, humiliations, while wielding the raw material out of which was built a great new civilization.

But that story has no place here. We are concerned not with the hero, but with the human being; not with the colossus who won liberty for a nation, but with the man who fought against his own heart—a more tremendous battle, ended only by death.

Robert Browning

THE ROMANCE of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett can be described as love without first sight. They met in their poems, became intimate in two letters, and at their first interview were possessed by a mutual passion that endured as long as life. "There was," as Elizabeth Barrett said, "nothing between the knowing and the loving."

But not alone in so extra-ordinary and instantaneous a sympathy does the rarity of their story consist. There was also another thing, surprising and even sensational, which confronts us with a melodrama that has wrapped itself in the dignity of a Greek play. Browning and his wife began life together from a sick room that was regarded as imminently a death room, and theirs was not so much a marriage as a resurrection.

When Browning first saw Elizabeth Barrett she was lying on a sofa. When he last saw her she was dying in his arms. Between those two moments lay sixteen years, fifteen of them passed in extra-ordinary happiness, which even the exorbitance of ill-health was powerless to spoil. The two were never anything but lovers, and never lovers save as man and wife. Their union was so poetically perfect as to seem, at a glance, prosaic. It was almost too good not to be a truism.

But though they looked like a platitude, they felt like gods.

This romance of middle-age, this late reflowing of youth, was also remarkable for a singular simplicity. Though each possessed—or was possessed by—the subtlety and complexity of genius, their thoughts and emotions moved along broad and commonplace lines. They said and wrote to each other all the simple and obvious things—what one may call the every day subtleties—that are felt by lovers, but they said and wrote them in a highly complicated way, often too complicated for anybody to understand. And it was because what they felt was simple, while their minds were highly organized, that they plunged into a burning and passionate obscurity in their efforts to express

things too fundamentally normal to be told. It was as if they were trying to see in white light all the colours of the spectrum at once.

Thus, in their love-letters (that unparalleled correspondence) we have explanations of explanations and qualifications of qualifications until we grope about in a sort of lunacy of lucidity.

Browning and Elizabeth Barrett had no doubts or second thoughts about each other at the backs of their minds; what they had was an unmanageable multitude of tenth, fifteenth and three-hundred-and-eighty-fifth thoughts in the fronts of their minds, and they crammed the whole lot down on paper.

It is essential that we should grasp this dual quality of simplicity of soul and complexity of mind, otherwise we shall obtain only a distorted view of what was certainly one of the noblest and most beautiful of love-histories.

Robert Browning was born in Camberwell on May 7, 1812, and his immediate ancestors were of the solid middle-class type.

He became a vigorous, handsome young man, filled with great poetry, if not yet with his great poems, and his early days were vivid with a romantic intensity of thought and outlook which sometimes approached fantasy. There is, for instance, a story that Browning, listening to two nightingales that sang frequently together in the garden of his home, became, by some process of semi-dream, convinced that the birds were the spirits of Shelley and Keats, lodged in a Camberwell tree on purpose to sing for him. He had completed a volume of verse by the time he was twelve, and not many years later, Macready, the actor, wrote of him, "He looks and speaks more like a young poet than anyone I have ever seen."

He was "slim and dark," says another friend, "and just a trifle of a dandy, addicted to lemon-coloured kid-gloves and such things....."

There we may leave him, with his yellow gloves, in the midst of the rising interest of literary men, and look at another figure—Elizabeth Barrett.

Six years before Browning's life began she had been born at Coxhoe Hall, near Durham, and a riding accident in youth had permanently injured her spine and disabled her life. She had been filled with energy, physical and intellectual; now, nothing save intellectual energy was left to her. This she exercised

to the full, and, since she had genius and exceptional learning, the result was a considerable poetess.

It was into that cemetery of a single grave where came now and again some echo of the world that Browning broke suddenly, like daylight into a forgotten cupboard, with a noise of praise and friendship.

• He had read her poems, he had heard talk of her from a mutual friend, Mr. Kenyon, and he had taken light at some reflected fire in her work. His first letter said : "I love your verses with all my heart, dear Miss Barrett.....I love these books.....And I love you, too....."

That was the beginning, and within little more than six months impassioned love-letters were flocking back and forth between them endlessly. They were letters of infinite variations upon a single theme, letters, as has been said, of monumental complexity—a sort of chaos of intimacy—that expressed the inexpressible inexpressibly.

Here, for instance, is part of two sentences from one of them :—

"You are to know, then, that for some reason, that looked like an instinct, I thought I ought not to send shaft on shaft, letter-plague on letter, with such an uninterrupted clanging..... that I ought to wait, say a week at least, having killed all your mules for you, before I shot down your dogs—but not being exactly Phoibos Apollon, you are to know further that when I did think I might go modestly on.....let me get out of this slough of a simile, never mind with what dislocation of ankles ! Plainly, from waiting and turning my eyes away (not from *you*, but from you in your special capacity of being *written-to*, not *spoken-to*), when I turned again you had grown formidable somehow—though that's not the word, nor are you the person, either."

And so on. It was written by Browning, exactly like that, and heaven (and possibly Elizabeth) alone knew what it meant. But there were also such sentences as these, written by Elizabeth from her bed-and-sofa tomb :—

".....You are all to me, all the light, all the life ; I am living for you now. And before I knew you, what was I and where ? What was the world to me, do you think, and the meaning of life ?"

She might well ask that last question, for the meaning of life to her for long had been a kind of imperceptible death.

Browning proposed marriage, as was inevitable, overwhelming Elizabeth with his confidence that for her to enter the world as a wife would restore health. It was to her an amazing proposition, and it met with an extra-ordinary opposition from another quarter—that of Elizabeth's father.

Mr. Barrett was a man who in general regarded his children as his private property, and who in particular had come to look upon his daughter's invalidism as if it had been a personal achievement.

Thus this ludicrous situation arose; when the doctor advised a trip to Italy, he refused point-blank to let her go.

At this moment, Browning renewed his proposal, and, like a clean wind of reality, it blew through that impossible house, saving the life and possibly the sanity of Elizabeth.

When her consent had finally been obtained, it became obvious that a secret marriage was essential; all plans would have been ruined by any approach to Mr. Barrett, who, as was to be expected, flew into an everlasting fury the moment he discovered his daughter's escape from the well-appointed coffin of her home into the life of a normal woman. On September 12, 1846, Elizabeth crept out of the house, and was married to Browning at St. Marylebone Church, and seven days after, having in the meanwhile returned home, she once more stole out, this time to take a train for Southampton, on the way to Italy.

It was, as has been said, more a resurrection than a marriage. The hopeless, and nearly helpless invalid, the woman whom mortality seemed already to have chilled, was within a year being dragged up hill-sides in wine-hamper at four in the morning, ".....a little frightened, dreadfully tired, but in an ecstasy of admiration....." and spending days of incredible happiness in "small rooms yellow with sunshine from morning till evening," where she would eat hot chestnuts and drink mulled wine. The official date of Elizabeth's birth is a moral anachronism; she was born on September 12, 1846, when she was forty years old.

The genius of both expanded under the new influences of liberty and sympathy of nature and intellect. There was, in addition, the identity of their gifts, and above all, their steady

and undiminishing passion. Both had patience, both had comradeship, and in the fifteen years of their marriage only one serious difference seems to have troubled them.

That was Mrs. Browning's cult of spiritualism, which was violently opposed by her husband. But it could make no real breach.

In 1849, their son Robert was born, and in the following year Mrs. Browning fell ill. Her sudden recovery of strength on her marriage had been magnificent, but it was not permanent, and, since her lungs were attacked, could not be. She had twelve years more of life, but they were years intermittently darkened by the old shadow.

The end came suddenly, and, to Browning, incredibly. They were back in Italy after various travels when Elizabeth became gravely ill. A projected visit to France was cancelled, and they returned to Florence from Siena.

There the illness increased, though there seemed no serious danger. Then, at four o'clock on the morning of June 29, 1861, she awoke and told her husband that she was better.

He asked her how she felt, and she answered, "Beautiful."

It was her last word. In a little while she lay dead in his arms, and even then he thought that she had only fainted. Neither of them had the least foreknowledge of the end.

For Browning the loss of his wife was an immeasurable blow, but life was strong both in his mind and body. He had great poetry yet to write, and the responsibility of bringing up his son. The love-story was over, the life-story was not, though the first story never left his memory.

"I shall grow still, I hope," he wrote, "but my root is taken and remains."

It remained with the beloved dust in an Italian grave, where, if it might have been his fortune, he would have liked the "old clothes of himself to be thrown"—garments that lie now in Westminster Abbey. And when the passion and the sentiment had settled and matured he could write to the woman who had inspired both (and much more) that she was to him.

"Silent silver lights and darks undreamed of,
Where I hush and bless myself with silence."

Florence Nightingale

"I HAD three paths among which to choose," wrote Florence Nightingale in one of her diaries: "I might have been a literary woman, or a married woman, or a hospital sister."

She also said to a friend, as the two walked in the gardens of her rich house at Embley: "Do you know what I always think when I look at that row of windows? I think how I should turn it into a hospital, and just how I should place the beds."

In that curious pre-occupation is to be found the explanation of her life—of why she chose the third of her three paths, and, above all, of why she rejected the second.

Florence Nightingale, as has been said of her, was a legend during her life-time, and she remains largely a legend to-day. She was, she is—the "Lady of the Lamp," the soft-gliding angel of mercy, the sweet, medicinale presence, moving through filth and agony of the Crimean War. That is her legend; and it is almost pure legend.

For the truth is that Florence Nightingale, far from being the figure of dream presented by romantic imagination, was an intensely practical character, clear headed, analytical, disciplined. She was certainly an angel of healing, but she did not heal like an angel; she healed like an extra-ordinarily competent hospital matron. To do so was her passion and her ideal.

It was in satisfying that passion, in ruthlessly pursuing that ideal, that she cut herself off from marriage.

She had a love-story; and it is heavy with irony and unanswerable questions. Was it a tragedy or a triumph, a murder or a martyrdom, considered from her point of view? For, from ours, it was neither, but simply the essential condition of a gigantic work of utility, a life of usefulness on a Titanic scale—more than a life, an immortality of usefulness.

She felt imprisoned at home, despite the large interests she was able to indulge by virtue of an exceptional education and an exceptional mind. An artistic and literary life was to her a

"temptation." She was religious, and she demanded a life of action.

Already attempts on her part to attain freedom to follow her vocation had failed, and to her longings and disappointments there had for some time been added another anxiety. This was the passion conceived for her by one of her cousins, a young man whom she did not love, and whom in any case, because of their relationship, she would not have married. She had not lacked admirers, but none had impressed her or succeeded in striking from her idealistic and disciplined temperament any note of response.

The cousin, she was relieved to note, recovered from his disappointment, but she was not to be left in peace. Another man appeared, and this time it was not merely a man who was in love with her : it was a man with whom she was in love.

That was the moment of her emotional crisis, the instant in which she had to make a tremendous choice, and it proved a long instant, not without its secret pains.

We know what choice she made, and this is, from her notes, the way in which she decided :—

"I have an intellectual nature which requires satisfaction, and that would find it in him. I have a passional nature which requires satisfaction, and that would find it in him. I have a moral, an active nature which requires satisfaction, and that would not find it in his life. I can hardly find satisfaction for any of my natures. Sometimes I think that I will satisfy my passional nature at all events, because that will at least secure me from the evil of dreaming.....I could be satisfied to spend a life with him, combining our different powers in some great object. I could not satisfy this nature by spending a life with him in making society and arranging domestic things."

There was the crux : unless she could lead "a true and rich life" marriage would be to her suicide.

From her words, just quoted, we know that Florence Nightingale was not cold or ascetic by nature. Love would have meant much to her, could she have accepted it when it offered itself. But she burned with other fires—"high purposes for mankind and for God." And so, turning once again to her diary, we find this birthday entry :—

"I am thirty.....Now, no more childish things, no more

vain things, no more love, no more marriage. Now, Lord, let me only think of Thy will."

The blow had been struck : love was routed as a vain and childish thing (which, as she doubtless knew, it often is), and the Ideal stood out clear and shining, like mountain-tops at morning.

But like mountain-tops, it was frosty, compared with that which it had displaced, and it brought a strange fever upon her.

For as time passed, and her Crimean triumphs secured her an immense influence, the passion to serve became imperceptibly merged in a passion to rule.

The universe took on a new character. It became a vast but ill-conducted hospital, of which she was the divinely appointed matron. She regarded herself as the indispensable lady superintendent of the Almighty's domestic arrangements, and mankind as a multitudinous patient.

Following her renunciation, there had been many struggles and disappointments, and then, with war, her opportunity had come. She, at the head of the volunteer nurses, had achieved miracles of hygienic utility in the festering corridors of death that were called hospitals at Scutari. She had fed thousands of the British Army out of her own resources, and clothed them by the same means. She had bullied high commanders, and cut through leagues of red-tape with the assurance of an experienced nursery governess interrupting a child's game.

And now that it was over, she looked on it all only as an episode ; the real work was but beginning.

She would reform the Army hospital system, she would reform the War office. Sanitation, statistics, the teaching of the poor to become godlike by means of soap and water—these were her fierce ambitions. She was caught up with the sense of a divinity which hedges drains, and to that strange apotheosis she ensalved friends and relations.

She experienced what we may call a great hygienic romance, a great tragedy of reformation, in the person of Sidney Herbert, whom, virtually, she killed with overwork.

Their friendship was an intense, passionless relationship that had its roots deep in the Crimean days, for it was Herbert, in his official capacity, who had invited her to take charge at

Scutari. Now, they combined in the great work of re-organizing the Army medical system.

It was the woman who planned and directed, the man who carried out the orders, pitting his political position and influence against the blind conservatism of officialdom. The battle was long and heroic, it was waged without cessation, and it broke him while the final victory was still out of reach.

But it did not break Florence Nightingale, now an invalid prisoned by a sofa. There she lay, and lashed men and women with her will, with that dominant personality that had learned hardness in the hard school of its own making.

She "raged insatiably," as Jowett, her spiritual adviser, said of her.

But sometimes, in the long nights, as she lay awake in the quiet South-street house, watching the flare and flicker of the nightlight, the shadows that leaped and crawled in the gloom danced for her in symbols heavy with fate. An agony would seize her, and the past come back in chaos to besiege her lonely bed.

"Am I she who once stood on that Crimean height," she wrote in one such mood—"The Lady of the Lamp shall stand... ..The lamp shows me only my utter shipwreck."

It had not been easy, after all, to throw away the vain childishness of love. And there were other doubts. Was she really doing God's work? Was she doing anything? she asked.

"I have a passional nature which requires satisfaction, and that would find it in him....."

She had heroically strangled that nature and its need, but sometimes its ghost was abroad in her mind, and then the burning fixities that sustained her dissolved and left her terrified.

But towards the end of her ninety years the clear mind blurred and the hardness softened. She became a "fat old lady, smiling all day long," sentimentalizing over young nurses and writing addresses to probationers.

Nelson

ONE September morning in the year 1793, an English ship—the Agamemnon reached Naples. The commander of the ship, Captain Horatio Nelson, handed over the despatches to Sir William Hamilton, the English Ambassador at the Court of Naples. Sir William invited the Captain to stay at the Embassy. Lord Hamilton said to his wife Emma : “The captain I am about to introduce to you is a little man and far from handsome, but he will live to be a great man.” And when he introduced him to her he said : “Emma my love. Captain Horatio of the Agamemnon. He brings the news that Toulon is in our hands.” Emma burst out : “Toulon ours. Oh, Sir, you are God’s messenger as well as our King’s. Thank God. Thank God !”

After the French Revolution the entire country of France was in a state of turmoil. Resenting the tyranny of the new Republican Government, the inhabitants of Toulon made overtures to Lord Hood, the English Admiral to take them under his protection. The English Admiral took possession of the place in the name of King Louis XVII. A military force was immediately required to hold the port. Lord Hood resolved to apply to the Government of Naples to afford this assistance. The mission of Nelson was to procure at least ten thousand troops.

Emma and Nelson met in the reception room of the Embassy. He told her that his good fellows had not had a morsel of fresh meat and vegetables for 19 weeks. She ordered at once six boat-loads of fruits and vegetables to be carried to the ship in her name. Nelson was all gratitude. “Your Ladyship shows a sensibility I can never forget,” he said, overcome with emotion. He stayed at the Embassy for twelve days. After dinner she would sing songs for him. Emma was beauty itself and the entire world was a victim to her charms. She wanted to interest the Captain in her multiform accomplishments and charms. He, however, gave her a perfunctory attention. War clouds were

gathering and Nelson was too much occupied with his plans about the war.

The Napolitan Government agreed to despatch the troops to Toulon. The success of Nelson's mission was due to a considerable extent to the influence that Emma exercised over the Queen of Naples. Nelson came to the reception room to bid her farewell. He thanked her for her company and her most valuable services. She answered in a soft and plaintive voice that he never had enough of her company. "I could not have enough of it, if duty had not called me elsewhere," replied Nelson. "I wish I had been duty," sighed Emma. Her sigh bewildered him. "I wish we could be friends for ever," was all that he could say. She enquired about his wife. He told her that his wife was not beautiful like her ladyship, but was restful to a tossed-about sailor like the twilight settling over the beach. Then their hands met for a farewell handshake. As she held his hand, she said : "This is the hand of the Saviour of Italy." "And I hold the hand of the Saviour of Europe," he said, pressing her beautiful hand. Then their eyes met. Her eyes were as blue as the Mediterranean. As he surveyed the blue depths of her eyes he felt that his Destiny lay there. With a quivering voice he said, "Emma, farewell. A thousand, thousand thanks. What words have I for so much goodness. None. But I will return some day with trophies that pay you in the only way that stir your patriotic heart. You have saved your country and the authorities shall know to whom they owe their deliverance."

"And will you really come back to me?" she enquired, with a luscious smile playing on her sinuous lips. "Yes," he nodded, his voice choked with emotion. "Oh, Nelson ! and she fluttered in his arms. A heart to heart clasp for a moment and then farewell. That day Nelson wrote to his wife in England : "Lady Hamilton has been wonderfully good and kind. She is a young woman of amiable manners who does honour to the station, to which she is raised."

The British could not hold Toulon for long. The French recovered the city soon after—thus throwing open the road to Italy. Naples was forced to a compact with France. The British ships were forbidden to enter Sicilian ports. Nelson hawked all over the Mediterranean. He lost an arm, but got a knighthood. Napoleon launched a mighty expedition on Egypt

with a view to strangle the British domination in India. Sir Horatio Nelson was appointed the Admiral of the British fleet, and to him fell the difficult task of pursuing Napoleon. British fleet needed food and water. All the countries on the Mediterranean were under the French influence and to obtain food and water for the British fleet was a problem. Nelson wrote to Emma whether she could help him, and she gave her promise to help. The British fleet reached Naples. Nelson sent two Captains to the Embassy. They approached the King and the authority to obtain food and water at any of the Sicilian ports, but what they got from him was so much hedged with conditions and barbed with restrictions as to be practically useless. And then Emma moved. The Queen Carolina was the sister of Marie Antoinette, whom the revolutionary France had sent to the gallows. Thus, whatever Naples or other countries on the Continent might do, Carolina could not have any sympathy for France. She was prepared to help the enemies of France, whatever the cost. One of the terms of the marriage settlement of the Queen was that she would be admitted to the Council, on giving birth to a son. By virtue of having given birth to a son, the Queen now had a seat on the Council and a voice in all decisions. Emma persuaded the Queen to exercise the emergency powers vested in her. The Queen agreed and signed on her own authority an order for provisioning and watering British fleet at any port in her kingdom.

Emma ran with the order to Nelson. It was dusk when she boarded his ship—the Vanguard. As he read the Queen's order he said: "Emma, you have saved your country. I have no words to thank you." She raised her lips and their lips met in silence too eloquent for words. The fleet sailed away soon after. As he sailed across the moon-lit sea, armed with the Queen's order, beyond reach of King's negating it, Emma's face hovered before him. Where his wife in distant England stood earth-bound, Emma appeared to soar high. To his simple and pious soul, Emma became the will of God. He began to refer to her as Saint Emma. From Syracuse in Sicily he wrote to her: "I will return either crowned with laurels, or crowned with cypress."

Nelson caught the French fleet lying anchored in Aboukir Bay. The battle of the Nile was won by the British. The French

fleet was annihilated. "The Mediterranean is once again ours," wrote Nelson. When she got the news of his victory, she felt elated. She wrote to him : "God, what a victory ! I shall feel it a glory to die in such a cause. No, I would not like to die until I see and embrace the victor of the Nile...For God's sake come to Naples soon. My dress from head to foot is all a-Nelson. Even my earrings are Nelson's anchors. We are be-Nelsoned all over."

In response to her invitation he came to Naples direct from Egypt. Here he met the full blast of adulation. Europe poured gratitude at his feet. He was given a peerage. The East India Company gave him a gift of £10,000. There was, however, one gift which he coveted more than anything else, and that was the love of Emma. She ran to receive her hero, and sobbing out half-senseless words, "Is it possible," fell into his arms.

He had lost an arm. His one eye was also gone. He had received a rattling blow on the head. His constitution had been shattered. Constant headaches had lowered his mentality. He required to be nursed. And Emma chose to be his nurse. She would sit beside him for hours, smooth his hair or cool his hot forehead. She brought all her armoury of charms to bear upon him, and thus work out the miracle of healing. In a week he was sufficiently restored in health to be present at the entertainment given in his honour at the Embassy. A few days later he departed. With tear-laden eyes she looked at her hero. He drew her close to him and her head lay on the warrior's breast. He raised her head and gazed into her eyes brimming with tears. Neither of them could speak. Their breaths mingled as he rained kisses on her face. "Inspire me, my Goddess," he said. "I will be true to my wife, and you to your husband. Let us make a compact to love each other till death, with the deepest love to bind us, and yet true to every obligation of honour."

As he sailed away she broke into tears and sobs. She wanted that the hero of her heart should remain with her. His duty called him elsewhere. Heretofore, he had been entrenched in his devotion to duty ; but now he felt that this citadel was pregnable to the assaults of love. On the wide seas, Nelson thought of his divine Emma and wanted to be back to Naples to worship her there, for ever. He was blockading Malta, and had received the capitulation of one of the neighbouring islands,

but without waiting for the siege, he sailed for Naples. In doing so he gave up his plan which was to return to Egypt to attend to the destruction of the remaining ships of the French. Emma was calling him, and he must return to her. The call of Love was this time stronger than the call of duty. To his Admiral he wrote: "I am drawn into a promise that the Naples Bay shall never be left without an English man-of-war." In Naples the revolutionary forces were gathering strength. Emma advised flight. Nelson who now saw things through her eyes agreed that safety lay in the flight of the King and the Queen to Sicily. Nelson made the necessary arrangements and the flight to Palermo, the capital of Sicily, was accomplished successfully. Instead of blockading Malta he found himself acting as a mere captain of transport. Instead of capturing the French ships, he had to bear the humiliation of this prize being captured by other officers junior to him. But to him Emma was a greater prize. During the voyage they saw much of each other, and their love grew in intensity. It was for the first time in his life that Nelson felt the efficacy of love. To the weary sailor the love of Emma was a balm. When the King and the Queen were settled at Palermo, Nelson should have, in the ordinary course of things, returned to his duty at Malta. But he could not tear himself away from the loving bosom of Emma. She wanted him to stay with her. There was struggle between love and duty and once again love triumphed. Nelson decided to stay at Palermo. He lived with the Hamiltons, and everything he had was placed at the disposal of Emma. He bartered away even his renown for her sake. His wife, Fanny, wanted to join him in Palermo. He hastened to write to her to stay in England as Palermo was no place for a white lady to live. To Emma he declared that Palermo was a paradise where in her company he would like to dream away his whole life.

In May 1800 news reached that the French fleet had escaped from Brest, and were sailing for the Mediterranean. It was urgent that Nelson should sail at once for Malta. He actually sailed away from Palermo but returned the next day. He sent his assistants to Malta. Instead, with Emma and her husband he sailed to Naples to reconquer it. Naples was reconquered. But the campaign brought little honour to Nelson. His conduct was too arbitrary and did not meet with the

approval of the authorities in England. Once again the English Commander of the Mediterranean asked him to sail for Malta. And Nelson with his eyes on Emma replied: "I think it right not to obey the order." Then taking Emma he sailed for Palermo. The Queen loaded Emma with jewels. Nelson got the Duchy of Bronte in Naples as a reward for his services. The queen encouraged the vanity of Nelson and his mistress. The lovers now regarded themselves above all law and beyond all restraint. While millions were dying of hunger in Naples and Malta, luxury and extravagance reigned at the Court at Palermo. Emma and the Queen arranged masques and balls with a 'Temple of Victory' in which Emma and Nelson were represented by wax figures. * Emma as a Goddess of Victory with a laurel wreath in her hands was shown crowning the Admiral. It was as a result of Nelson's infatuation for Emma that Napoleon Bonaparte rose to power. But for this, Napoleon could not have escaped from Egypt to France. Nelson received orders that he should go to Malta to command the blockade. He obeyed the orders but could not stay at Malta without his Emma. He left Malta for Palermo and the campaign was miscarried. The Admiralty recalled him. Hamilton was also recalled. Nelson, Emma, and her husband travelled together. Nelson's plan was that he, his wife, and the Hamiltons would live together. The party reached London in November, 1800 where Emma and Fanny met for the first time. Nelson's marked attention to Emma created a scandal everywhere. In January, 1801 Nelson spoke of something about dear Lady Hamilton. "I am sick of hearing of dear Lady Hamilton and am resolved that you shall give up either me or she," said Fanny. Nelson also lost temper. In a fit of anger Lady Nelson left the house. A few days after, Emma bore to her lover a daughter, who was registered as Horatia Thompson Nelson. Her husband knew nothing about the new arrival. The lovers spoke of this child in their letters as the daughter of Mrs. Thompson. Nelson referred to the child as a sweet token of love. To Emma he wrote: "I love you. I love you as I love no one else. I have never had a sweet token of love until you gave me one, and thank God you never gave such a one to anyone else!"

In the same year Emma bought, on behalf of Nelson, the beautiful country-house Merton Place in Surrey. She furnished

it to her own taste and made of it as Nelson wrote "the most beautiful place in the world." Here Nelson and Emma spent a merry winter. Soon after he won the battle of Copenhagen. From the battlefield he wrote : "You my beloved Emma and my country are the two dearest objects of my fond heart—a heart susceptible and true." In 1803 Sir William Hamilton died. The lovers now planned that as soon as the war was over they would leave for their duchy of Bronte in Naples and live there as man and wife. In one of his letters he wrote : "I hope that in a short time you will be my duchess of Bronte, and then we will snap our fingers at everyone." He introduced her at receptions as his wife, adding : "Unfortunately she is not yet Lady Nelson."

In 1805 Nelson was summoned to the Mediterranean fleet. From across the Channel he wrote : "With God's blessing we shall meet again." And she replied : "May God send you victory, and home to your Emma, Horatia, and paradise Merton, for when you are there it will be paradise."

Before the battle of Trafalgar began he sat down in his cabin to write to his beloved : "My dearest, beloved Emma, the dear friend of my bosom, the signal has been made that the enemies' combined fleet is coming out of port. May the God of Battles crown my endeavour with success; at all events I will take care that my name shall ever be most dear to you and Horatia, both of whom I love as much as my own life; and as my last writing before the battle will be to you, so I hope in God that I shall live to finish my letter after the battle."

But he did not live to finish the letter. He fell on the quarter deck of his ship, the Victory, with his back broken. To the surgeon, who bent over him, he said : "Doctor, I am gone. I have to leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country.....Pray let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair and all other things belonging to me :"

His last words were :

"Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter to my country. Thank God I have done my duty."

Catherine

BEFORE Peter the Great, women in Russia were in purdah. He brought them out of their seclusion, and made them take part in balls and dinner parties. After him, his wife, Catherine I, came to the throne and then followed Elizabeth the daughter of Peter. Elizabeth did not marry, and she adopted her nephew Peter as her heir. Princess Fike of Zerbest in Germany was imported into Russia and married to Peter. She was given a new name—Catherine.

On the first night of marriage, the husband who met her was not a man. He was a fragile, sexless boy, who slept with his military uniform on the bridal bed, and talked of his toy-soldiers instead of love. Many nights came and went and still there was no consummation of marriage. Her senses yearned for satisfaction ; her young heart craved for love. Peter would not talk of love, and if at all he would talk, he told of his love affairs with other women. Deprived of love, she took to reading. Books distracted her thoughts from her misfortunes, and proved very valuable companions. "I was never without a book, never without sorrow, but always without happiness"—this is what she wrote about her life during these days. Instead of wasting herself in futile resentment, she transformed her thwarted emotions into mental productivity. It was in these circumstances that the real Catherine was born—the woman of iron resolution and indomitable will.

In six years she became a statesman, a philosopher, and a revolutionary. But she did not become a mother. The Empress Elizabeth became anxious. Political considerations required a child, and Catherine must produce one at any cost. Catherine, therefore, had to take a lover, and a son was born. To an ordinary woman the birth of the first child means the full flowering of womanhood, and the attainment of the highest form of bliss. That was not the case with Catherine. The son was taken away from her as soon as he was born. The pleasures of motherhood

were thus denied to her. Her relations with her husband became more strained.

The Empress Elizabeth died in 1761, and Peter became the Czar of Russia. The new Czar offended public opinion from the very first day he assumed the reins of office. He did not pay due respect to the corpse of the late Empress. He jeered at Russian dogmas, insulted the clergy and spoke of clothing them in the black cossacks of the German clergy. He began to Prussianize the army, which reform was resented by the Russian soldiers. He treated Catherine with elaborate contempt. She replied with dignity and tears. He gave out that he would divorce Catherine, and on the same day all the courtiers would also divorce their wives and take new ones. He prattled about his allegiance and devotion to Fredrick the Great of Prussia. He made peace with Prussia which the people did not like. He became capricious and whimsical. He beat the guards. The result was general discontent. Catherine remained sober and thus won public sympathy. Peter knew that his wife was becoming popular with the people, while their sympathies were being alienated from him. In this he saw a positive source of danger to him. He gave orders for the arrest of Catherine.

And Catherine threw herself on the protection of the Army. A handful of half-dressed soldiers gathered round her. She stood among them in her simple black gown, with her lustrous dark hair in disorder. "The Emperor has given orders to arrest me. I have come to you to seek protection." This was all that she could say. But that was enough. She was borne on the crest of the wave. Regiment after regiment marched over to her side. As she stood inspecting the troops she noticed that she had forgotten to put on her sword knot. A young officer sprang forward and handed her his own. For a few seconds her eyes rested on the glowing face of the young man. Her black hair fluttered loose in the soft summer wind. Potemkin, for such was the young man's name, lost his heart then and there. For Catherine that was no occasion for love-making. She was engaged in life-and-death struggle. Moreover, she already had a lover, Gregory Orlov, who led the movement against Peter. Peter was taken by surprise and murdered. Catherine became the Empress of Russia. Gregory Orlov was the power behind the throne.

Catherine conferred honours on him. She loved him and thought of marrying him.

Potemkin was only a junior officer, and for a man of so low a position it was nothing short of a wild goose-chase to love the Empress, who loved another man. But he persisted. He wrote verses in her honour : "As soon as I beheld thee, I thought of thee alone. Thy lovely eyes captivated me, yet I trembled to say, I love. Oh Heaven! what torment to love one, whom I dare not declare it." Potemkin had a great gift of personation. One day he was presented to the Empress at an intimate soiree. She questioned him as to his personations. He answered her in her own voice. Catherine laughed to tears. Once Potemkin met the Empress in one of the palace corridors. He fell at her feet, and kissed her hands stammering words of admiration and devotion. She felt embarrassed, but did nothing to discourage the strange lover. Her heart was not touched, but nevertheless she enjoyed these effusions of love.

When Orlov came to know of the audacities of Potemkin he became abusive. He picked up a quarrel with Potemkin in which the young lover lost an eye. Potemkin was proud of this loss. He had only lost an eye for the sake of his beloved. He was prepared to lose everything for her sake. After this incident he retired from the Court, locked himself up in his room, and would see nobody. For eighteen months he lived the life of a hermit. Then the Empress came to know of the affair. When she learnt that Potemkin had suffered for her sake, she was moved. She commissioned Gregory Orlov himself to recall Potemkin to the Court. That day was the turning point in the lives of the two men. It marked the coming down of one man, and the going up of the other on the ladder that led to the Empress's heart.

The Empress now permitted Potemkin to write personal letters to her. She gave oral answers through her librarian. Early in September, 1772 she discovered Orlov's love affair with another lady. Catherine was greatly infuriated. Orlov who was away from the metropolis hurried to pacify his beloved. It was too late. He was stopped at the city gate, and was not permitted to enter the city. Another lover was installed in his place. This was Wassiltchikov. He was a handsome fellow,

but did not have much of intelligence. Catherine treated him as a pretty doll.

Potemkin shut himself in his room once again. It was given out that he was suffering from love-sickness, and intended to withdraw to a monastery. For some months Catherine kept quiet, and then she realized that she needed him. She had begun to love the man. She sent her confidential lady-in-waiting to Potemkin to beg him come back to the Court. On one condition alone would he agree to come back and that was that Wassiltchikov should be dismissed and he should be installed in his place. Catherine agreed. Wassiltchikov was dismissed with money and gifts and Potemkin was installed as the Secretary to the Empress and her lover. The rooms of the Empress and her Secretary were connected by a winding stair case. About this change of lovers Catherine wrote : "I have to-day parted from a certain excellent but very boring citizen who was immediately replaced. I do not myself quite know how, by one of the greatest, most bizarre, and most entertaining eccentrics of this iron age."

Potemkin was gigantic in stature and build. His face was marred by the loss of one eye and a marked squint in the other. His habit of biting his nails had become an obsession. He was a semi-tartar, violent and brutal. He would lie on his couch for days dressed in a khalat. He could live for days on onion alone. At the Court he would move about like a savage, bare-foot, unwashed and uncombed. His moods alternated and he swung from exuberant activity to excessive lethargy. After bouts of energy, he would relapse into months of melancholy and inactivity. In spite of all his eccentricities he was the greatest statesman and administrator of the age.

Love blinded Catherine to his facial disfigurement and physical defects. She regarded him as the most handsome man she had ever come across. She hung him with blazing orders. She got honours for him from foreign Courts. His chest was panoplied with diamonds and gold. Catherine's love for him was stormy. She sent him a written confession of her love-affairs. She wrote that before him she had had four lovers only.

Then she continued how her Hero with capital came and eclipsed everybody else. "After this confession," she added, "may I hope for the forgiveness of my sins." In reply

to the question why did she love more than one man she replied: "If in my youth I had been given a husband whom I could love I would have remained eternally faithful to him. The trouble is only that my heart cannot be content even for an hour without love." She flattered and cajoled him like a child. She called him by endearing names—my golden pheasant, dearest pigeon, kitten, little dog, lion, tiger, etc. She wrote him passionate notes. Notes after notes:

"Oh Mr. Potemkin, what a damned miracle you have performed in thus upsetting a head which heretofore was reputed in the world of being one of the best in Europe."

"My love for you is boundless. Please understand it well. But I ask you to pay me back in similar currency; otherwise it will be difficult to avoid streams of tears and torrents of misery. When I love I become cruelly tender. You need but satisfy my tenderness with your own."

"My beloved soul, precious and unique. I can find no words to express my love for you. In all my work, I seek but one reward: your tenderness. I only try to see you as a god full of indulgence and not at all as an angry Pluto."

In another letter she described how she dreamed of a wonderful walk through gardens which brought her to a strange place where she met the most fascinating of men. She continued; "Now I am looking everywhere for this man of my dreams, but can find him nowhere. His picture will remain engraved on my memory. Darling, when you meet him give him a kiss for me. All you have to do is to turn your head and glance at the mirror. I do not love him but there is something extra-ordinary between us that cannot be expressed in words. The alphabet is too short and the letters are not numerous enough."

He devoured everything—money, honours and her love, and the more he got, the less happy he felt. He carried her letters and notes in his pocket like bank notes, and would read them on the wayside. Where love is sublime, possession of the beloved marks the beginning and not the end of romance. That was not the case with his love. When he won the love of Catherine the glamour of romance was lost. He was a typical specimen of the temperamental unbalanced Russian, and could not be constant in his love or in anything else. One night at

the theatre she ventured to address a few friendly remarks to Orlov. Potemkin got up angrily, and demonstratively left the place. That night Catherine assured him : "No, my little pigeon, it is impossible for me to change."

But now there was a rift in the lute. Hardly a day passed without a scene. He would get up suddenly at night from her room, and slam the door behind him. Things became intolerable. They realized that the essence of their disagreement was always the question of power and never that of love. They accordingly decided to place their relationship on a new basis. Each party was to be free to seek love elsewhere, but in political affairs they were to collaborate as before. Potemkin brought her lovers. An intransigent lover was liable to dismissal at his pleasure. Any change in lovers required his previous approval. She made her lovers write to him. Resplendent in his gold embroidered uniform and bedecked with decorations he towered over the lovers and petty Courtiers of Catherine. He was the power behind the throne and though she had a long succession of lovers, she never loved any one as passionately as Potemkin. His end was pathetic. He died on the road-side in Moldavia. In his pocket were found the letters and notes of Catherine. He always carried them with him throughout his life. These accompanied him even to his grave.

Hitler

AT HIS retreat at Berchtesgaden, Hitler had a private cinema. Here all important German films were exhibited. The acting of Renate Muller appealed to him. She was beautiful, young, and virile. She could sing and dance well. He ordered that at his private cinema only such films should be exhibited wherein Renate Muller had acted as the heroine. As he saw her over and over again on the screen he felt an attraction for her—an attraction which he had never felt for any woman before. There sprang in him a longing to see her in real life. She was invited to Berchtesgaden. Of course, the invitation could not be refused. She arrived one Friday evening. After dinner, accompanied by Goering, Goebbels and others, Hitler set out to show Renate round the house. By the time they reached the library, Hitler and Renate were alone. All other guests had slipped away. She asked a few questions about the books. He stared at her with penetrating looks. And then he stretched out his arm in the Nazi salute. That was the declaration of his love. The Dictator of Germany had lost his heart.

The next night he invited her to see herself on the screen in his cinema. No one else was present. Her latest film was shown on the screen. Hitler watched the film silently but when Renate sang passionate songs on the screen he took the real Renate in his lap and planted fervent kisses on her lips saying: "Sweet are the lips that sing so sweet, but their kiss is sweeter than the songs they sing." The next morning she was flown to Berlin in Hitler's private plane. At her flat she found great bowls of exotic flowers that Hitler had sent. He sent her flowers and other gifts every day. In the Nazi press she was acclaimed as Germany's greatest actress. At important cinemas her films alone were allowed to be exhibited.

In disguise Hitler would visit her at her flat. He could call her anywhere but love requires a pilgrimage to its temple. And as a lover, Hitler, the Great Dictator submitted to this agelong

long convention of love. He loved her violently. For two months nobody knew the whereabouts of Hitler. He had retired to an unknown place with his Renate. Hitler told her that he would make her his wife. The proposal dazzled her imagination, but it did not stir her heart. She loved another man, and unfortunately that man was a Jew.

She went to Paris on a holiday trip. Her Jewish lover joined her there. The two lovers flung off all restraint. They were seen everywhere together. The Gestapo came to know of this love affair. Its agents shadowed Renate and her lover with cameras. By the time the holiday was over, the Nazi agents had a complete dossier of her movements. The snapshots revealed her riding with him, dancing with him, drinking with him, and in fact doing everything that lovers do in public. The dossier went in the diplomatic bag to Himmler and Himmler took it to Hitler. Hitler went white with rage as he read the dossier and saw the photographs. He ordered that Renate Muller should be brought to him the moment she set foot on the German soil on her return from France. As the train carrying Muller pulled up at the frontier station of Aachen, she was detained and driven to Berchtesgaden. At eleven in the night she was summoned to Hitler's presence. He sat at his desk as she walked across the room towards him. For some time he did not speak anything. He did not even look at her. Then with a violence that overthrew the chair he sprang to his feet and began to shout at her: "Whore! Painted whore, crawling between the sheets with dirty Jew boys. You are wasted on the screen. You should be on the streets of Berlin." She was frightened and stepped back a few paces. He threw in her face a photograph. It was her picture walking along the Seine Embankment holding the arm of her Jewish lover. She knew that everything had been discovered. The whole room swam round her. Her life was in danger. The sense of danger made her think quickly. She was an actress and she must act to save her life.

She laid her hand softly on his shoulder. "Adolf!" she whispered, "I am sorry. I was wicked, but this would not be repeated. Forgive me." This had the desired effect. He burst into tears and sobbed as if his heart would break. She caressed him. She raised her face to him, and amidst his tears Hitler showered kisses on her face. "You were foolish, but you should

not repeat these things," was all that he could say. She promised to be true and faithful to him for ever. Then followed a night of reconciliation. For two months Renate remained with him day and night. Hitler announced that he would marry her publicly after a month. She affected great pleasure at this great fortune of becoming the foremost lady of Germany. She asked for permission to go on a month's holiday abroad. She was permitted to go to Monte Carlo. And her Jewish lover was already there. For the whole month the lovers did not separate even for a moment. Once again the Gestapo discovered the truth but before they could forward the incriminating material to the Fuehrer she reached Berlin. At midnight she flung herself from the window of her flat on to the pavement three storeys below. She was taken to the hospital but that was of no use. She died with the name of her Jewish lover on her lips.

The next morning, the news of the passing away of his beloved was flashed to Hitler. That was the day on which he was to marry her. Renate Muller preferred death to a loveless marriage with Hitler. For several days Hitler behaved like a mad man, screaming hideous threats against the Jews. A Jew had robbed him of the woman he loved. This added fresh fuel to the leaping flames of his hatred against the Jews.

Edward VIII

ON A Sunday night in 1931 Edward, Prince of Wales, invited Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Thaw to dinner in his palace at Fort Belvedere. After they had arrived at the palace Mr. and Mrs. Thaw remembered that they had a dinner-engagement with Mr. and Mrs. Simpson. The Prince suggested that they should telephone the unknown couple and invite them to Fort Belvedere for dinner. The Simpsons accepted the invitation with pleasure.

There was something striking about Mrs. Simpson. Her face was distinguished by high cheek bones which artists always admire. Her brow was broad and well proportioned. Her brown hair was parted in the middle ; a diamond gleamed in their dark sleekness. Her eyes, which were bluer than the dress she wore, shone like stars. The Prince found the Simpsons charming. Other meetings followed and the acquaintance blossomed into intimacy.

Mrs. Simpson was born in Baltimore, Maryland, in 1896 and was thus younger than the Prince by two years. Her maiden name was Bessie Wallis Warfield. She met her first romance in 1915 in Florida, the land of florid beauty. Here she married Lieutenant Earl Wingfield Spencer of Chicago, an instructor at a naval aviation station. A few years were enough to show that it had been a marriage that was youthful, impetuous and based on short acquaintance instead of deep-seated devotion and mutual understanding. In July 1927, Mrs. Spencer filed a complaint that her husband had deserted her and had contributed nothing to her maintenance since 1922. On December 10, the divorce was granted on these grounds at Warrenton, Virginia.

In July 1928, Wallis Warfield married Mr. Ernest Aldrich Simpson in London.

Mr. and Mrs. Simpson were seen frequently with the Prince of Wales. The Prince came to tea at their house and they received invitations to entertainment at St. James Palace. In 1934 he set sail for a cruise of the Riviera. Mrs. Simpson was among his guests. At Cannes he danced with her. He even appeared

with her in the public. During his stay he refused all invitations except one, and that was the invitation of Mrs. Simpson's mother and step-father. In February 1935, she was again his guest to attend the winter sports at Kitzbuhl in Austria.

On the death of King George V on the 21st of January, 1936 the Prince of Wales became King Edward VIII. The public were under the impression that with his elevation to the throne of his forefathers, his passion for a commoner would die. In this they were mistaken. Love knows no convention and the love of Edward VIII was certainly unconventional. The King did not wish to remain chained to old conventions. On the occasion of the launching of a luxurious steamer he said : "Strange isn't it ? We can afford money to build this beautiful toy, but we cannot afford to eliminate slums." The Kings of the Realm had throughout referred to themselves with the pronoun 'We'. He dropped the royal 'We' for a simple 'I'. He wanted to be in the real sense one of the people themselves.

On May 28, 1936, the King gave a dinner party at St. James Palace, where only the royal family was present. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson attended by special invitation. On July 10th, the King gave a dinner party at York House, at which the Duke and Duchess of York were present. Mrs. Simpson attended the function unescorted by her husband. In August, the King set out for a cruise of the Adriatic. Mrs. Simpson unaccompanied by her husband went with the King. The press photographers rushed to photograph the King and Mrs. Simpson together. The police forbade the taking of such photographs. With a smile, the King told the authorities that such a ban was not necessary. The world press was now free to broadcast the romance of the British King and the American woman. The King did not want to make any secret of his love.

On his return to England there was a stir throughout the country. The foreign journals were allowed circulation in the country only after certain pages had been torn. What did these forbidden pages contain, the people wondered ? And then in October, Mrs. Simpson filed a suit against her husband for divorce. After a few minutes' proceedings the decree was granted. Mr. Simpson was not present. Nor did he make any arrangement to defend the suit.

The world press now began to declare openly that the King

was going to marry Wallis Warfield. The King and his beloved kept quiet. Nor did they contradict what was being said or written abroad. They were lost in their love for each other. The King went to Balmoral Castle in Scotland. The moment he reached there he felt that he could not stay at the castle without his beloved. She was summoned telegraphically. She arrived by train at Aberdeen late at night, and the King was at the station to meet her, having driven fifty miles from Balmoral Castle alone in the darkness of the night. On one occasion she went to Paris. Late that night the King telephoned her to come back, as he could not pass the night without her. He suggested that an aeroplane be chartered. Efforts were made, but no aeroplane was available. The King then tried if he could get an aeroplane to fly to Paris. That plan also did not succeed. "What should I do during the night then?" asked the King on the telephone. "Arrange my photographs in an album," suggested Warfield playfully. "And what should I do to-morrow morning?" was the second question. "You are the Defender of the Faith, go to the Church." And when Wallis Warfield returned, her photographs had been arranged in an album, and her maids told her that the King who had seldom before gone to the Church had attended the Church that morning. These incidents filtered to the press. There was no mistaking the fact that the King intended to make Wallis Warfield his Queen.

That raised a constitutional issue of grave importance. The King's wife was to be the nation's queen. The nation had therefore a say in the matter, and the King though free to love any woman he liked was not free to elevate any woman he loved to the Queenship of the Empire. According to the Royal Marriages Act of 1772, the marriage of any member of the Royal family is null and void unless the King's consent is first obtained. This Act has no application to the King himself. The King therefore required no consent from any other authority to make his marriage legal. The Queen by positive law and custom enjoys certain rights and privileges and the question was whether the nation was prepared to honour an ordinary divorced American woman as their Queen. The King realized that the answer to this question was in the negative. The next question was whether the marriage could be morganatic, that is, his wife should not have the status of a queen, and her children should

have no right of succession. That could be done by a special Act. The Prime Minister told the King that his Cabinet was not prepared to introduce such a legislation. Under the Statute of Westminster such a Bill had to pass through all the Parliaments of the United Kingdom and the Dominions before it could become law. This would have involved the Throne in prolonged controversy which would have gravely impaired its prestige and dignity. The King could have dismissed the Ministry and formed another willing to introduce such legislation. But the King did not wish to make any attempt to divide the country on this issue. In acting as he did, he saved the Crown from being involved in political controversies. There were thus only two alternatives before him, either to leave the Crown or to leave the woman he loved.

Wallis Warfield dashed across the Channel to France. She wanted to be away from the scenes of constitutional controversy. Even in France, she was pursued by journalists and press photographers. She was so much hounded by these people that she was unable to stay at hotels and was at times forced to take her meals in her car. To all questions she replied that the King was the best judge. When she came to know that for the King the issues had narrowed down to abdication or marriage with her, she opened her mouth, and declared unequivocally from across the Channel, that she was prepared to withdraw and thus ease the situation that had been rendered unhappy and untenable.

But the King had made his choice. To him the love of the woman he loved was dearer than the Crown of his forefathers. On the 11th of December 1936 he renounced the Throne. In the message to the Parliament he said :

“I will not enter into my private feelings. But I would beg that it should be remembered that the burden which constantly rests upon the shoulders of a Sovereign is so heavy that it can only be borne in circumstances different from those in which I find myself.....”

The Parliament passed the Abdication Act, and Prince Edward was now free to marry the woman he loved. That night he broadcast his last message to the people over whom he had reigned for three hundred and twenty-three days :

“You must believe me when I tell you that I have

found it impossible to carry the heavy burden of responsibility and discharge my duties as King as I would wish to do without the help and support of the woman I love.

“And I want you to know that the decision I have made has been mine and mine alone. This was a thing I had to judge entirely for myself. The other person most nearly concerned has tried up to the last to persuade me to take a different course.”

Early in the morning next day, he left England. The ship carrying him slipped out of Portsmouth harbour into the dark waters of the English Channel.

Since then he is known to the world as Duke of Windsor. With the Duchess by his side, the Duke enjoys peace of mind and contentment and has a happy married life for the last thirty years. Both are devoted, loyal and affectionate to each other and this has earned for them the esteem, affection and admiration of the entire world. Their names will go down in History for their mutual fidelity. May God bless these glorious lovers !